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to Mike**

CONTEST

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trip**

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SECRETS**
of Nat and Bob



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COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

JUNE, 1958

VOL. 53, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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COVER: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Curt Gunther. Elizabeth stars in M-G-M's "Raintree County" and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

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ROBERT TAYLOR

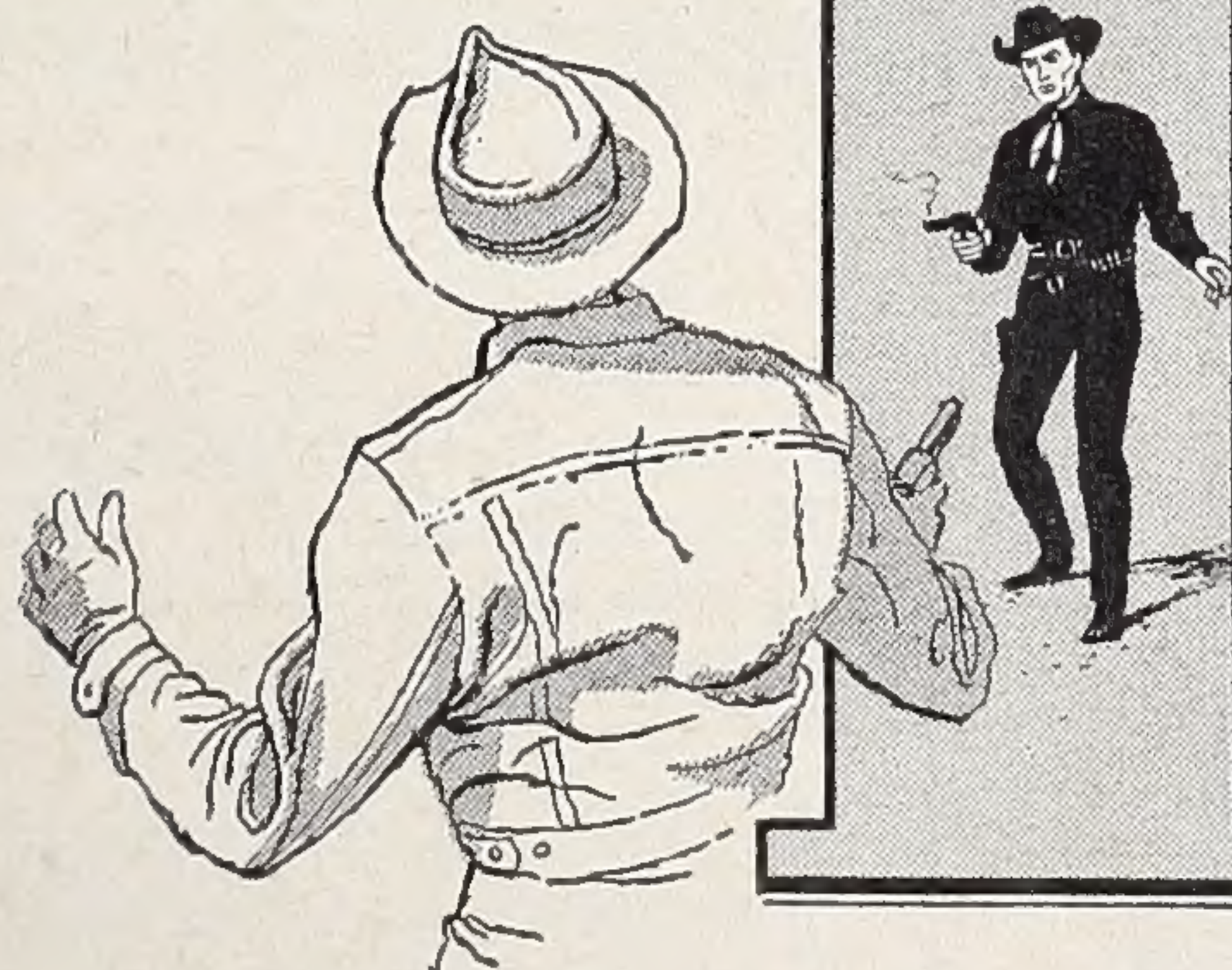
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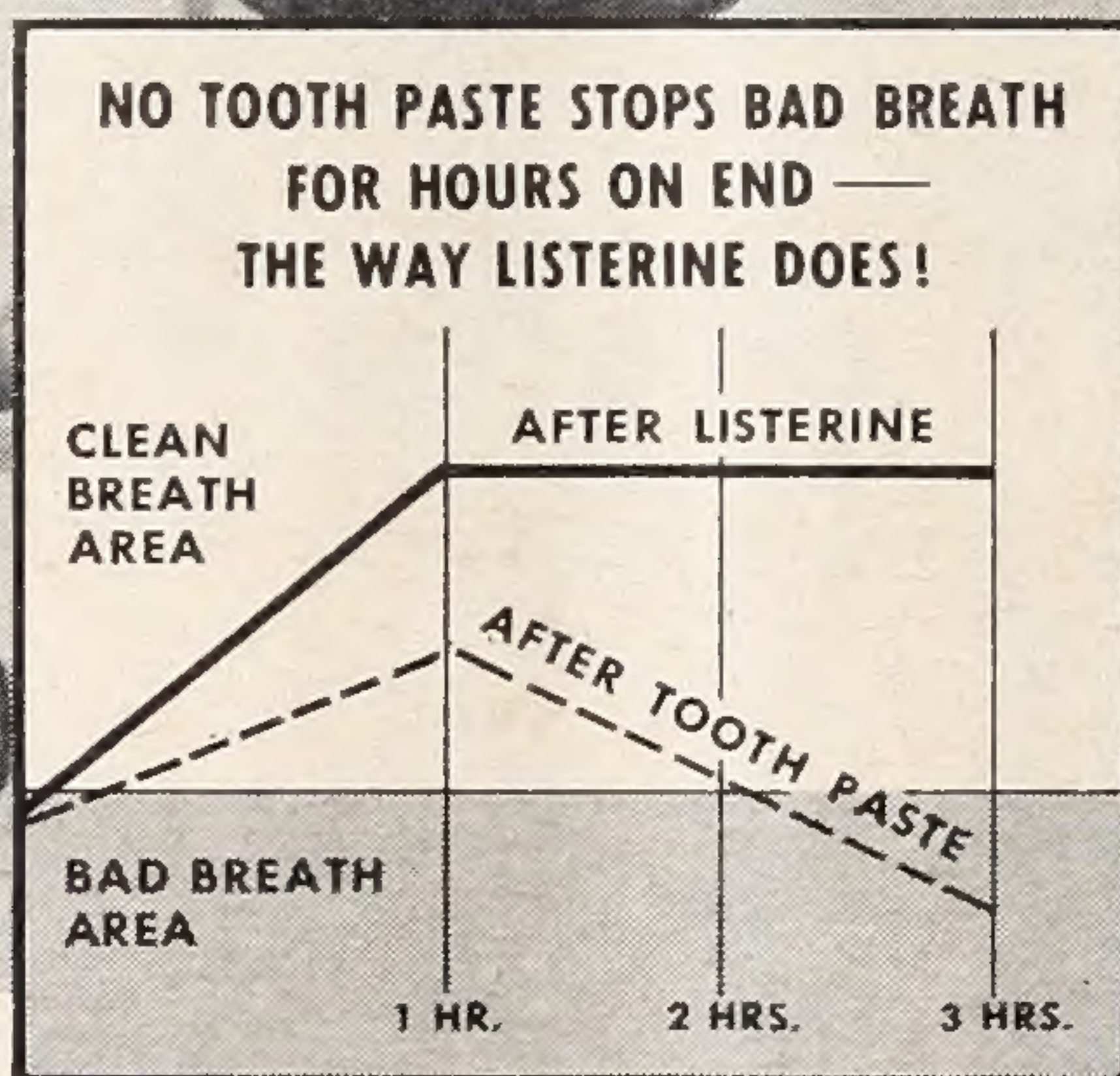
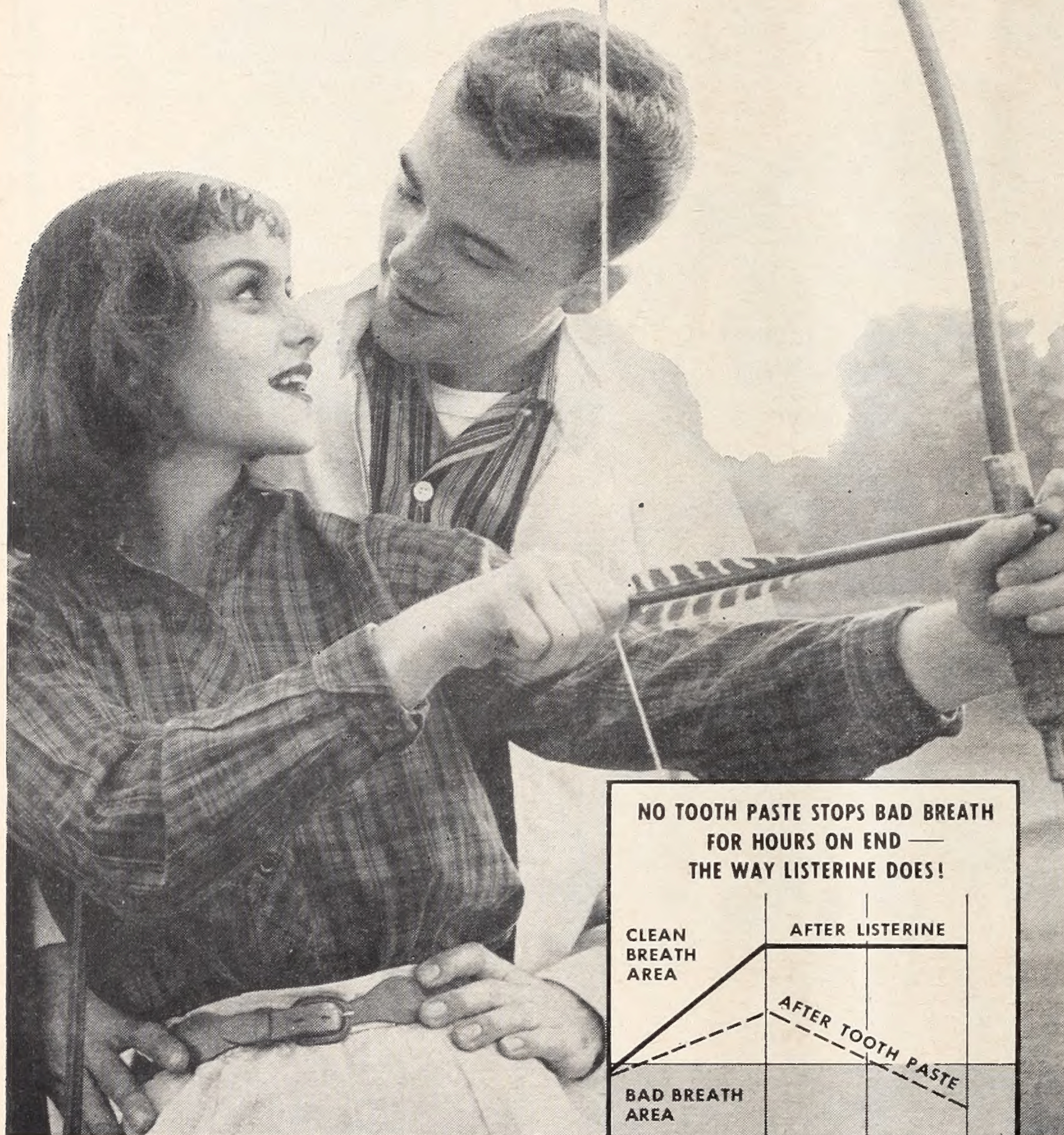
Based On the Novel by
MARVIN H. ALBERT

In CinemaScope And METROCOLOR • Directed by JOHN STURGES • Produced by WILLIAM HAWKS

An M-G-M Picture

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Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

becoming
attractions

A



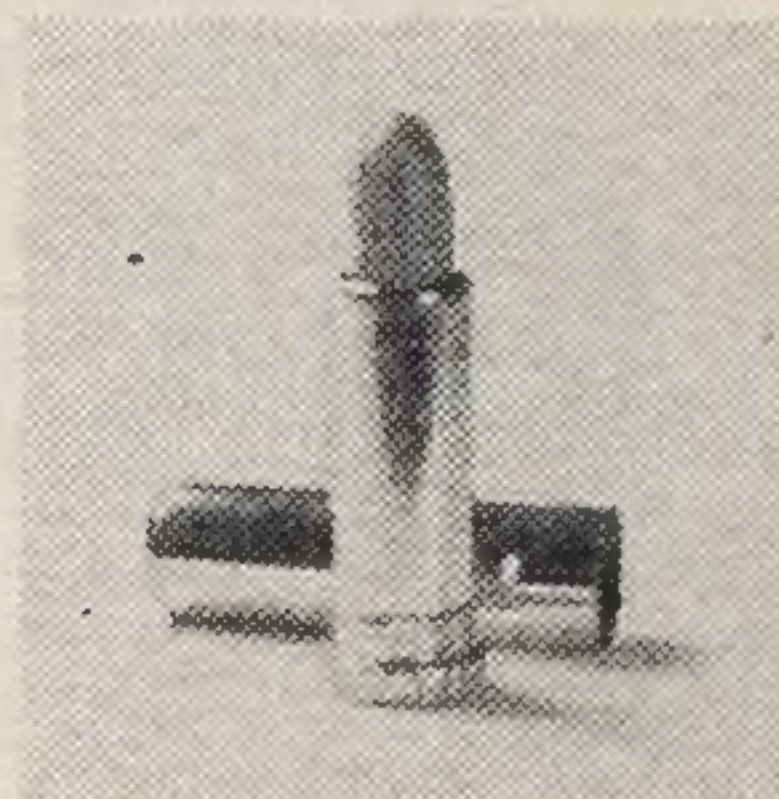
B



C



D



E



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B. Self, new end paper permanent that waves without lotion, now comes in end curl kit for bangs, touch-up curls, waves where you want them. \$1.25*

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D. Three to get ready for summer: new Flame-Glo lipstick shades, bright Proposal Pink, orange-y Sunny Pumpkin, delicate Jolly Pink, 39¢*; 29¢*; 15¢*

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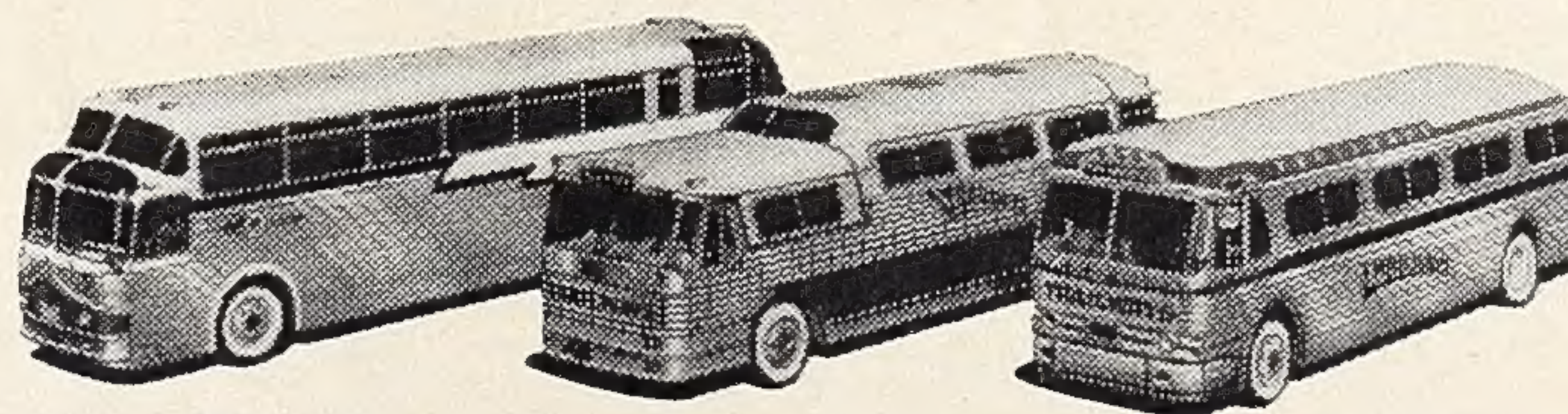
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Tommy Reynolds, whose monthly column "On the Record" appears in Photoplay, is producer of Mutual Broadcasting System's "Bandstand. U.S.A.," only live two-hour jazz festival series in major network radio or TV. A former bandleader, he digs the latest—for you



ON THE RECORD

by **TOMMY REYNOLDS**

Our mail gets more interesting by the minute. The pleasant letters we love, the beefs, sometimes even more so. Thought you might be interested in reading a few of them this month.

From L.M. comes this head-cracker: "It makes me sick the way some people act toward Elvis and his kind of music. The more successful he is, the more records he sells, the louder they are in condemning him. If it were up to people like this, there would never be any changes in music."

You're so right, L.M. Older folks never liked the Charleston or "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round" but the young 'uns ate it up. And did you know that years ago when the famous dancing Castles introduced the tango, the New York State Assembly passed a resolution that this "wicked" thing be placed under official scrutiny? The turkey trot, too, had parents wringing their hands and ragtime music was decried as corrupting the morals of the young. So, you see, the battle Elvis has to fight with some folks isn't new!

From S.A. comes the observation: "Companies these days seem to be recording all the Hollywood music in sight, but all of it isn't so good, I've noticed."

This may be quite true, but a good rule to follow, always, is give a listen to any record before you buy! Nowadays, music used in a Hollywood film invariably turns up on wax. And in its search for new fields (and audiences) to conquer, jazz is even turning out its own versions of scores of Broadway musicals! You may not be interested in all the Hollywood-Broadway music, but some good bets to follow are: the background music for "The Man with the Golden Arm" (Decca), the outpourings of the Chico Hamilton Quintet in "The Sweet Smell of Success" (Decca),

and the rollicking of Louis Armstrong's All-Stars in "Satchmo the Great" (Columbia), as well as tunes from "The Girl Most Likely" (Capitol) and "Pal Joey" (Capitol).

Another reader, A.D., poses this thought-tugger: "Too many jazzmen are trying too hard to prove they can play serious music, and are turning out material that is neither good jazz nor good classical."

Could be—but look for a turning away from intellectual jazz and a healthy return to basic roots—jazz with depth, vigor and emotion. Another trend to look for is the use of Afro-Cuban rhythms in jazz, getting hot now in some parts of the country.

C. L. writes: "Why don't the disk-jockeys ban tunes with titles and lyrics that aren't fit for teenagers? Too many of the platter-spinning lads wait until station management moves in with a big stick."

Just as in movies or on Broadway there have always been "promoters" who will try to sell way off-color material, in hopes of getting a bigger audiences—so with the music business. Censorship has always been one way of curbing traders in trash, but not always the most effective one. Station management censorship, in the case of records, doesn't seem to us the ideal way of handling the situation. Part of being a good disk jockey should be having good taste, being selective—but not narrow—about what one plays. Seems to us station managers ought to question the good sense of having a DJ who uses no judgment, rather than waiting till the public cracks down.

B.K. writes: "Last month you mentioned that Poland was becoming jazz conscious, but isn't it true that generally speaking, there's little interest in American music behind the Iron (Continued on page 8)"

From the book that revealed more than any girl ever revealed of herself before! **Dorothy Malone** as Diana Barrymore, whose sensational true-life best-seller made millions gasp! **Errol Flynn** as her father, the fantastic John Barrymore, in his years of wildness...

**"TOO
MUCH,
TOO
SOON"**

ALWAYS
A MAN...
ALMOST
ANY
MAN...

...and a shocked world said: "Like father, like daughter..."



The one
man who
could
have
stopped
her—but
he never
learned
to stop
himself!



PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. Co-Starring
EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. with RAY DANTON, NEVA PATTERSON
MURRAY HAMILTON, MARTIN MILNER, JOHN DENNIS
Screenplay by ART and JO NAPOLEON • Produced by HENRY BLANKE • Directed by ART NAPOLEON



All through your active day...
 new **MUM**[®] stops odor
 without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing, or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum will stop odor right through the day and evening. It's so gentle for normal skin you can use it right after shaving. Mum gives you the kind of protection you can't get from any other leading deodorant. It works a *different* way!

Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor... contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's own hexachlorophene that destroys *odor and odor-causing bacteria*. Try Mum!



MUM contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)
 ...stops odor 24 hours a day. Won't damage clothes.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

ON THE RECORD

(continued)

Curtain and that you gave a misleading impression?"

Not at all! Czechoslovakia is another example of an Iron Curtain country going overboard for American tunes.

Not long ago Creed Taylor, who heads the jazz department of ABC-Paramount sent, upon request, a jazz LP to a musician in Prague and just recently received a letter of thanks, saying: "The record will not only be for our listening pleasure, but mainly we shall learn very much from it. We are glad there are several improvised choruses on the record. This is very instructive for us. Great surprise for us was the perfect reproduction of the recorded music. We envy the possibility of the American musicians who can go to a gramophone shop and buy such records."

But it's not only jazz that's going behind the Iron Curtain! On an eight-week tour of Europe this spring and summer, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is scheduled to play twenty-two of its forty-two concert engagements in the Soviet Union and Soviet bloc countries. While they're away, you can hear them on wax in two of their finest albums: "Symphonic Suite, conducted by Eugene Ormandy" (Col. Masterworks, ML 5214) and "Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake Ballet" (Col. Masterworks, ML 5201).

From F.H. comes the question: "Does anybody ever dance to a live band anymore? Seems to me kids are missing more than they realize."

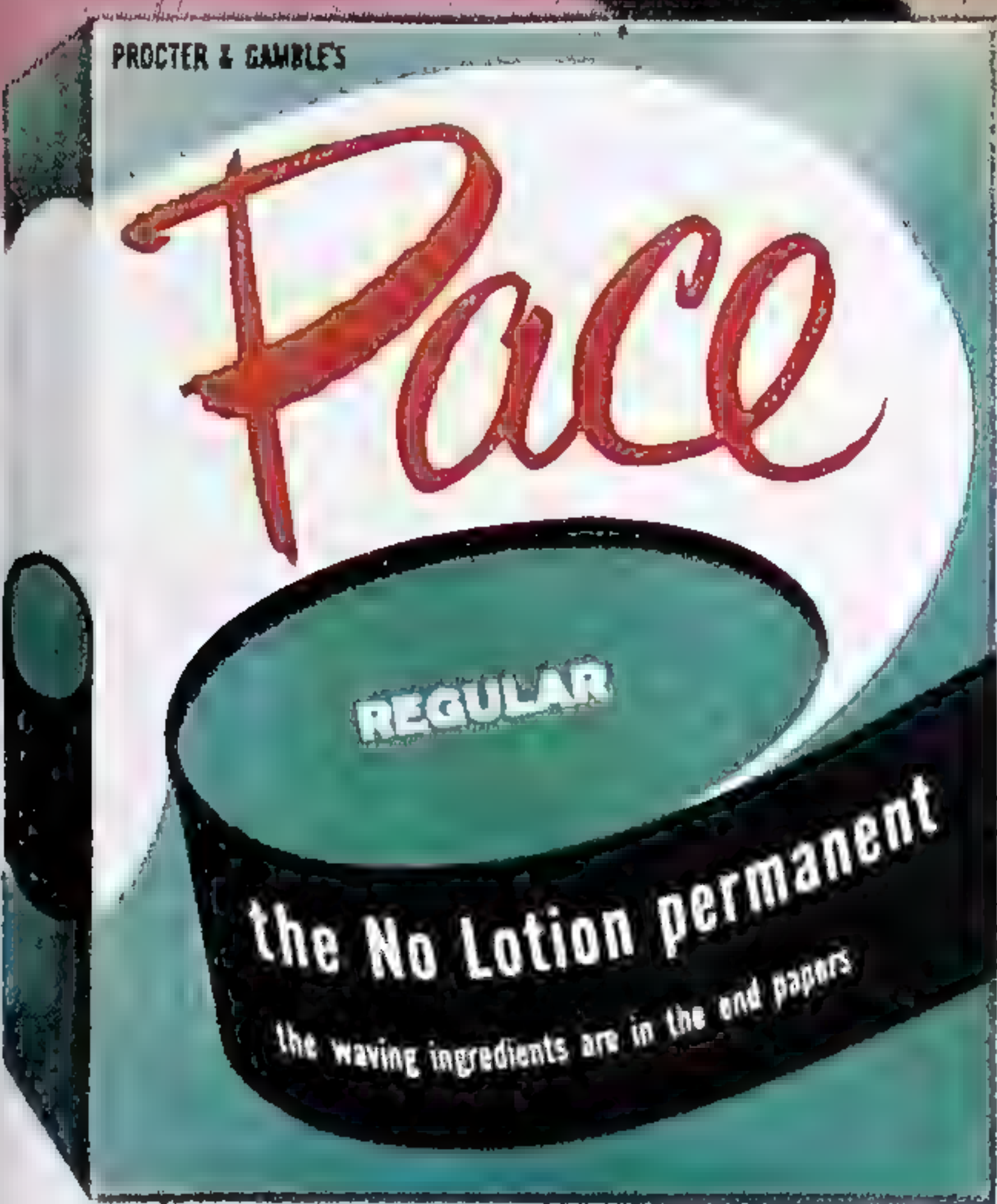
How about joining me, F.H., in three big cheers for orchestra leader Buddy Morrow! Why? Because he is actively doing something constructive to encourage a new audience for dance bands—getting youngsters used to dancing to "live" big band and liking the sound. Here's how it works: Buddy's bandmen are on weekly salaries and get paid whether they work one day a week or seven. But whenever they have an open date, Buddy attempts to stage a free dance for teenagers. If the ballroom operator or auditorium director wants to charge a small admission, Buddy goes along if the receipts are donated to charity. Good idea, huh? But it may be some time before Buddy's idea catches on. In the meantime you can still roll up the carpet and dance at home with these albums:

- "Ellington Indigos" (Capitol LP, T933)
- "Dance Bands" (Capitol LP, T977)
- "Rockin' Around the World" (Decca, DL 8692)
- "Prom Night—with Elliot Lawrence" (Decca, DL 8338)
- "Hot Cha Chas" (Decca, DL 8660)
- "Dance the Polka" (Decca, DL 8690)

no lotion!

New kind of
Home Permanent
from
Procter & Gamble

The end papers do the
waving for you



Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

Because the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

Guesswork taken out. Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in

another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

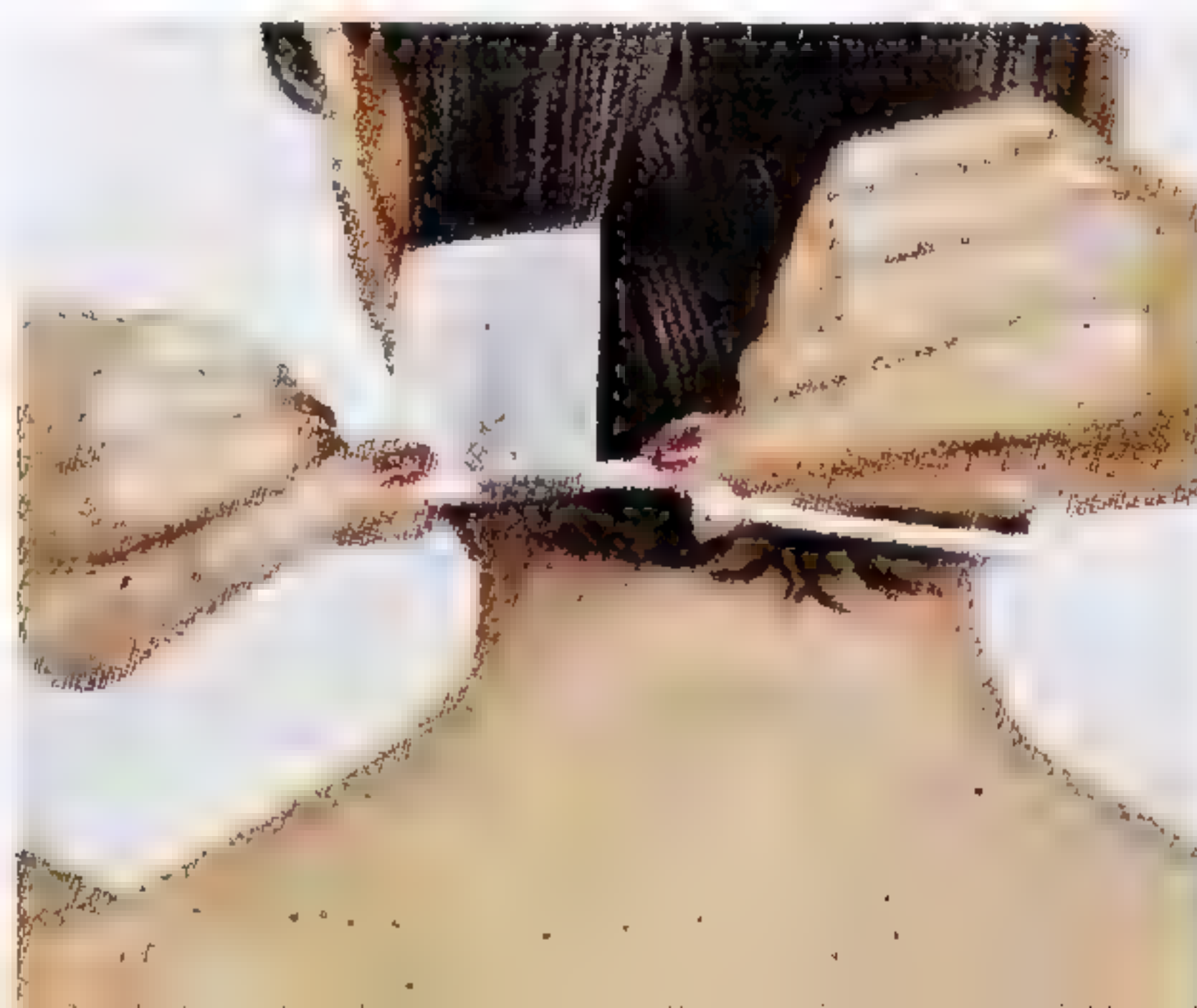
No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just wind hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look! An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Costs no more than lotion permanents—\$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular... Gentle... Super

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)

Squeeze on clear water with PACE'S handy plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.



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no lotion permanent

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



"I used to give the impression of being a lady," Deborah tells Sid

I'm of the opinion that Eddie Fisher would like to be Frank Sinatra . . . Jean Seberg is an olive. I mean some actresses are like olives, an acquired taste. Jean is in this category . . . France's Brigitte Bardot is proving to be more formidable than Silvana, Sophia and Gina. Brigitte is said to have said: "You are born with sex." . . . I don't understand what those two policemen are doing on the "\$64,000 Question." Hal March is going to try to steal the questions and answers . . . When meeting Monty Clift, you realize he isn't as tall as he appears to be on the screen . . . The day Garbo ceases to be news, that will be news!

"My trouble in Hollywood," Deborah Kerr told me, "was that in the beginning I gave the impression of being a lady. This is only good in Hollywood after you've played prostitutes, nymphs and alcoholics on the screen." . . . I don't accept the often-used praise that such and such a performer is so great that he'd be entertaining reading the telephone directory . . . Martha Hyer lives alone "and almost likes it." . . . Quick Description of Tab Hunter: Type of person who, when awakened early in the morning, gets up smiling . . . Barbara Nichols to Jayne Mansfield: "I can't believe you at first, and then you become unbelievable."

John Saxon reminds me more of Bob Wagner than Tony Curtis . . . Now that she's come out of hiding in a Malibu shack, Valerie French could make it big in pictures . . . How childish must you be to love adult westerns? . . . I enjoyed my sessions at the Las Vegas Desert Inn listening to Paul Whiteman chat about Bing Crosby: "Bing doesn't like people except when he has to be with them."

I guess Sal Mineo will always play a delinquent, juvenile or otherwise . . . I always remember Ava Gardner's closeups in "The Barefoot Contessa" as one of the two most beautiful faces I have seen on celluloid. You guess the other. (Maybe next month I'll tell.) . . . Anne Baxter hates pillows. She won't sleep with one . . . I can't understand why some director hasn't grabbed Susan Harrison for a role in a picture; especially after her Broadway reviews in William Saroyan's "The Cave Dwellers." She's a new face, with talent too . . . A fellow doesn't have to like Vikki Dougan to go out with her. He has to be brave enough to be seen with her . . . Barbara Bel Geddes and Kim Stanley are sexier to me than most of the obvious so-called sexpots . . . Gisele MacKenzie

does Jack Benny even when she isn't trying . . . I can't stand starlets who can't remember their own telephone numbers, and who say: "I seldom phone myself, you know." . . . I'm very pleased that movietown now has the Los Angeles Dodgers 'cause hot dogs never taste so good as at a ball game.

Carolyn Jones, a natural blonde, couldn't get anywhere as an actress until she became a brunette. Dorothy Malone, a natural brunette, couldn't get anywhere as an actress until she became a blonde. Figure it out while humming, "There's No Business Like Show Business." . . . Quick Description of Pat Boone: A pleasant fellow earning more money than any other fellow in the United States working his way through college . . . While in town, Noel Coward, discussing The Method, said: "I'm opposed to any kind of acting which ignores the audience."

Tony Perkins has a different offstage act for the sidewalks of New York than he had offscreen on the streets of Hollywood . . . I recall Alec Guinness remarking: "England and America are two countries separated by the same language." . . . Our local L.A. TV has Oscar Levant and he should be L.A. to N.Y. . . . When Judy Garland told Levant she couldn't hurry over and be on his program because her hair was a mess, Oscar replied: "It's all right. Come over. I'll introduce you as Anna Magnani."

I wonder if Elvis Presley is telling the soldiers how lonely he is. Elvis always gave this line to his five-salaried buddies . . . I like "The Night They Invented Champagne" from "Gigi." Get the Gogi Grant-Tony Martin Album (RCA-Victor), and if you don't like it you can send it to me . . . Ingrid Bergman is a woman who's generally in love beyond her means . . . I always like the Perry Como TV show but I like it more when Judy Holliday is on it . . . Quick Description of Diane Varsi: She is in the process of finding herself . . . It's been said that Susan Strasberg is the teenage edition of Grace Kelly . . . I'm in favor of Kim Novak . . . Although Frank Sinatra concludes his TV programs saying, "Sleep Warm"—he kicks off the blankets while sleeping. Frankie's a gasser, isn't he! . . . Trying to entice Mamie Van Doren to make a p.a. tour with a picture, a producer told her it would be more fun than work. Mamie replied: "I don't believe in doing for pleasure things I don't like to do." That's Hollywood For You.

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build you up
to
glamour

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this is the bra for your most exciting clothes...the bra with the Jantzen genius-type foam rubber insert that fills you out where you need it, above the top of the bra, itself. . boosts your bosom in a naturally lovely way.

Only Jantzen makes it...in heavenly nylon lace and sheer Dacron...bandeau with three-way detachable straps (639) in exotic azalea, blue, ruby red, pink, honeyglow, black 5.95...daytime curvallure (619) 3.95



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You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
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He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
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Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.



HALO glorifies as it cleans

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD
✓ FAIR

South Pacific 20TH; TODD-AO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Station a company of American sailors (and nurses) on a romantic isle in the South Pacific, where the fighting war seems far away, garnish with humor and a generous helping of romance, and you have a picture that can't miss. For extra added attraction there are the wide screen of Todd-AO; special color effects; and, of course, the familiar but still thrilling music. Mitzi Gaynor is exciting as nurse *Nellie Forbush*, the role created on the stage by Mary Martin; Rossano Brazzi is equally good as her middle-aged lover; and John Kerr is the upstanding young Naval officer to the life. Newcomer France Nuyen is charming as Kerr's native sweetheart and, in the humor department, Ray Walston provides more guffaws than anyone since Kilroy himself.

FAMILY

Run Silent, Run Deep

U. A.

✓✓✓✓ When Clark Gable tangles with Burt Lancaster—and both tangle with the Japs—there's action enough to keep every man on the edge of his seat. And with Gable and Lancaster on screen, no girl will relax either. This straightforward tale of the submarine *USS Nerks* on a mission in the Pacific gives Gable the sort of role he plays best—that of a he-man in a life-and-death struggle with his enemies.

FAMILY



Rossano Brazzi and Mitzi Gaynor learn love can conquer differences in age and background after they meet "Some Enchanted Evening" in the *South Pacific*

Gigi

M-G-M;
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The French point of view as applied to love may be a bit hard for American audiences to accept, but there are winning performances, several potential hit songs, and gorgeous Parisian backgrounds to applaud in this romantic fable. Leslie Caron and Louis Jourdan handle their roles with ease, but it is Maurice Chevalier who'll win the raves, particularly with his rendition of "I'm Glad I'm Not Young Any More." The music is by Loewe and Lerner of "My Fair Lady" fame.

ADULT

Ten North Frederick

20TH,
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ The saga of an old and distinguished New England family—a best-seller in book form—gains rather than loses in its screen presentation. Disappointed that money can't buy him the nomination for governor, Gary Cooper emerges as a warm and sympathetic father, as much at home in white tie and tails as he is in boots and spurs. As his wife, Geraldine Fitzgerald does nobly

by her shrewish role, while Diane Varsi, as their daughter, is charming. Luscious Suzy Parker, a much improved actress in this, her second movie, is convincing as Coop's off-the-range romance. Ray Stricklyn as the rebellious son and Stuart Whitman, as Diane's youthful trumpet-playing lover, are outstanding.

ADULT

The Goddess

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Except for some early scenes in which she tries to depict a teenager, Kim Stanley makes an acting triumph of her movie bow in the role of a film queen for whom success and instability go hand in hand. There are flaws in the story that takes her from a small Southern town through two marriages and a Hollywood career, but there are no flaws in the performance. Steve Hill is her mixed-up first husband; Lloyd Bridges, her bewildered second; and Betty Lou Holland is a standout as her playgirl-turned-religious-fanatic mom, setting a sharp pace for Kim.

ADULT

continued

St. Louis Blues

PARAMOUNT,
VISTAVISION

✓✓ With a cast headed by Nat "King" Cole, Eartha Kitt and Pearl Bailey, a musical to end all musicals should be inevitable. But the life story of W. C. Handy, who died just as the picture was about to be released, is a disappointment in this respect, even though stars Cab Calloway, Ella Fitzgerald and Mahalia Jackson, all do their vocal best. Let's face it, neither Nat nor a symphony orchestra is suited to "St. Louis Blues."

FAMILY

Marjorie Morningstar

WARNERS,
WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ This best-selling novel has been transferred to the screen with Natalie Wood an appealing *Marjorie*; Gene Kelly as the dashing *Noel Airman*; and Ed Wynn, Claire Trevor and Everett Sloane heading up an all-star cast. It's a slick, successful and very often moving story as it follows *Marjorie's* search for grown-up love from her luxurious New York apartment to a girls' camp in the Catskills, and on through Greenwich Village, the theater, and eventually Paris. Natalie is effective and beautiful as the girl who so desperately wants *Noel* but wants marriage, too. Gene, perhaps a bit over-age for the part, is still convincing and attractive as the *Noel* who can't settle down either to one job or to one woman. But almost more memorable than the principals are Claire Trevor and Everett Sloane as Natalie's well-meaning parents, Ed Wynn as her devoted uncle, and Carolyn Jones as her ambitious girl friend, *Marsha*. Surprisingly good, too, is Marty Milner as Natalie's patient adorer, *Wally*. First-class entertainment.

FAMILY

From Hell to Texas

20TH,
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Skyrocketing newcomer Diane Varsi, solid performer Don Murray and Dennis Hopper bring plenty of excitement to this tale of a revenge-ridden chase. Off-screen pacifist Murray is happily cast as a reluctant killer forced first to flee and then to fight again—but not before he has been befriended by Diane and her dad (Chill Wills). There are gun duels, Indian attacks, heroism, and some pleasant romantic interludes.

FAMILY

Too Much, Too Soon

WARNERS

✓✓✓ Dorothy Malone is brilliantly cast as the drink-ridden Diana Barrymore, but it is Errol Flynn who really steals the picture as her father, John. The wild nights, the mornings after, the marriages and the disillusionments that made the book such a sensation are all here, handled with good taste and with vibrant electricity.

ADULT

Handle with Care

M-G-M

✓✓✓ Dean Jones is a bright young law student who turns a mock trial into a real-life investigation of graft. Joan O'Brien, whose dad is directly in the line of fire,

plays Dean's fiancée. Taken from TV, this story follows the trial and Dean's own battle with a secret guilt to an exciting and logical climax.

FAMILY

The High Cost of Loving

M-G-M,
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ This sprightly surprise teams Jose Ferrer and Gena Rowlands as a happily married pair whose pleasant routine is abruptly blasted when Jose suspects he is being eased out of his job just as Gena suspects she's taking on the biggest job of all—motherhood. In some delightful scenes, offbeat for movies but very true to life, Jose bristles and broods, builds insignificant office happenings into a mountain of fear.

FAMILY

Hot Spell

PARAMOUNT,
VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ A top-notch cast in a story that will have many women over forty reaching for their handkerchiefs. Shirley Booth, as the woman trying to regain her husband's love, and Anthony Quinn, as the husband who still has an eye for a luscious young blonde, are outstanding as usual. But Shirley MacLaine, as their daughter, will surprise those who think of her only as a comedienne. For the teenagers, there's Earl Holliman.

ADULT

God's Little Acre

U. A.

✓✓✓ Robert Ryan's struggle to find the pot of gold that his grandpappy, he insists, buried somewhere on the family farm, provides the take-off point for this picture, based on Erskine Caldwell's best-selling novel. It shows realistically the poverty among Southern farmers and the

plight of millworkers whose means of livelihood has disappeared. A little young for the gray-haired father, Ryan is sympathetic none the less, as is Aldo Ray, as an unemployed mill hand. Outstanding in the cast is he-man Jack Lord, along with several newcomers to movies: comic Buddy Hackett, cutie-pie Fay Spain and sexpot Tina Louise.

ADULT

Paris Holiday

U. A.; TECHNICOLOR,
TECHNIRAMA

✓✓ Some lively moments, in the tradition of Bob Hope's brand of foolery. He's typecast as a comedian who goes to Paris to scout a script, and finds romance and mystery instead. Martha Hyer is delightful as an American Embassy employee; Anita Ekberg is delectable as the mysterious *Zara*; and Fernandel clicks as a Continental comic.

FAMILY

Violent Road

WARNERS

✓✓✓ Brian Keith, contracting to pilot three truckloads of highly explosive rocket fuel over a tortuous stretch of road, encounters every obstacle the script writer can dream up. In the rare instances when the trucks themselves are not in trouble, flashbacks fill in the human relations. Dick Foran, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Merry Anders are among those whose lives hang in the balance.

FAMILY

Fraulein

20TH,
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ War-torn Berlin provides an exciting background for an honestly told love story with an escaped American prisoner (Mel Ferrer) and a gently reared German girl (Dana Wynter) as the romantic vis-a-vis. When Dana, as the beautiful fraulein, is mistakenly classified as a prostitute, James Edwards proves a real friend in need.

ADULT



Dazzled by the quicksilver charm of Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood forgets her middle-class upbringing to plunge into a romantic world of the theater—and heartbreak

So silky, so smooth, so freshly fragrant!

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder
does such lovely things for you!



That skin-slim bathing suit will slip right on without a wiggle if you smooth silky Cashmere Bouquet talc over your skin. Always have it with you at the beach!



Keep baby feeling soothed and comfy! Cashmere Bouquet is as soft and silky as any special baby powder. And it keeps baby as fresh and sweet as a flower. It's so handy to have one powder you *both* use!



It's like climbing right into a bouquet, when you feel the cool, petal-soft touch of Cashmere Bouquet talc! Smooth it all over—and there you are—all pampered and perfumed with a Spring-fresh fragrance! Use it after every bath.



Give your face powder a luminous look! Sprinkle a little Cashmere Bouquet talc right into your powder. The imported talc in Cashmere Bouquet is extra-silky and has a lovely luminosity. Gives powder a sparkling lift!



Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER
The fragrance men love

New "Soft-look" permanent!

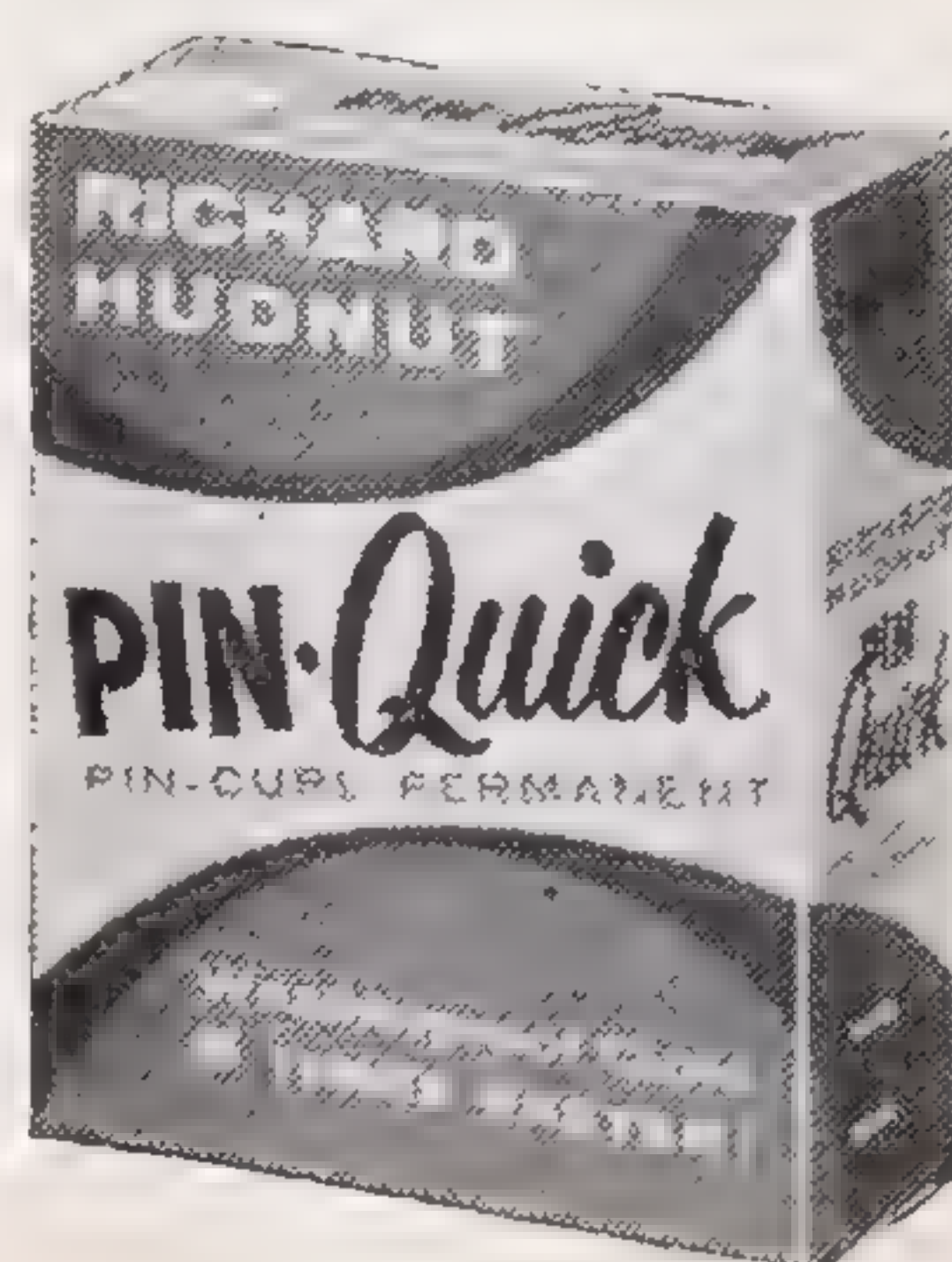
EASY AS PINNING A CURL
...AND IT'S WEATHERPROOF!



IT'S A RICHARD HUDNUT EXCLUSIVE....
THIS NEW EXCITING PINCURL PERMANENT SOFT-STYLES
AND SOFT-SETS YOUR HAIR IN JUST ONE HOUR!

Who'd ever think a permanent could look so soft, so sweet, so caressable—and be *weatherproof*, too! It's all yours with Richard Hudnut's new "Soft-look" Pin-Quick. None easier, none faster! Easy as pinning a curl... takes one short hour! No tight little corks of curls. Just a soft cloud of waves that stay springy in dampest weather! Why wait? Have Richard Hudnut's new "Soft-look" permanent this very day!

"
NEW *Soft-look* Pin-Quick
RICHARD HUDNUT



CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

FRAULEIN—20th. Directed by Henry Koster: Erika, Dana Wynter; Foster, Mel Ferrer; Lori, Dolores Michaels; Lt. Berdi Dubbin, Maggie Hayes; Dmitri, Theodore Bikel; Hugo, Helmut Dantine.

FROM HELL TO TEXAS—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway: Tod, Don Murray; Juanita, Diane Varsi; Amos Bradley, Chill Wills; Tom Boyd, Dennis Hooper; Hunter Boyd, R. G. Armstrong; Jake, Jay C. Flippen; Mrs. Bradley, Margo; Hal Carmody, John Larch.

GIGI—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Gigi, Leslie Caron; Honoré Lachaille, Maurice Chevalier; Gaston Lachaille, Louis Jourdan; Mme. Alvarez, Hermione Gingold; Liane d'Exelemans, Eva Gabor; Sandomir, Jacques Bergerac.

GOD'S LITTLE ACRE—U.A. Directed by Anthony Mann: TyTy, Robert Ryan; Bill, Aldo Ray; Griselda, Tina Louise; Pluto, Buddy Hackett; Buck, Jack Lord; Darlin' Jill, Fay Spain; Shaw, Vic Morrow; Rosamund, Helen Westcott; Jim, Lance Fuller; Uncle Felix, Rex Ingram.

HANDLE WITH CARE—M-G-M. Directed by David Friedkin: Zachary, Dean Jones; Mary, Joan O'Brien; Mayor Williston, Thomas Mitchell; Bill, Don Smith; Prof. Bowdin, Walter Abel; Matilda, Anne Seymour; Al Lees, Royal Dano.

HOT SPELL—Paramount. Directed by Daniel Mann: Alma Duval, Shirley Booth; Jack Duval, Anthony Quinn; Virginia Duval, Shirley MacLaine; Buddy Duval, Earl Holliman; Fan, Eileen Heckart; Billy Duval, Clint Kimbrough; Wyatt, Warren Stevens; Dora Day, Jody Lawrance.

I MARRIED A WOMAN—U-I. Directed by Hal Kanter: Mickey Briggs, George Gobel; Janice Briggs, Diana Dors; Frederick W. Sutton, Adolphe Menjou; Mother Blake, Jesse Royce Landis.

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR—Warners. Directed by Irving Rapper: Noel Airman, Gene Kelly; Marjorie, Natalie Wood; Rose, Claire Trevor; Arnold, Everett Sloane; Wally, Marty Milner; Uncle Samson, Ed Wynn; Marsha, Carolyn Jones; Greech, George Tobias; Dr. David Harris, Martin Balsam; Lou Michaelson, Jesse White; Sandy Lamm, Edward Byrnes; Phillip Herman, Paul Picerni; Puddles Podell, Alan Reed; Imogene, Ruth Lee.

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP—U.A. Directed by Robert Wise: Commander Richardson, Clark Gable; Lt. Jim Bledsoe, Burt Lancaster; Mueller, Jack Warden; Cartwright, Brad Dexter; Ruby, Don Rickles; Russo, Nick Cravat; Kohler, Joe Maross; Laura, Mary LaRoche.

SOUTH PACIFIC—20th. Directed by Joshua Logan: Emile DeBecque, Rossano Brazzi; Nellie Forbush, Mitzi Gaynor; Lieutenant Cable, John Kerr; Luther Billis, Ray Walston; Bloody Mary, Juanita Hall; Liat, France Nuyen; Captain Brackett, Russ Brown; Professor, Jack Mullaney; Stewpot, Ken Clark; Harbison, Floyd Simmons; Ngana, Emile's daughter, Candace Lee; Jerome, his son, Warren Hsieh; Buzz Adams, Tom Laughlin.

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount. Directed by Allen Reisner: W. C. Handy, Nat "King" Cole; Gogo Germaine, Eartha Kitt; Aunt Hagar, Pearl Bailey; Blade, Cab Calloway; Ella Fitzgerald, Herself; Bessie May, Mahalia Jackson; Elizabeth, Ruby Dee; Charles Handy, Juano Hernandez.

TEN NORTH FREDERICK—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne: Joe Chapin, Gary Cooper; Ann Chapin, Diane Varsi; Kate Drummond, Suzy Parker; Edith Chapin, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Slattery, Tom Tully; Joby Chapin, Ray Stricklyn; Lloyd Williams, Philip Ober; Paul Donaldson, John Emery; Charley Bongiorno, Stuart Whitman; Peg Slattery, Linda Watkins; Stella, Barbara Nichols.

THE GODDESS—Columbia. Directed by John Cromwell: Emily Ann Faulkner, Kim Stanley; Dutch Seymour, Lloyd Bridges; John Tower, Steve Hill; The Mother, Betty Lou Holland.

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING—M-G-M. Directed by Jose Ferrer: Jim Fry, Jose Ferrer; Virginia Fry, Gena Rowlands; Syd Heyward, Joanne Gilbert; Paul Mason, Jim Backus; Steve Heyward, Bobby Troup; Herb Zorn, Philip Ober; Eli Cave, Edward Platt.

THE LEFT HANDED GUN—Warners. Directed by Arthur Penn: William (Billy the Kid) Bonney, Paul Newman; Celsa, Lita Milan; Garrett, John Dehner; Moultrie, Hurd Hatfield.

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON—Warners. Directed by Art Napoleon: Diana Barrymore, Dorothy Malone; John Barrymore, Errol Flynn; Vincent Bryant, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; John Howard, Ray Danton; Michael Strange, Neva Patterson; Charlie Snow, Murray Hamilton; Lincoln Forrester, Martin Milner.

VIOLENT ROAD—Warners. Directed by Howard W. Koch: Mitch, Brian Keith; Sarge, Dick Foran; George Lawrence, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; Carrie, Merry Anders; Ken Farley, Sean Garrison; Peg Lawrence, Joanna Barnes; Manueto, Perry Lopez.

Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF

I Was There: They sat at a table close to mine in the M-G-M dining room, **Liz Taylor**, **Mike Todd** and two guests, in easy, natural conversation. And I found it almost impossible to turn my attention from the couple whose every move made news and more news. I noticed, with an almost personal concern, that when Mike spoke, Liz listened attentively and several times I caught a quick exchange of glances between them that revealed louder than words that here was a man and a woman who had found complete understanding in each other. As Liz rose to return to the set, leaving the others behind, Mike planted a tender kiss on her cheek but the firm clasping of hands with a positive, downward movement which gave it special emphasis, also revealed here was a man and a woman who had found love together. A few days later, Mike lay dead on a New Mexico mountain side, victim of a tragic plane accident; and among the ashes of that charred plane lay the first real happiness Elizabeth Taylor had known in years. The greatest showman in the business today, Mike was first and foremost, husband to Liz, the girl he loved so deeply. His offices had been moved to the M-G-M lot so that he could be near her. He would sit with her in the studio projection room, viewing the daily rushes. His feverish anxiety over her possible Oscar award was touching in its intensity. He lived, this dynamo of a man, for Liz and the three children in their home. On the first day of filming on "Cat On a Hot Tin Roof," Liz's last contractual picture for M-G-M, Mike had awed the cast and crew with a six-foot floral emblem of a roof top of red carnations, upon which crouched an enormous white cat made entirely of white flower petals. Later that morning the chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce drove up to the sound stage and out stepped Eliza-

beth's three children—the two **Wild-ing** boys and baby **Liza Todd**, whom Mike had brought to wish their mother success with the film. Both typical Todd gestures—flamboyant as usual, but with tender, sweet motives behind them. I look back now to that scene in the studio dining room, remembering the intimacy of their glances, their clasp of hands. And though the hearts of all of us who knew Mike and Liz are so saddened, I can honestly say I am glad I was there. For I have this memory of the Todds to keep with me always.

Tattle Tales: The next voice you hear will be **Natalie Wood's** raised in howling protest if that long-promised and well-deserved raise doesn't come through. After her outstanding performance in "Marjorie Morningstar," Natalie's studio must realize their young star deserves at least a four-figured salary commensurate with her talent and popularity . . . **Rock Hudson**, mobbed by teens at a dance in Rio de Janeiro, came out of it good-humoredly, if somewhat ruffled. Which is more than **Van Heflin**, who had a slightly (*Continued*)



Bet you don't remember the days when a mere "hello" was difficult for Rock Hudson. But no more! Here he compliments me on my new "buttons 'n' bows" dress

P

INSIDE STUFF

(continued)

more embarrassing experience, could claim. He lost his hair-piece! . . . Whether it was the effects of popular opinion or whether **Marlon Brando** finally grew used to marital domesticity, I wouldn't know. But Marlon seems more than contented in his new Japanese house with bride **Anna Kashfi** these days . . . **Geoffrey Horne's** marriage to model **Nancy Berg** met with no orange blossom bouquets from his friends and fellow actors, who feel at this critical period in his career, Geoffrey should have no such sharply shared interest . . . **Doris Day's** crazy about **Gene Kelly** as a director. After their "Tunnel of Love" stint together, Doris confided it takes an actor to understand one . . . The one song that never plays in **Debra Paget's** home is "On the Street Where You Live." Not since **David Street**, her husband of a few weeks, doesn't live there. She's divorcing him. . . . **Dana Wynter** is the perfect off-screen lady as wife of our prominent attorney, **Greg Bautzer**. Always impeccably groomed, beautifully mannered, yet forceful on screen and definitely off, Dana lends tone and quality to the daily, noisy grind of Hollywood's wheels in motion.

Set of the Month: Youth, youth, youth, talented, eager and avid, crowded Sound Stage 21 of the M-G-M lot as I walked onto the "High School Confidential" set. **John Drew Barrymore**, **Charles Chaplin Jr.**, **Red Fulton**, a handsome lad who resembles your favorite, **John Saxon**, **Diane Jergens**, **Burt Douglas**, **Carl Thayer**, **William Wellman Jr.**, son of the director, lined up against their adult contenders—**Jan Sterling**, **Ray Anthony**, **Mamie Van Doren**, **Jackie Coogan**. And, of course, there was the young star, **Russ Tamblyn**, looking wan and depleted from a bout with the flu. And frankly blue that his Army induction came at such a critical period in his long, fought-for career. After such acclaim for "Peyton Place" and a bright future ahead. Russ feels that after two years in the Army, he'll have to begin all over again. As I sat on the sidelines with producer **Al Zugsmith**, meeting the young actors between scenes, and watching them go through their paces, the tension and morbidity of this story dealing with dope peddling in our high schools revealed that this movie should undoubtedly sweep a gale through every box office in the country. Our children at the mercy of evil. And, oh yes, that popular singer **Jerry Lee Lewis** will sing the title song, "High School Confidential," which he wrote for the movie. Don't miss Jerry's recording of the tune.

Fads, Fashions and Accent on Legs: It's the latest. It's the craziest. It's the new look: Accent on legs! All over town hems are creeping up like ivy on a college dorm. Bosoms and sack dresses are completely passe. Legs it is, mesdames, and pretty ones you'd better have. Neat, trim and well-shaped . . . **Jean Simmons**, who looks ever-fresh and youthful, has a secret formula. After making up her pert face, cream or liquid foundation with powder, Jean pats on cold water and daintily dabs—



Voices of her many loyal friends raised on Ingrid Bergman's behalf in her hour of trouble with Rossellini and his Indian lady friend, are growing dim in Hollywood these days. They deeply sympathized with Ingrid's wounded pride and past mistakes. They rejoiced when the daughter she yearned for, Jenny Ann, finally joined her in Europe for a happy reunion. But now, Ingrid's blatant announcement of vacation plans on an island owned by her Swedish admirer, Lars Schmidt—just the two of them—during the critical period of annulment hearings with Rossellini, has left her defenders bewildered and even shocked. What an unthinking, unconcerned move on Ingrid's part. And how will it affect future meetings with Jenny? It's all too much even for sophisticated Hollywood.

not rubs, but dabs off the moisture with a cotton pad. The result is a long-lasting, dewy rather than pancakey effect. On her it's divine . . . **Dorothy Malone** attributes her all-day pep and energy to a full treatment banana-split every afternoon at four. Dorothy claims the dish has vital energy-building calories and sometimes takes the place of dinner later on . . . And **Sophia Loren**, who believes in the big breakfast, no lunch, light dinner routine, will often dash off a plate of spaghetti, garlic bread, eggs and bacon for breakfast without batting an eyelash. But that's the main meal for the day, remember!

Hearts, Flowers and Very Tired Rice: If and when **Frank Sinatra** becomes the husband of **Lauren Bacall**, no one will be more surprised than just Frank himself. Devoted to Lauren, Frank still remained marriage-shy after that Decline and Fall of the Sinatra Empire with **Ava Gardner**. But Lauren is a forceful woman, in love with Frankie as she once was with **Humphrey Bogart**. And despite every obstacle in her way at that time, Lauren got her man. And made Bogey a happy man for the rest of his life. Sooooo, maybe Frankie will come to realize that for once in his life he's met his match. And will make it just that—a marital match. And probably live happily ever after . . . **Kim Novak's** mother has her daughter's bridegroom all picked out—if Kim'll have him. He's **Dr. Ernest Wynder**, an important member of the Cancer Research Committee. Knowing Kim,

she'll probably pass him by, charming as he is. And judging from the way Kim looked down her nose at the lovely nose-gay delivered to the set of "Bell, Book and Candle," with a card from **Mac Krim** reading, "To the loveliest witch that was ever created," I have a feeling she'll keep right on passing by this devoted swain, as well. What or whom does this girl want, anyway? Or doesn't she know? . . . It's "sayonara" for lovely British starlet **Patricia Owens** (whom you saw in "Sayonara") and her husband, screenwriter **Sy Bartlett**, who tried a reconciliation but without success. Pat's now working on "The Fly" for 20th.

Newcomers Diane and France: From the **Bob Cummings** and **Burns and Allen** TV shows, to the role of the over-ardent fan of **Tommy Sands** in "Sing Boy Sing" was a short skip and hop for blondish, five-foot-three **Diane Jergens**. Freckled-faced and eager, Diane tripped from "Teenage Rebel" to the Sands movie, to "Island of Lost Women" to her best role to date in "High School Confidential." Single and without a steady beau, Diane is available. But boys—tread lightly and carefully in the presence of the perky blonde. Diane's dad, you see, is a policeman! . . . **France Nuyen** (pronounced *New-yen*), the half-French, half Chinese doll of "South Pacific," was born in Marseilles, France, of a French mother and a Chinese father whose job as ship's navigator on a Chinese vessel made him almost a stranger to the little girl, who starved through the war years and still hoped to be an actress. Working as a model in France and later in New York, France was literally lifted from the cookie counter of a New York bakery to play the tragic, sweet-faced *Liat* in the \$6,500,000 movie production with **Rossano Brazzi** and **Mitzi Gaynor**. If there's still a mark of sadness on her (*Continued*)



"How about Kovacs for Novak?" says pert Shirley MacLaine, yanking mustachioed Ernie K. in Kim's direction. Kim's between beaus, but kidding's not for real. Ernie's married

CAL YORK JOTTINGS

Yesterday's Children: They were four of the most talented youngsters ever to hit the screen at the same time. **Mickey Rooney**, King of the Kids, **Judy Garland** and **Deanna Durbin**, Queens of their studios at fourteen, and **Shirley Temple**, a reigning monarch at six. Envied, aped, sighed over, they were Hollywood's brightest prodigies on their way to eternal fame and happiness. Did they make it? In a way. A way that led through heartache and tears hounded by gossip and rumors, each and every one of them, as their paths grew stonier.

Shirley's first marriage to **John Agar** ended in a blitzkrieg of sorrow, trouble, family discord and divorce. Her second marriage to **Charles Black** has brought the kind of life Shirley craved. Home, children, chores, contentment. And only now, with her happiness established, has she ventured back into the world of show business by way of her TV Story Book Hours. With a possible movie now and then in the offing.

Mickey, the most talented youngster in the business, grew brash, brassy and bossy through the years. Attributes that reaped him only tolerance when acclaim could have been his. His four marriages, beginning with **Ava Gardner**, reeked with confusion. His career nose-dived into a seven-year period of near obscurity. And then gradually, talent-laden Mickey fought his way back to a New Second Chance as movie star refound.

In the Paris suburb of Neuville-Le-Chateau, population 958, Deanna Durbin, who once saved her studio from financial collapse due to her tremendous popularity, has found peace and contentment as the wife of a French film director, **Charles David**. With market basket on arm, she bargains for vegetables, cares for her two children, eleven-year-old Jessica and Peter, six.

Judy! Homage, adoration, acclaim! None of it has helped the talented singer and actress. Her three marriages, nervous, emotional collapses, her retreats and defeats have colored her life. Even her three children have failed to still her restless heart. "I want out," she says of her marriage to Sid Luft. "I want back," she says of the stages that have witnessed her upsets.

Can she make it? Of the four, Judy has reaped the greatest acclaim and the deepest despair. The least happiness and the heaviest burden. And somehow, I feel certain if I were to ask, "Was the price worth it? Would you do it over again?" with the exception of Mickey Rooney the united answer would be, "Never in a million years."

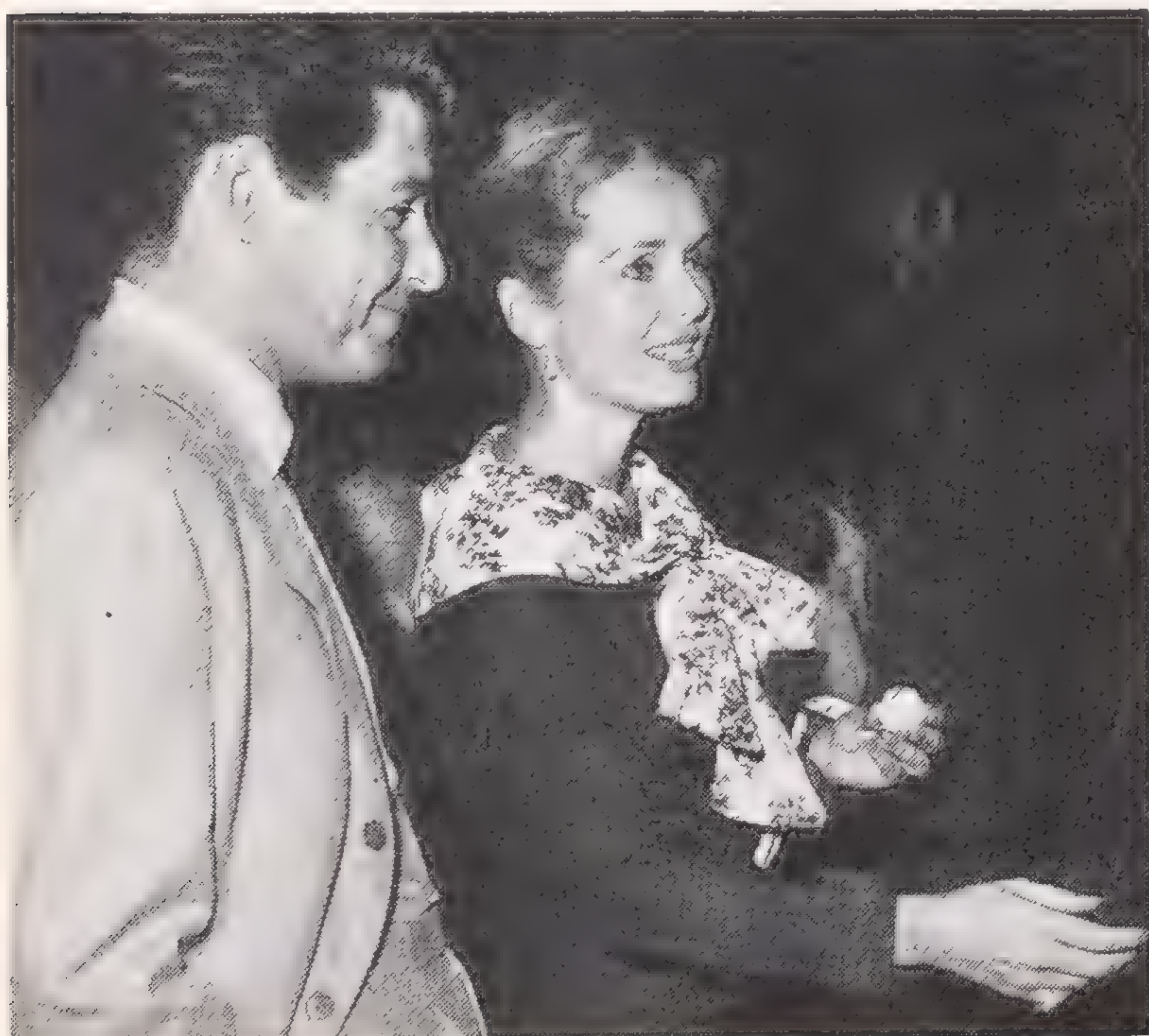
INSIDE STUFF

(continued)

face, even through her "Happy Talk" number, it's because her mother, who worked so long and hard for little France, is, as she puts it, "too ill to know now that I gently touch my first success."

I predict: The uncomfortable compromise that exists between **Eddie and Debbie Fisher** will not last far beyond the year 1958, despite the new baby. These two, whose ideas and ideals are poles apart, have really tried. So why don't we all go along with the idea that it's not our duty to force clashing personalities to stay together, and let the kids work out their problems in peace. Rather than pieces . . . **Rick Nelson** will be the biggest rage in the musical world now that **Elvis** has taken to uniform. Rick's growing popularity, which in no way encroaches on **Pat Boone's** established niche, is due to his youthful wholesomeness, unassuming manner and unmistakable talent. Shyness is Rick's biggest drawback at the moment. But remember when a mere "hello" was difficult for **Rock Hudson**? He got over it. So will Rick . . . As a result of "South Pacific," **John Kerr** will be Big News everywhere. John's obvious good breeding, his forthright qualities and almost tender appeal, will rate him a special niche in Hollywood and in the hearts of fans . . . Did you know it was me who created the name "ski nose" in Photoplay a few years ago for comedian you-know-who? . . . Mile-high **Jeff Richards**, of TV's "Union Pacific" will be a big rage . . . No one swings through an open door with the flair of TV's **Loretta Young**!

Overseas Bits: Friends wonder what will happen if **Shelley Winters'** quick-tempered husband, **Tony Franciosa**, meets up with the



Let's not force clashing personalities to stay together, but let Debbie and Eddie work out their problems in peace

POOH-POOH DEPARTMENT



A good-natured pish and tush to all this nonsense of Yul Brynner as a mystic with magical powers; nonsense undoubtedly thought up by the forceful little man who, a few years ago in New York, traveled in the wake of his popular wife, Virginia Gilmore, a guitar under his arm and a song on his lips. As a talented TV director, he was successful, but until he was cast in "Lute Song," a play which propelled him into "The King and I," few outside our particular circle knew Yul from a Christmas eggnog. Today, in Hollywood, he's unapproachable, given to Garbo-type retreats and Allah-like behavior. All carefully conceived bits of publicity fol-de-rol. But then, it does beat the "geet-ar"

ex-husband who caused her such heartache, Italian **Vittorio Gassman**, the popular stage star. Tony, in Rome for "The Naked Maja," with **Ava Gardner**, bears no love for Senor Gassman, and Roman candles could pop all over the place . . . That baby carriage carrying Baby **Bertie Rainier** around the palace grounds of Monaco, saw similar service with sister **Caroline Grace**, who purchased the carriage in Nice for \$90, intends on getting her money's worth. And a new hotel off the Champs Elysses in Paris has been named Hotel Princess Caroline. Wonder if Grace's American friends will stop there in deference to Grace's first born! And if Grace and **Rainier** do take the titles of King and Queen, as rumored, I can honestly state Queen Kelly is the only monarch with whom I've shared powder rooms at Hollywood parties!

Letters, We Get Letters: A note arrived from **Nancy Sinatra**, recovering from a serious tonsilectomy, that precluded all telephone conversations. Nancy had nothing to say on the rumors of **Frank-Lauren** coming marriage. And what a universally admired woman, this Nancy . . . From **Dolores Hart**, a most original thank you note for a pleasant evening. Dolores, a handsome young woman, is also an independent one. And maybe the Hollywood wolves don't know it . . . An invitation addressed to **Signorina Sara Hamilton** from **Sophia Loren**, to dinner—Italian style. It's good news that Sophia and husband **Carlo Ponti** are house hunting in Beverly Hills and will stay with us awhile . . . A telephone call from **Jacques Bergerac** in from Paris for TV appearances. What an accent! . . . A nice call from **Jack Lemmon**, the best young comedian in the business and the fast rising star. Incidentally, Jack's new album, that has the many-talented lad singing to his own piano accompaniment, is a gasser.



*The Star Finds
Of The Year!
James MacArthur
and Carol Lynley!*

OF ALL THE SAGAS OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER ...THIS IS THE MOST UNUSUAL!

WALT DISNEY'S EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT ADVENTURE OF THE MEN AND
MIGHT THAT CHALLENGED A WILDERNESS...OF THE WHITE BOY RAISED
AS AN INDIAN—WHO DARED TO TAKE A FRONTIER GIRL FOR HIS OWN
...WHILE A THOUSAND ARROWS AND MUSKETS CHALLENGED THEIR LOVE!

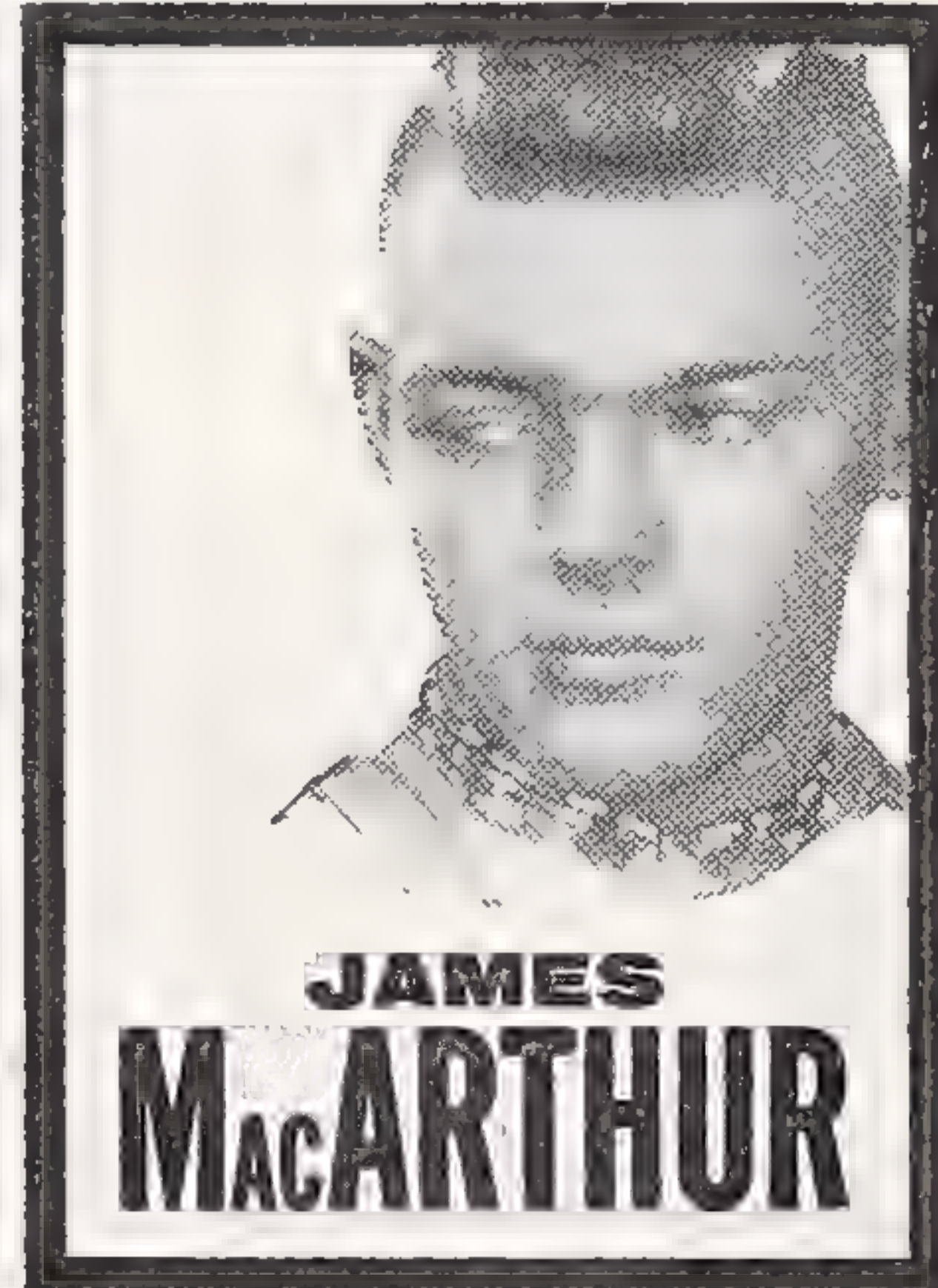
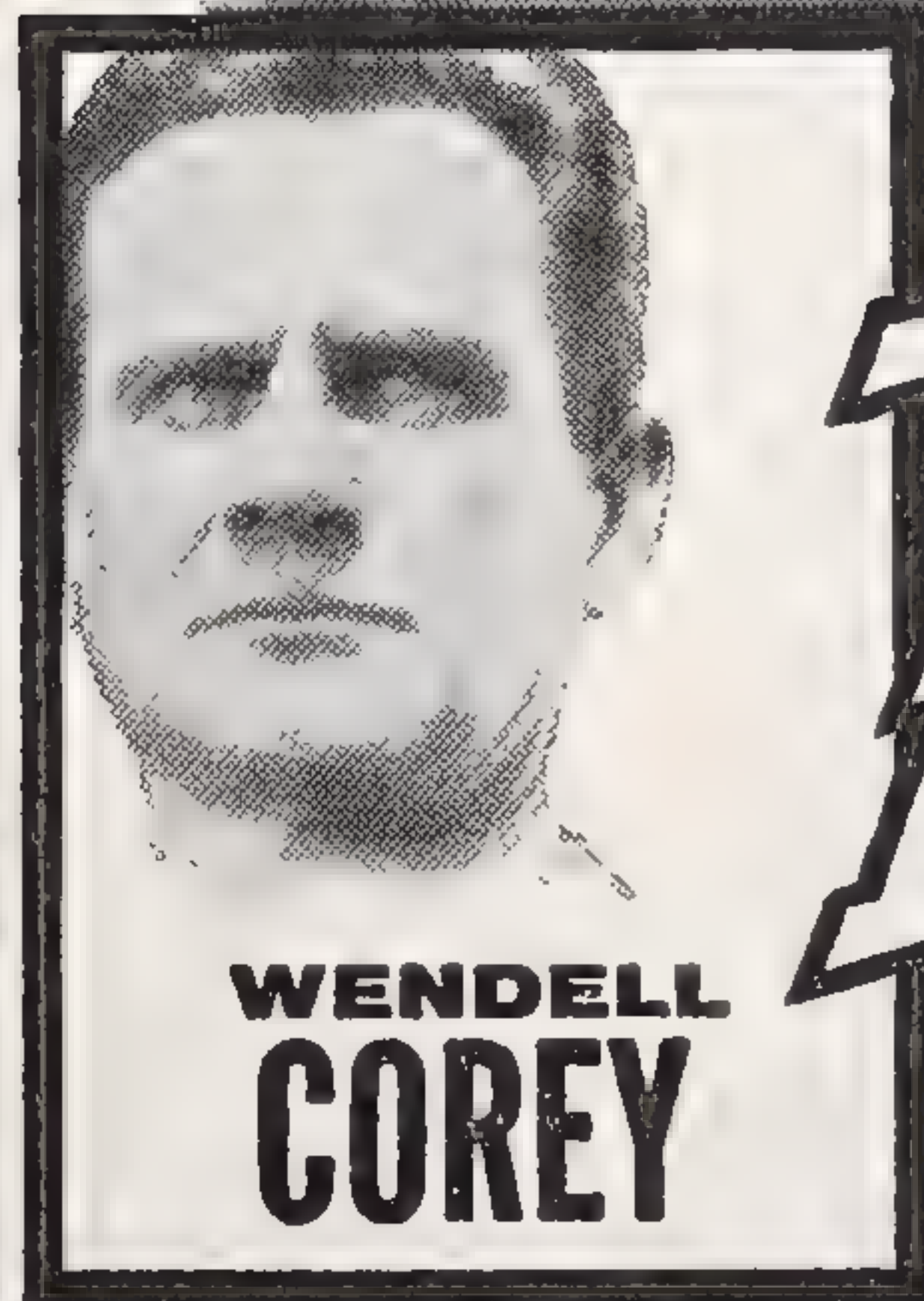
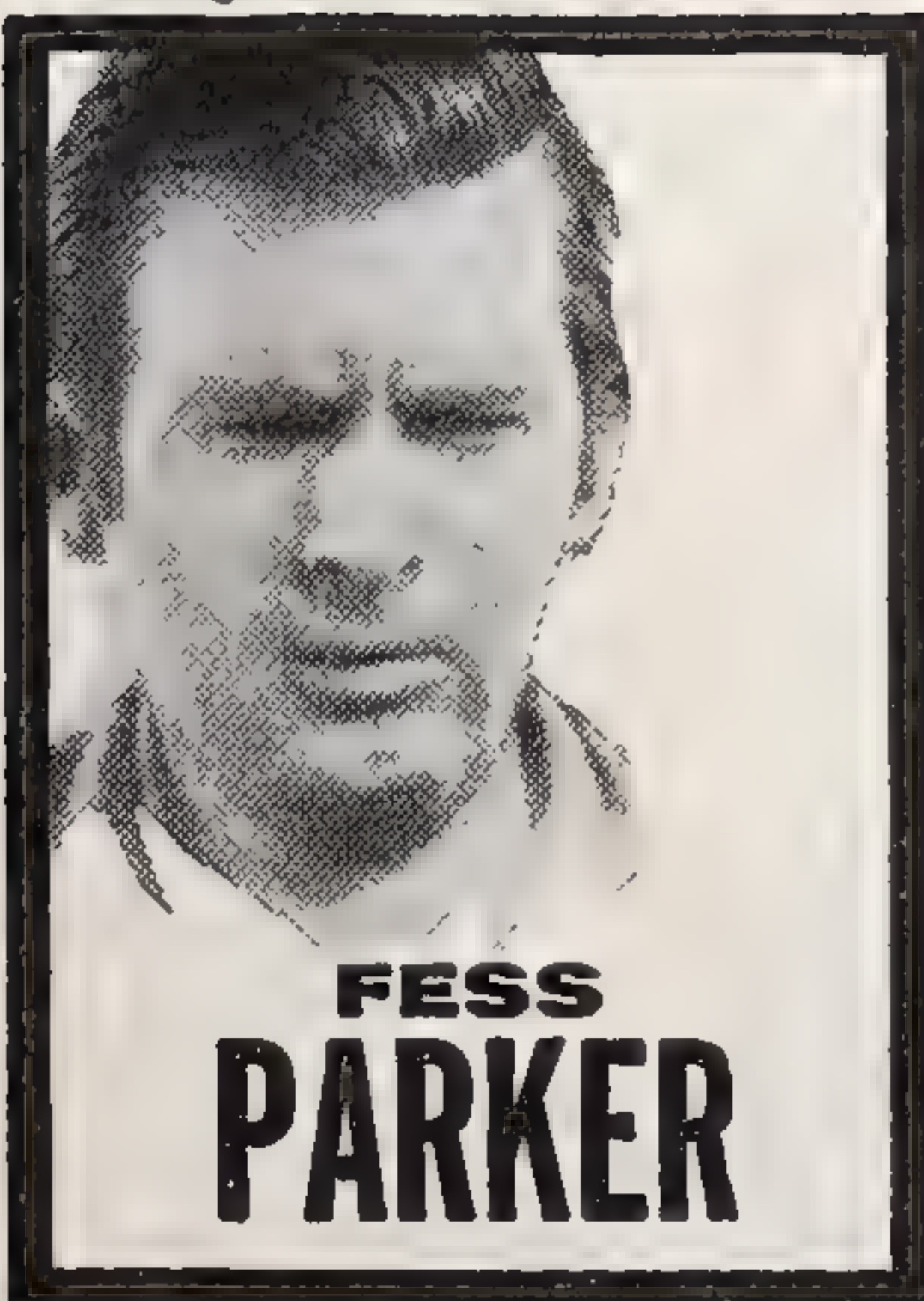
WALT DISNEY

PRESENTS

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

TECHNICOLOR®

starring



CO-STARRING JESSICA TANDY • JOHN McINTIRE • JOSEPH CALLEIA • RAFAEL CAMPOS AND INTRODUCING **CAROL LYNLEY**

From the Novel by CONRAD RICHTER • Screenplay by LAWRENCE EDWARD WATKIN • Directed by HERSCHEL DAUGHERTY

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Distributed by Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc.
© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS



Debbie (that "Tammy" Gal)
is back...more wonderful than ever!

She teaches a bachelor
the facts of life... and
learns about love from
the boy next door!

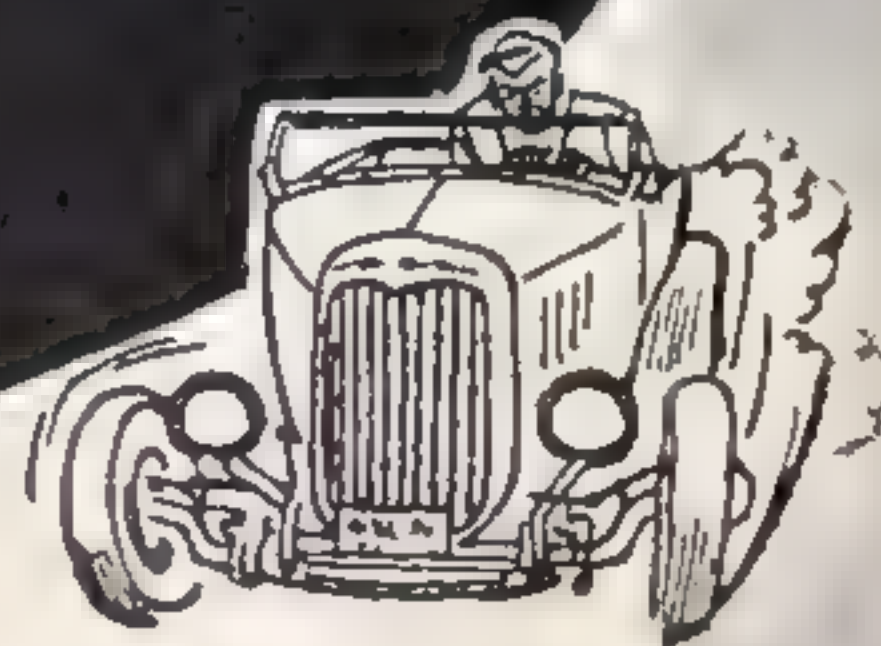


DEBBIE
REYNOLDS
CURT
JURGENS
JOHN
SAXON



**THIS HAPPY
FEELING**

CINEMA SCOPE in Eastman COLOR



Co-Starring

ALEXIS SMITH MARY ASTOR

with ESTELLE WINWOOD

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS • Screenplay by BLAKE EDWARDS
Based on the Play "FOR LOVE OR MONEY" written by F. HUGH HERBERT
and produced on the stage by BARNARD STRAUS
Produced by ROSS HUNTER • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



Hear:
DEBBIE SING
her new hit song
"THIS HAPPY
FEELING"

GET MORE OUT OF LIFE...GO OUT TO A MOVIE!

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month, pages 13 and 14.

✓✓✓✓ THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV — M-G-M; Metrocolor: Powerful film version of famed novel. Lee J. Cobb, the dissolute father, and Yul Brynner, his raffish son, covet voluptuous Maria Schell, for whom Yul brushes aside Claire Bloom. (A) May

✓✓✓ THE LONG, HOT SUMMER—20th; CinemaScope: De Luxe Color: Orson Welles is an old rascal who tries to dominate son Anthony Franciosa and his bride, Lee Remick and daughter Joanne Woodward, until stranger Paul Newman steps in. (A) May

✓✓✓ STAGE STRUCK—Buena Vista. Technicolor: Susan Strasberg glows as an inexperienced girl intent on becoming a fine actress, who falls in love with producer Henry Fonda. (A) May

✓✓✓ THE YOUNG LIONS—20th. CinemaScope: Poignant drama of three soldiers caught in World War II. Marlon Brando is the German; Monty Clift and Dean Martin, Americans; and Liliane Montevecchi, Hope Lange, and Barbara Rush, the girls who love them. (A) May

✓✓✓ MERRY ANDREW—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Danny Kaye is hilarious in a whimsical yarn about a shy teacher who gets involved with a circus—and star aerialist Pier Angeli. It's a lively musical romp. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, THE —Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Powerful, tension-filled. Escaped from a Jap prison camp. Bill Holden returns with Jack Hawkins to oppose Alec Guinness' strange project. (F) February

✓✓✓ CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW—Warners: Anne Baxter enjoys a richly emotional role in a shrewdly made mystery. As a diamond heiress, she's tormented by Richard Todd, stranger who pretends to be her brother. (F) April

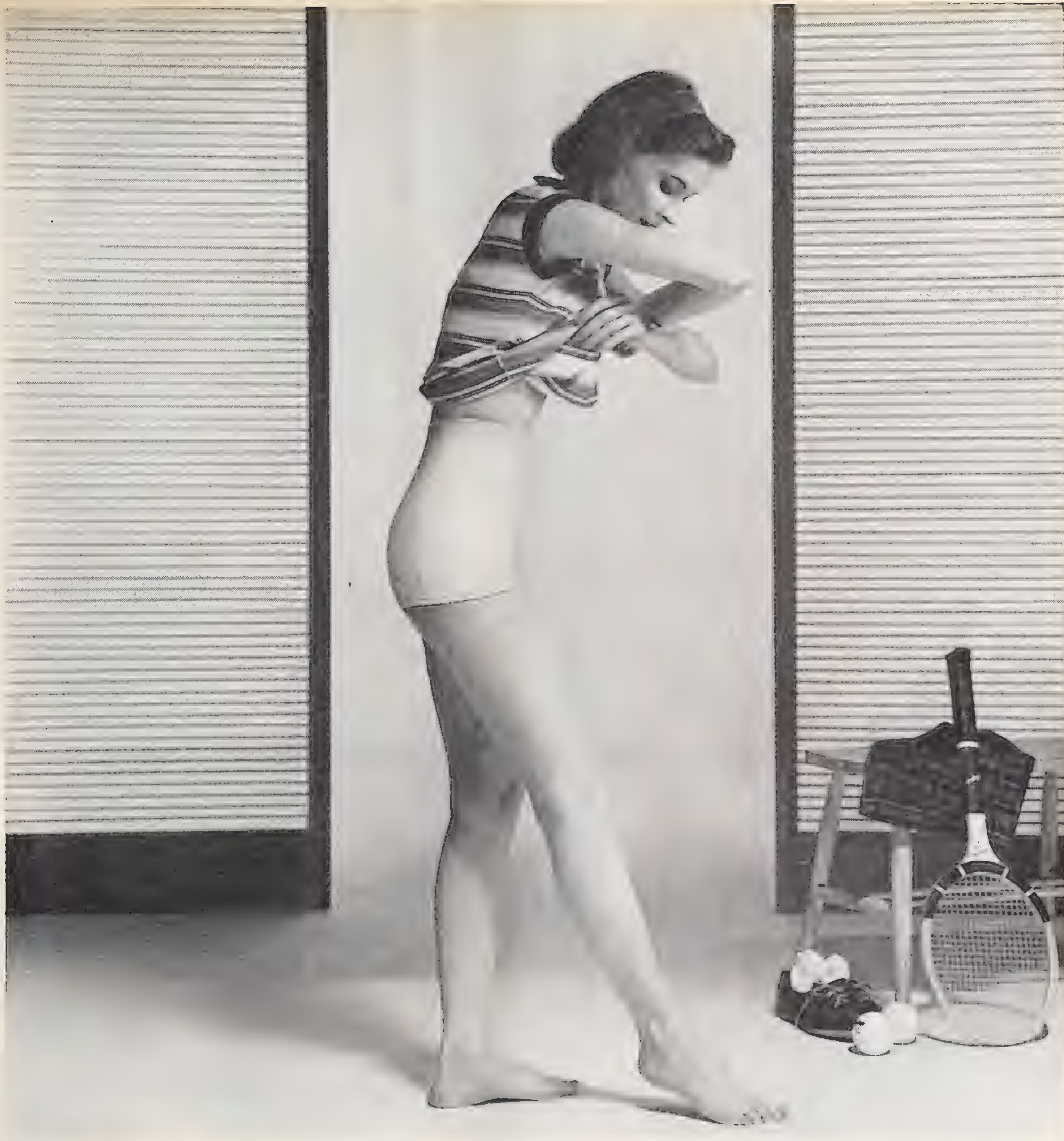
✓✓✓✓ COWBOY — Columbia, Technicolor: Splendidly realistic picture of a cowboy's life in the old days, with Jack Lemmon as the tenderfoot on a drive headed by Glenn Ford. (F) April

✓✓✓ DAMN CITIZEN!—U-I: Brisk, fact-based melodrama sets Keith Andes to work smashing rackets in Louisiana. Threats are aimed at wife Maggie Hayes and children. (A) April

✓✓✓✓ FAREWELL TO ARMS, A—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Jennifer Jones and Rock Hudson are the lovers in an honest, intimate, impressive version of Hemingway's classic about World War I in Italy. (A) March

✓✓✓ LADY TAKES A FLYER, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Affable romantic comedy finds Lana Turner and Jeff Chandler looking decorative as married partners in a flying ferry service. He's too footloose for her. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ TEACHER'S PET—Paramount, Vista-Vision: Doris Day and Clark Gable are an engaging love-comedy team in a movie that backs up its foolery with good sense. Newspaper vet Gable has contempt for book-larnin'—but a case on Doris, spirited journalism teacher. (F) April



Kleinert's SPORTS GIRDLE KEEPS YOU IN BEAUTIFUL FORM...

whatever form your special fun takes! And it's such a *comfortable* way to be beautiful on the beach, trim on the tennis court, sliver-slim when you bowl! Kleinert's pantie girdle is made of pure natural rubber. It's velvet-textured outside *and* skin-side...never feels sticky. It's perforated to let your skin "breathe"; has a non-roll top. It slims you the second you slip it on...yet gives you "no-girdle" freedom! Pink or white; small, medium and large. About \$2.50.



Sally's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-68, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



Simplicity Printed Patterns may be purchased at local stores everywhere.

dream dress

Perfect for Proms,

Parties, Wedding Promises



We've had so many requests from you for a "devine dress to say 'I do' in," and "a dreamy dress to dance in," that we looked for a perfect design—for both. And here it is (on Margaret O'Brien, dancing above with Bob Allen), so you can start sewing! It's easy to make (SIMPLICITY PATTERN NUMBER 1910, 35¢) in white embroidered organdy, like Margaret's dress, or, if you prefer, cotton chiffon or lace. But whatever the fabric, it'll be a dream. And so will you. Junior misses' size 13 takes 6 yds, of 36 inch fabric without nap.

**PAT
WAYNE**

following
the
great
Wayne
tradition
is
sensational
in his
first
starring
role!

**WHEN THE
VIOLENT YOUNG LAND
WAS HELD TOGETHER
BY THE COURAGE OF
A TEEN-AGE
SHERIFF!**

THE YOUNG LAND

From the Producer of that multiple award winner "The Searchers"

A C. V. WHITNEY  PRESENTATION

starring **PAT WAYNE • CRAIG HOPPER • YVONNE CRAIG • DENNIS HOPPER • DAN O'HERLIHY**

with Roberto de la Madrid • Cliff Kelchum • Ken Curtis • Pedro Gonzales Gonzales • Screenplay by **NORMAN SHANNON HALL**

From a Story by **JOHN REESE** • Music Written and Conducted by **DIMITRI TIOMKIN** • Directed by **TED TETZLAFF**

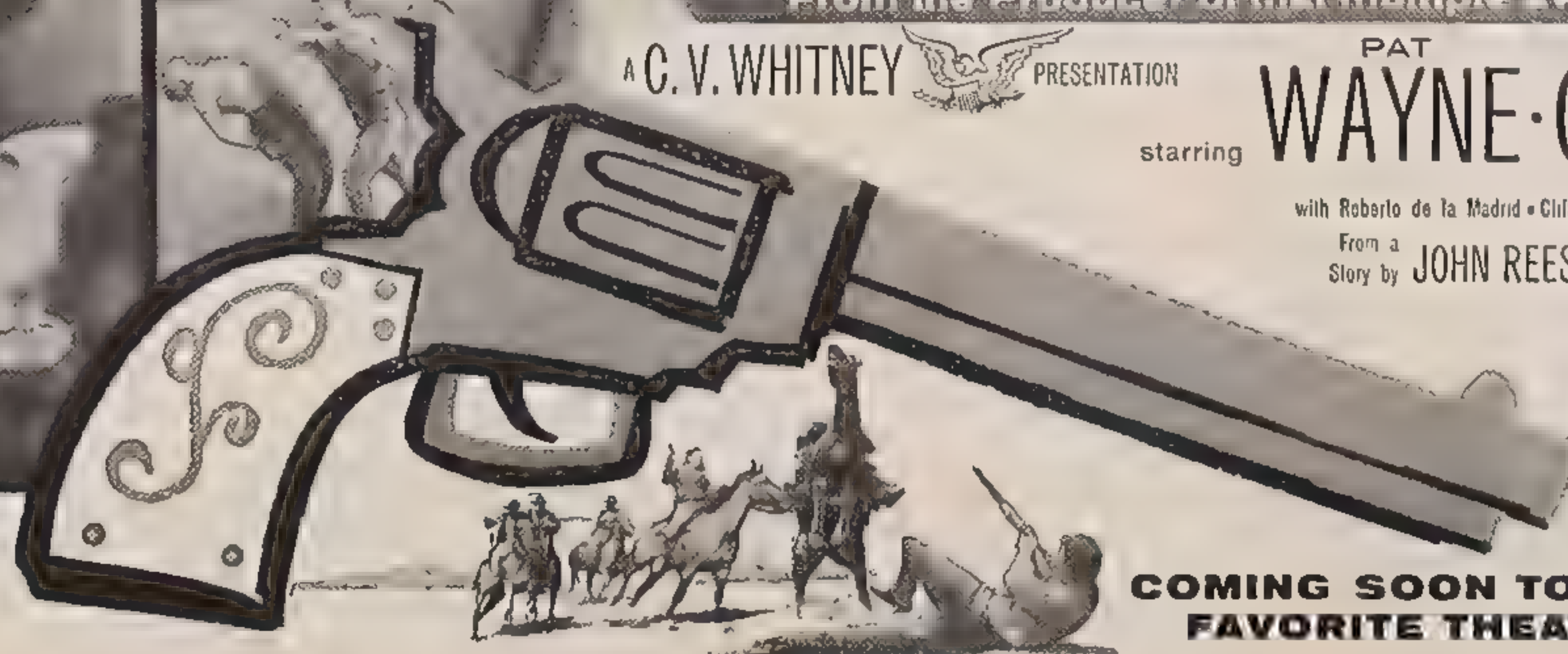
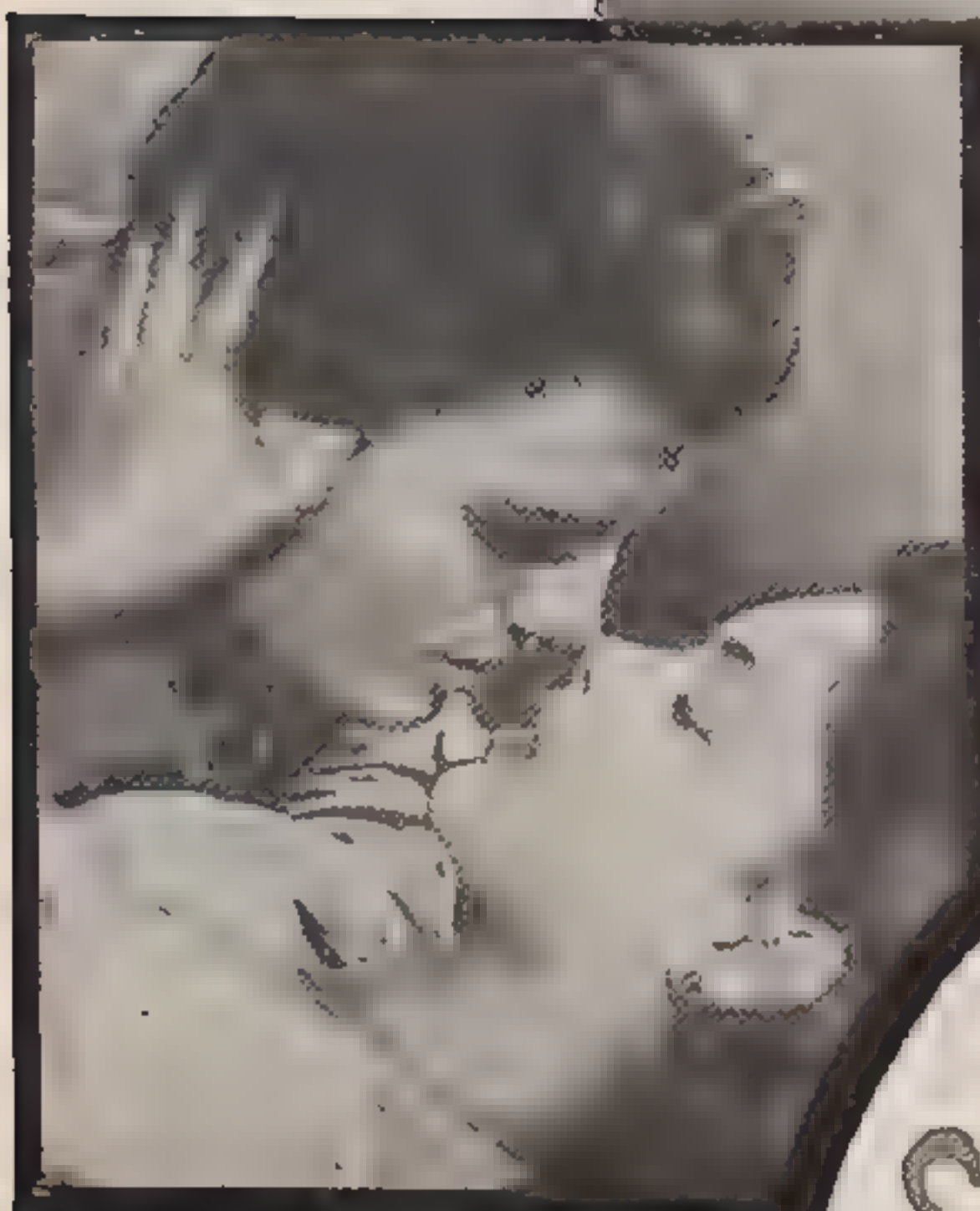
Produced by **PATRICK FORD** • Color by **TECHNICOLOR®**

Directors of Photography
WINTON C. HOCH, A.S.C. and HENRY SHARP, A.S.C.

Distributed by  **Film Distribution Co., Inc.**

**COMING SOON TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE!**

**Hear RANDY SPARKS Sing
"The Young Land" A Verve Record**





Will this be you...when



others are having fun?

Playing "stay-away" when others are literally "in the swim" of summer activity? If that's the kind of summer you want, you might as well cross off just about 15 days from the calendar right now! Why, you'll be losing as much as a vacation's worth of fun—just because of time-of-the-month!

Why should you sit it out when you can enjoy the freedom of Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Imagine how wonderful it is to have done with the belt-pin-pad problem—to be so cool and comfortable you're hardly aware of wearing a protection! Tampax is so easy to insert, change, dispose of—takes only seconds. Odor can't form. There's nothing like the comfort and daintiness of Tampax—particularly on hot, humid days!

There's just no reason to put up with worries and discomforts a month longer! Change to Tampax now—and have fun all summer long! Choose from Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women



Dear Mrs. Todd:

You don't know just how very sorry I am for your great loss. Mike Todd was a favorite of mine. Even though I am a teenager and this letter won't mean much, I do know how you feel. Just when you had found a husband who would give you honor, love, all the treasures of love and a beautiful baby—this tragedy happened. It's easy to say this, but to do it may be hard:

You have not lost him for he will be with you always. Be brave and God will help you and take care of your husband. God must have needed your husband greatly or this would not have happened.

God Bless you and your children.

CAROLYN ROLAND
Nottingham, Pa.

The sudden death of Mike Todd, fabled showman, occurred in a manner as spectacular as his life. Perishing in a crash of his private plane in a New Mexico storm, the absence of the producer leaves a great emptiness.

Never will we know of another man who so aptly filled "a place in the sun."

ANTHONY GIANNONE
New York, N. Y.

Mike Todd made the world a livelier place. He had the courage to build impossible dreams and rush to meet them.

CAROL ANN ASCOLIE
Newark, N. J.

It was a real shock to learn that Mike Todd was killed in an airplane accident.

While he was here for the "Raintree County" premiere with his lovely wife, Elizabeth Taylor, I got to see them. They were so happy together. I can still remember him clowning around. He was liked and loved by everyone.

His fan,

BRENDA SIMS
Louisville, Ky.

"Mike Todd was a showman on and off stage; on and off screen. He had no private life and he wanted none." This has been written frequently and uttered often since his death. On the occasions we had to talk to Mike Todd, we found this was not completely true.

"On my marriage, I won't go into the intimate details," he said. "Our private life is our own. We're like the couple next door. We don't want to air our intimate feelings in public. If you want to know how I feel about Liz—I love her—and I don't care how often that's printed. But for the rest—what we eat for breakfast—marriage is a private matter between two people—us."

Now the idyll is ended and the terrible feeling of loss is not Elizabeth's alone. From the many letters, wires and phone calls you have sent to Liz through our office, we know that you, too, share it. Liz wishes you to know that she would like to answer all your notes of sympathy personally, but there have been so many she simply can't. She hopes you'll understand.
—Ed.

Movie Stars Are Fans, Too!

May I take this opportunity to thank you as well as the staff of Photoplay magazine for the wonderful article written by Louis Pollock on me in the March issue of Photoplay. I am sure you will be surprised to learn that this is the first major fan magazine piece on me that I can recall in the past twelve years, and needless to say it is deeply appreciated.

I am currently working with Tom Ewell at 20th Century-Fox in "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," and we are all looking forward to returning to M-G-M to make "Andy Hardy Comes Home" starting around May 1st.

Hope this finds you enjoying the best of health, and thanks once again.

MICKEY ROONEY

Dear Evelyn:

I haven't had a quiet moment to talk to you and thank you for your very nice letter and to tell you how grateful I am for everything that Photoplay has done for me. It was a wonderful day. I truly couldn't be more thrilled at receiving the Gold Medal!

Again many, many thanks.

DEBORAH KERR
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

"Imitation General" is finished and now we go to Mammoth Park to ski.

Loads of love, and thank all Photoplay readers for my Photoplay Award!

TAINA (ELG)
Hollywood, Calif.

Is it true that Bob Evans, who was so very good in "The Sun Also Rises," is permanently retiring from the movies?

MARY KENDRICK
Fort Worth, Texas

We phoned Bob for his answer and this is it: "If you'd called me yesterday, I wouldn't have known exactly what to say but now I do! My studio, 20th, has just offered me the leading role in "Rope Law," a remake of "Kiss of Death." I'm to play the role of the killer that started Dick Widmark on his starring career. 'Happy about it?' You just don't know—it's a dream come true! You know, I've always wanted to play a gangster part. 'Am I glad now that I waited?' As a matter of fact, yes. That's what I've been doing the past eight months, waiting for the right part—one notch better than my last. I was offered—I guess around seven or eight movie roles in that time but none of them seemed just right. I didn't go hungry, fortunately, because of my other business activities. So please reassure Miss Kendrick I'm not leaving movies and I'd like to take this opportunity to thank readers of Photoplay for voting me a Photoplay Plaque this year. It's my first award and it's going to stay very close to my heart—always. Photoplay and its readers have been my biggest boosters and I honestly believe that if it hadn't been for you all, I wouldn't have these new and wonderful opportunities opening up for me."—Ed.

continued

Completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING

with New Reducing Drug For Fat People!

Causes Your Body To Lose Weight The Fastest Acting Way!

It's Safe...Automatic!

You Pay Nothing If You're Not Satisfied With Your Weight Loss... As Much As 6 Lbs. in 3 Days, 10 Lbs. the First Week!

No food restrictions, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New Reducing Drug acts directly on cause of overweight!

After years of medical research, we can now release it for the first time—an amazing new, fast-acting NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as necessary to look your slim self again *without* constant hunger pangs...*without* cruel diets...*even without* giving up all your favorite foods! Yes! You must actually lose as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or you don't pay a cent!

WHY IT MUST WORK FOR YOU NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE TRIED!

Unless you have a Super Will Power, you can NEVER reduce to your satisfaction with ordinary reducing methods. You probably know from your own experience how difficult, almost impossible it is to reduce with just fad diets, hunger strikes, laxatives, exercise, steam baths, massage...so-called reducing candies, cookies, powders and bulk-producing pills. Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is to *reduce caloric intake...to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose—and now, at last, they've found a NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE, safe enough to be used *without* prescription!

3-WAY ACTION LETS YOU LOSE POUND AFTER POUND AFTER POUND!

REGIMEN TABLETS are a combination of safe, proven reducing drugs—the only one of its kind available anywhere. Aspirin-size and easy to take. REGIMEN TABLETS contain *no* bulk-producing ingredients, do *not* irritate your stomach, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, easy weight-loss.

1. They *suppress* your appetite; you eat what you like, but even tasty delicacies shouldn't tempt you to over-stuff yourself.

2. They force you to lose weight automatically by *removing* "fluid weight". You lose pound after pound *fast*!
3. They work *quickly*...start traveling thru your blood stream in less than a minute...and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No Super Will Power! YOU EAT *WHAT* THE FAMILY EATS *WHEN* THEY EAT—THE SAME DELICIOUS FOODS AS ALWAYS—BUT YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO EAT AS MUCH! YOU FEEL *FULL, COMPLETELY SATISFIED* ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU DREAMED POSSIBLE!

GUARANTEED*

There's never been anything like REGIMEN TABLETS—so start reducing this safe, sure way today. Get rid of excess weight if you want to live longer. You may not lose as much weight as Mr. Morris but we GUARANTEE you this: you MUST be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or your money back! Taken as directed, REGIMEN TABLETS are absolutely safe, harmless to lungs, kidneys, other vital organs. Get REGIMEN TABLETS for No-Diet Reducing today!

CLINICAL TEST PROVES "NO-DIET REDUCING"

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted 1000 calorie-a-day diet while another group ate *without* food restrictions. Both groups took REGIMEN TABLETS daily. *In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost MORE weight than the 1000 calorie-a-day group!*

This is *documented clinical evidence* that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can actually *eat what you want and still lose weight!*

You eat what the family eats —when they eat!

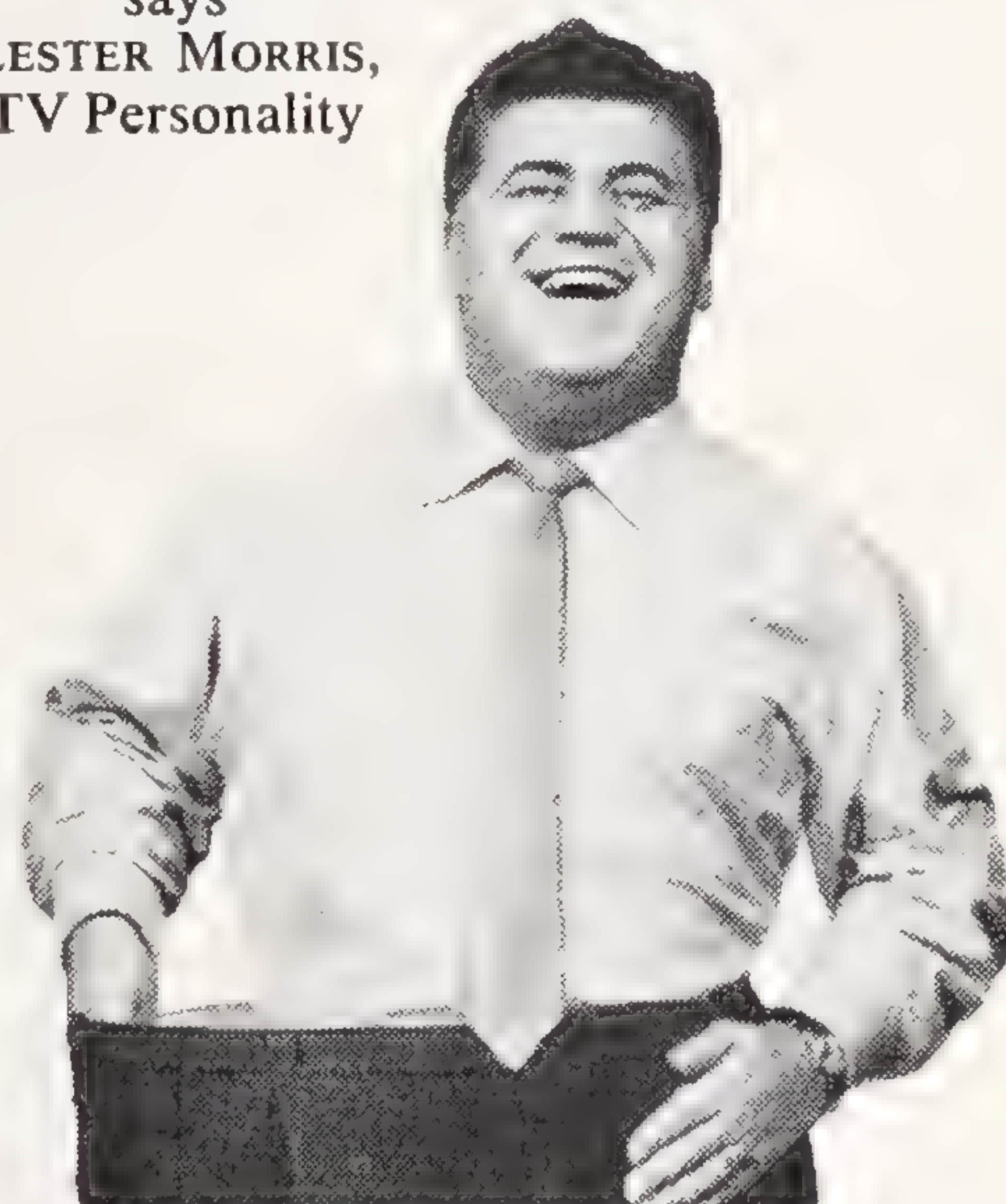
No dieting—no starving—no unappetizing foods, when you take REGIMEN TABLETS. You eat normally with the rest of the family—but you simply don't *want* to eat as much. Your weight comes down from the very first day! Pounds and inches disappear!



"I lost 28 lbs. in 28 days*
TAKING REGIMEN TABLETS
WITHOUT ANY DIETING

...and never felt better in my life!"

says
LESTER MORRIS,
TV Personality



"I tried ordinary reducing methods for years—diets, laxatives, candies, pills, exercises, steam baths—nothing worked. Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. I lost 9 lbs. in 3 days, 12 lbs. the first week, and 28 lbs. in 28 days! Without dieting! Without will power! I ate the same foods as always; I just couldn't eat as much! Yet I felt full all the time—and the fat just melted away!"

A notarized doctor's report,
filed with this publication, con-
firms Mr. Morris' weight loss.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Don't be confused by imitation products that contain only ONE of the three drugs found in REGIMEN TABLETS. Reducing experts say you need ALL THREE drugs to really lose weight without dieting. REGIMEN TABLETS is the first and only reducing product of its kind in the world that contains all three safe, completely effective wonder drugs to perform every known function for No-Diet reducing. Get REGIMEN TABLETS—and only REGIMEN TABLETS—and be sure of reducing quickly and safely—without dieting.

Regimen-Tablets



10-day supply,
only \$3

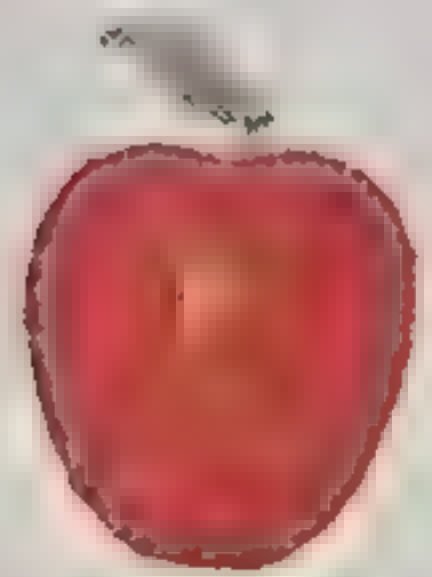
20-day supply,
only \$5
(You save
\$1.00)

Available At All Drug
Stores. If your druggist is sold
out, he can supply you in 24 hours.

REGIMEN TABLETS, another fine product of the Drug Research Corporation, sole distributors of Super Sustamin 2-12 for the relief of Arthritis-Rheumatism pains.

Undercover Strategy

begins with "VIVA!"



FROM THE
formfit
DESIGNERS' COLLECTION

Now you can wear shorts and slacks... and still be demurely attractive and completely feminine. It's the subtle strategy of "Viva!".

A completely new idea in Pantie-Girdles styled in the knowing Italian way by Emilio Pucci. See how much nicer you'll look in shorts and slacks with "Viva!". At fine stores everywhere.



"Viva!" Pantie-Girdle No. 7 (just one of many new "Viva!" designs). "You-shaped" back styling in Dacron-cotton lifts and holds you to a beautiful new line in heavenly comfort. Nylon powernet with front panel, one inch waistband. Misses' Dress sizes 8 to 16. \$8.95. Shown with "Holiday" Bra No. 597. Beautifully bared in back, daring plunge in front. Sizes 32A to 36C. \$5.00

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO



continued

I just loved the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards on Steve Allen's TV show. There were so many wonderful newcomers during 1957, it was nice to see them get the public recognition they deserve. I'm sure they appreciated the boost Photoplay and its readers have given them.

JANE FELIX
San Francisco, Calif.

They certainly did appreciate it, Jane, but the gratitude should be on our side. A nicer, more cooperative group of stars, we've never met.—Ed.

Which Was Which?

In your March issue, you had a picture of Kim Novak and her "look-alike", Charlene Chase. However, you did not say which was which. My sister and I think Miss Novak was on the right, but my mother and father think she was on the left. Could you please help us?

RITA WEDEMEYER
Elmont, N. Y.

In answer to many requests, Charlene was on the left, Kim on the right.—Ed.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



"Thank you so much!" read Dolores Hart's note. Here is her own sketch of herself winning Photoplay Plaque

Too Young to Marry?

In "Peyton Place" the picture of Lana Turner's unwed husband was that of Ken Scott. I would like to know if that picture was taken with his consent, since he is only twenty-nine now and at the time Diane Varsi was born he would have been eleven years old. Lana Turner must have been nineteen and I doubt she would have an affair with an eleven-year-old boy. I wish this fact were made known because the error ruined this fine picture for me.

JACK WEISS
Roxbury, Mass.

As is common, Ken Scott's contract stipulates his likeness can be used whenever his studio wishes; therefore his brief appearance in "Peyton Place." Besides, the story led us to believe Lana hadn't seen Ken for many years; this is probably the reason for the youthful picture.—Ed.

Forgotten Men (and Women)

I don't think enough credit is being given to the men (and women) behind the screen. . . .

Recently I wrote to Mr. Ben Bard, new Talent Director at 20th. I told him I wanted information on what he looks for when he's scouting new talent, etc. I got a prompt answer and it was a very nice letter. I know that a man in his profession is very busy, yet he answered my letter. It's people like Mr. Bard that keep show business going.

Every one praises the actors, but it seems that they forget the producers, directors, choreographers, etc. Don't get me wrong, I like actors, but let's hear about the other people involved in the production of a picture.

GAY EGGEN
Hopkins, Minn.

Take a look at this issue's story on U-P's "A Time to Love and a Time to Die."—Ed.

Good Fellow

I want to thank you for that very beautiful painting of "our boy" Elvis in a recent issue. It's simply great! I personally bought six copies of Photoplay so I would have a picture for each of my five scrap books and I had one framed in a beautiful frame for my living room.

I wish we could tell Mary De Nunzio how much we appreciate the wonderful painting she gave us. If you are in touch with her, please give her the thanks of one of El's fan club representatives, won't you?

I wish some of his detractors knew more about some of the fine things he does for others. For instance, recently he donated \$1,000 to the Good Fellows Club of Memphis. He also gave presents and toys to the poor children entertained by the Club. El told them that just seven years ago he stood in that line and they made his Christmas for him. He said he wouldn't feel right if he didn't help them now that he could. He also donated \$1,000 to the Humes High School, his alma mater, for the E. L. Clump Charity for the Blind and donated \$900 for uniforms to the boys in the school. He also gave \$1,000 to the March of Dimes and not long ago sent a trunkful of his famous Teddy bears to New York to be auctioned, the proceeds to be turned over to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation. Finally, we also know he gave each member of his combo \$1,000 as a Christmas bonus.

PAT
Seattle, Wash.

continued



whatever you do...
be ahead in beauty

The glamorous, natural-looking colortones of your Noreen-rinsed hair will win admiring glances. Whatever you do, wherever you are . . . at work, at play or at formal affairs . . . you know your hair always looks lovely. That's the beauty of a Noreen Color Rinse; surely, yet subtly, it accents your natural hair coloring, blending in unwanted drab streaks and stray gray. Noreen color is easy to apply, takes just a few minutes, and your hair stays color-right 'til next shampoo. Today, introduce gleaming new colortones, new sheen and beauty into your hair. Several of Noreen's 14 temporary rinses are right for you.

Send for literature and free sample offer.
Noreen 450 Lincoln St. Denver 9, Colo. Dept. J-1,
at cosmetic counters everywhere



COLOR
HAIR
RINSE





(continued)

God's Special Project

God took a lonely lad
From Memphis, Tennessee
He turned him into something great,
For all the world to see.

His face is smooth
His eyes are blue
His hair is black,
With side burns, too.

His folks were poor
But their hearts were stout
So he prayed to God
To help him out.

He prayed so hard
Day after day.
Then,—fame and fortune
Came his way.

God made him sing
God made him play,
God made this boy
What he is today.

He brings us songs
And movies, too.
Like "Jailhouse Rock"
And "Loving You."

He has a prize possession
Along with his great art.
A magnificent obsession,
This prize is called a "heart."

He's always willing
To lend a hand,
And help other people
However he can.

Critics sneer and laugh
About his singing style.
But ask a teenager and she'll tell you
It's here to stay for quite a while.

It's easy to criticize,
And feel that you have won.
But, how would you feel if *you* were
the parents,
And this boy was *your* son??

You blame him for delinquency
And he doesn't smoke or drink,
So please be wise and otherwise
Before you accuse, stop and think.

And though people talk,
He doesn't object.
For in his heart he'll always know,
That he is "God's Special Project."

JOANNE WILBER
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Movie Ideas

What with all these great "remakes" being turned out in Hollywood, how about another "Wuthering Heights"? If you recall, Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon were the ill-fated lovers in this classic tale of love, vengeance and desire. But in these days when producers have the advantage of wide-screen, super-color and the fine music of, say, Miklos Rosza, why not make it again? Combine all these advantages with Edmund Purdom and Liz Taylor in the leads and you have the greatest of the great motion pictures of history. Mighty big words, but do you dare disagree?

JOHN BLOODGOOD
River Grove, Ill.

Having read that W. H. Hudson's novel "Green Mansions" is to be made into a movie, I believe that it can be made into much more than just another jungle movie.

I believe that Boris Karloff should play the jungle dweller, *Nuflo*, while John Derek would do well as *Abel Argensola*. The youth and beauty of Luana Patten make her the ideal choice to play *Rima*, the bird girl.

The choice of a director, I believe, is important, and the director who could be most depended on to bring the poignant beauty of the story to the screen is Delmar Daves.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colo.

Sorry, Arthur, but M-G-M, who owns the movie rights to "Green Mansions," has different casting ideas. As of now, Audrey Hepburn is set to play Rima, they're hoping to get Tony Perkins for Abel and Audrey's husband, Mel Ferrer will direct.—Ed.

Why, Oh, Why . . .

Don't they make some more "Frankenstein" movies? (we used to enjoy them so much) . . . see that Dean Stockwell could easily be the new Rock Hudson or Bogart. . . . Russ Tamblyn the new Alan Ladd. . . . Tony Perkins the new Cooper or Stewart.

CARL TUBB
Louisville, Ky.

Pat on our Back

My thanks to you and your magazine
It's one of the finest I've ever seen.
Some movie magazines are just a bluff,
They print a lot of untrue stuff.

I know I can always depend on you
To get good stories and facts that are true.
"Brief Reviews" are a valuable key
In helping select the movies I see.

The gossip columns are really neat
And your colored pictures can't be beat.
To sum it up—yours is the greatest;
All your articles the very latest.

I'll be looking forward to more good reading
In your magazine that's really leading.
So, thanks again, Photoplay—
I guess that's all I've got to say.

MARY GOEBEL (age 15)
Cincinnati, Ohio



Audie Murphy's unexpected visit to his sister surprised an Oklahoma reader

Embarrassing Moments

Late one night, last November, my brother-in-law found himself in an embarrassing position but not so, after awhile. He was just preparing for bed when his next-door neighbor called him to her telephone. In a haste he pulled on his trousers and tramped next door in his bare feet. (He did not have a telephone). On entering her living room, he saw that she had company, a young man he recognized instantly. It was too late to back out the door, so in he tramped bare feet and all. The young man was already prepared for the night on the couch. My brother-in-law was really floored but after the introduction he found to his surprise that the young man was just as dishevelled as he was and not embarrassed a bit and he was also very friendly to boot! The young man? Audie Murphy of course. He was visiting his oldest sister, Mrs. Poland Burns of Grand Prairie, Texas.

MARY BLALOCK
Ardmore, Okla.

Dreamy Boris

I just read "Horrors! They're Back." It was just wonderful, especially that dreamy picture of Boris Karloff (ugh!) as *Frankenstein*.

DOUG REEVES
Klamath Falls, Ore.

"Assinine Idea"

Having noticed the letter from "A Reader, Kingsport, Tenn.," I hasten to raise my voice in horrified protest against such an assinine idea as the remaking of "Gone with the Wind."

Of all the bird-brained notions, this one surely takes the prize.

"ANOTHER READER"
San Francisco Calif.

Now we know how the Civil War got started! Though fiercely divided, the anti-remake reader group's ahead.—Ed.

tempt
me
pink

a reckless, explosive Pink that dares him to come closer

You have to be downright daring to risk this temptress pink; like a bolt of pink fire it threatens to ignite all who come too near! Teasing, tantalizing, tempting... your lips never before looked so promising. And always, this new lipstick lives up to *its* promise—to color your lips with a scandalous gleaming *satin finish* that clings for hours... smooths every second. **only 49¢**

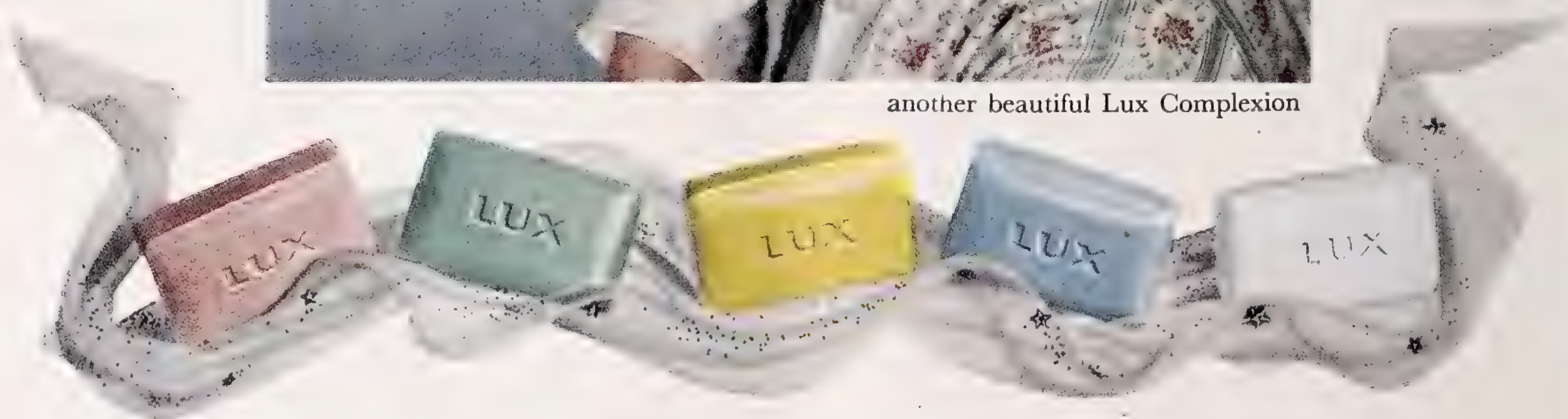
new Satin Finish lipstick by *Evening in Paris*



ERIN O'BRIEN co-starring in "GIRL ON THE RUN"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION



another beautiful Lux Complexion



"...so gentle, so mild...
all those lovely pastels, white too
...and the way it softens your skin..."

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

Those are lovely Erin O'Brien's own words—on the subject of Lux. As a native of Hollywood, Miss O'Brien has used Lux for years. But *naturally gentle* Lux, with its rich Cosmetic lather, can do as much for you as it does for her!

The Lux fragrance is special, too—a blend of several costly per-

fumes. And both complexion and bath-size Lux now come in four pastels and white.

Used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other soap, Lux is the proven beauty care. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux or money back.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux

EXCLUSIVE

GOODBYE, MY LOVE

In a last, tragic journey, Elizabeth Taylor keeps a sacred vow she made to Michael Todd: "Whither thou goest, I will go . . ."



MIKE TODD DIES IN CRASH

*A crash, a blinding explosion,
and then darkness shut out
the light of Liz' happiness*

She sat in the bedroom, a small figure with hands lying listlessly in her lap, face white as chalk, eyes swollen with weeping, staring vacantly, seeing nothing.

Across the room, her close friend, Helen Rose, top costume designer of M-G-M studios, was busy packing clothing into a small overnight case.

Helen picked up a wisp of black and stood with it in her hand, trembling, turning quickly so that the still figure in the room could not see her stifled sobbing.

"I fixed her wedding veil, and her gown, when she was a bride of eighteen. Elizabeth Taylor, the Girl Who Has Everything, they called her," Helen remembered. "... and when she walked down the aisle to marry Nicky Hilton, she was so lovely, so full of joy and trust in the

goodness of life. How strange life is. You wonder: She has so much—yet so little. How? Why did this happen?"

The figure in the easy chair stirred slightly, and a voice came, slowly, as if from a great distance. "Is it time for me to get dressed, Helen?"

Helen dabbed at her eyes quickly, turned and forced a smile. "No, dear. Just try to rest. Could you eat something? A cup of broth, perhaps?"

"No, thank you," the voice said weakly. "I can't. I just can't." Her head fell back against the pillows, and her eyes closed.

She tried, she tried so hard to understand. But it was all like some horrible, crazy nightmare . . .

She remembered lying alone in (Continued on page 73)



Exclusive photos of "The Liz." When, ice-laden, it crashed in the wilderness, carrying Todd, two pilots, and writer Art Cohn to their deaths, only two ironic mementoes were untouched—a red napkin with "The Liz" embroidered, part of a book, "The World's Great Religions"





"Mike loved the children so much," said Liz, "and they loved him." Baby Liza is too young to understand, but for little Mike and Chris Wilding, to whom he was as devoted as their own father, it will be hard



Her last goodbye. Supported by her physician, Dr. Rexford Kennamer, left, and her brother Howard, Liz is half-carried to grave. Her last words: "I love you, Mike"

Dody Goodman May Be Hit Of Year

we borrowed a page from Dody's scrapbook

I'm for real I THINK

When people started asking, "Is Dody Goodman for real?"—well, I didn't know what to make of it! Nobody'd ever asked that before I was on the Jack Paar show.

I usually say, "Well, as far as I know I'm for real." But I can tell people never seem satisfied. Just when I've forgotten about it, they ask me again.

My mother read some newspaper stories and she called me all the way from Columbus, Ohio: "Dody, why do they keep asking are you for real? What are you doing down there in New York?"

And I said, "I'm acting just like always."

I can remember when we used to live on Summit Street in Columbus, there was this other family of Goodmans in town, and one day somebody phoned them by mistake and they said, "Oh no—you don't want us. You mean the *crazy* Goodmans up on Summit Street."

Well, maybe not my father so much, he's pretty practical. But all the rest of us—my mother, sister, brother, grandpa and me—we never, you know, conformed to any sort of set pattern. Like—well, my parents have always gotten up real early, like around five or six while it's still dark, and one time Mama heard—well, a noise across the street is what it was, and she looked at the clock and she said, "Oh heavens, it's so *late*—you know that, uh, those people across the street are going to work already and we're still sleeping."

So she got up and she woke the baby up, my little nephew Johnny, she got him up and washed and down in the kitchen, and she got my father up and she started fixing breakfast. She stirred up a big batch of pancakes, and my father came down and they were all eating pancakes, and little Johnny was—he couldn't wake up good, and he was sort of crying, and she was stuffing pancakes in his mouth, and my father just happened to look at his watch, and he said, "Is that right? My watch must have stopped. It's only one o'clock."

And Mama said, "Oh, it must have stopped." So they investigated thoroughly and it *was* only one o'clock. They'd only been in bed a couple of hours, and the people across the street were just coming home from a party. See, what it was—she looked at the clock wrong. It probably said 12:30 and she thought it said 6:00.

Some of the critics have referred to my humor as sort of vague and scatter-brained. So—well, I don't deny it but I sure come honestly by it. Like once when I was seventeen I did a split—on a dare—right in the lobby of a big hotel. It was—well, it's called the Deshler-Hilton now. When my mother heard about it, all she said was, "What! In that new evening dress!"

Papa always said we were spoiled, and I guess maybe we were. Like nobody did a thing to my brother Dexter when he smashed up the family car. It wasn't his fault, but you'd have thought they'd have said, "For goodness sakes, watch it," or something. I suppose it explains some of the other things he's done, too, like taking a taxi all the way from Indianapolis to Columbus (around 175 miles, I think), when he got discharged from the Army. And my sister Rose eloped twice.

And as for Mama—well, she gave a party for me about a year ago when I was home on vacation and she was so excited she hardly saw anybody! She was going around madly introducing herself to everybody, and she went up to this young man and she said, "How do you do. I'm Dody's mother."

And he said, "Yes, I know. I'm her brother." Sure enough, it was Dexter. See what I mean? I mean nobody in their right minds would think of us as an average family. But we always had fun.

Papa—his name is Dexter like my brother's—was an executive with Gallagher's Cigar Manufacturing Company in Columbus, and for most of our lives we lived in this two-story—well—white frame house is what it was. We had front porches, and we had (Continued on page 82)

by DODY GOODMAN



Enjoy a "PARIS HOLIDAY" too—
see Anita and Bob Hope in the U.A. film

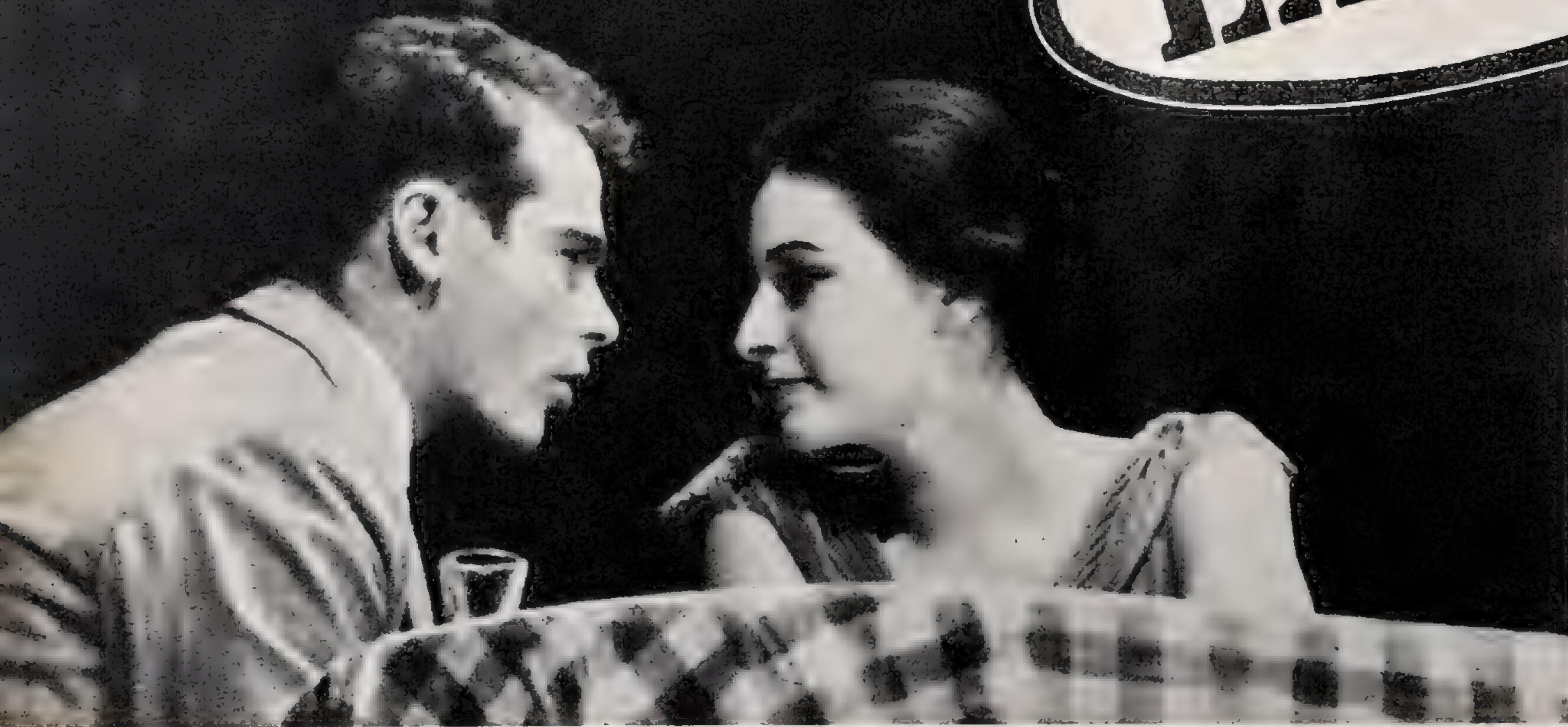
STOP *When Anita Ekberg walked into a room, all heads turned in her direction. The men saw a magnificent creature in a clinging, low-cut gown, a statuesque ideal of womanhood, and sighed appreciatively. All except Anita's husband, Anthony Steel. He saw red . . .*

CAUTION *It seemed like a good idea when Tony neglected his career to be with her. He was a big success in British films, she was just a newcomer. But as her star rose, Tony's languished. He said he had no regrets. But could he really mean it? Or would the cost of loving be too high?*

GO *They left the crowds, and stares, and screaming headlines when they stole away to a small deserted cafe. There, holding hands over a candlelit table, they could lose themselves in the lovely magic of the Paris night and forget all their troubles, for a while . . .*

by GEORGE CHRISTY

EXPOSED



Is Dean Stockwell really an unhappy, mixed-up boy? Is he stubborn, mean, hard to know? One person who knows—and tells—is pretty Ina Balin, a young actress whose frequent dates with Dean have given her an intimate insight few have had

Not since the late James Dean—with whom he is often compared—has a young man appeared who aroused the hot controversy that rages around Dean Stockwell. Like Jimmy Dean, he is accused of being filled with bitterness, unrest and conceit. How true are these rumors? How fair? In justice to this very talented young man, Photoplay feels this situation should be exposed. We have frankly confronted those who know Dean best—his close friends, the girls he dates—and Dean himself with these rumors. Here are their startling—and very revealing—replies:

RUMOR Is it true that Dean is a hard guy to get to know, that he hates meeting people, that he withdraws from them completely and resents any invasion of privacy?

TRUTH (From Roddy McDowall, Dean's good friend and his co-star in the Broadway hit, "Compulsion") Yes, it's true that Dean is withdrawn and doesn't meet people easily. But you want to know why? Because he's painstakingly honest. That makes it difficult for him to mix in chichi company. Dean withdraws because he likes to size up people first. He puts out his antenna, you might say, to see what they're like before he can talk.

RUMOR But some chalk up this attitude to conceit. They say that Dean won't mix with people because he feels intellectually superior to them, and has no patience with anyone who isn't as intelligent as he is. After all, Dean was a prodigy

as a child actor, and isn't it possible that this has made him feel superior to others?

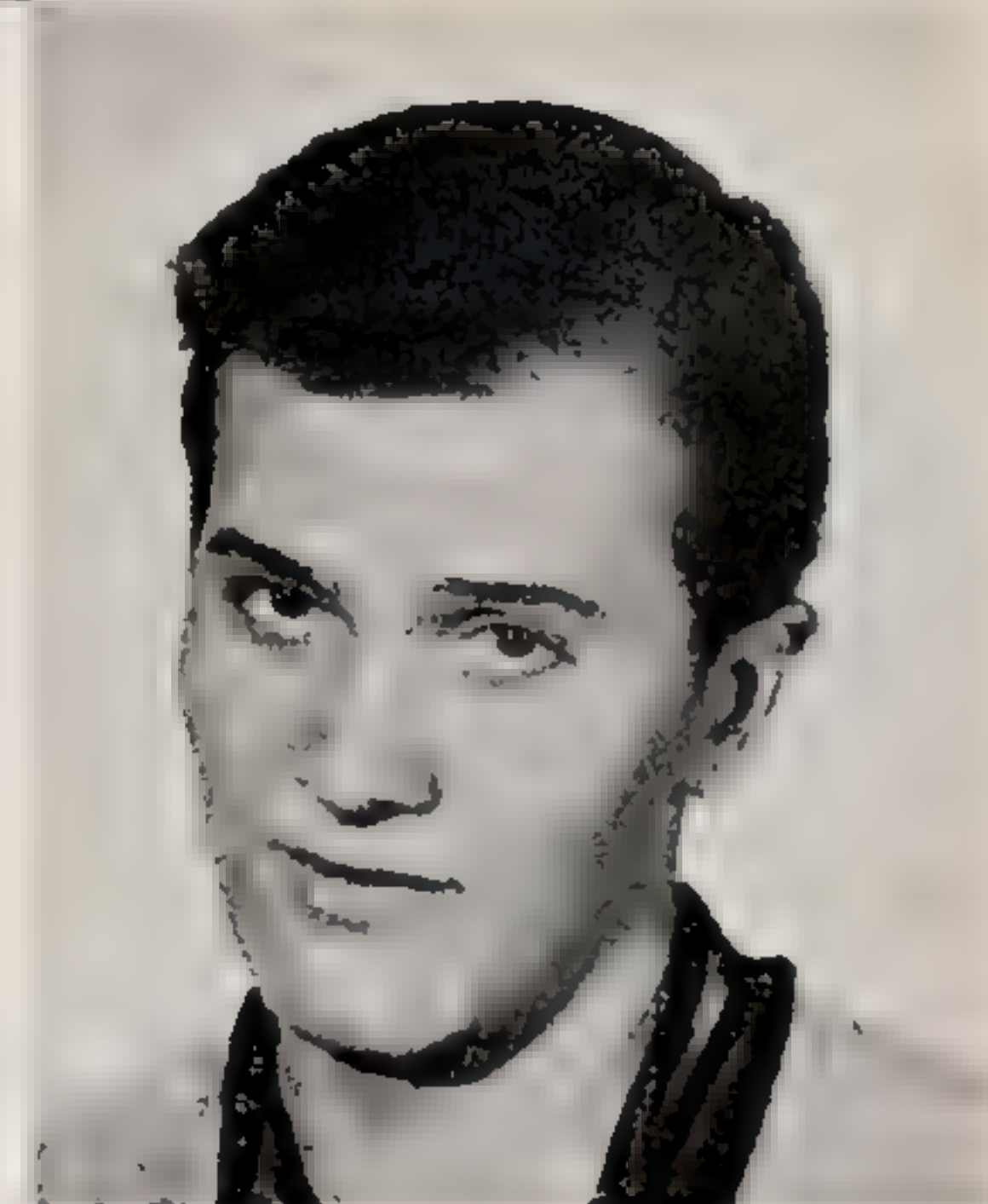
TRUTH (From Roddy) Nonsense! It's a fact that Dean can't make small talk. It bores him. A lot of people press him for little details about his life, and he shuts up like a clam. But it's not out of conceit—he just isn't the kind of guy who shoots off his mouth about every little thing he's ever done. As for that child star stuff, I first saw Dean when he was about eight or nine years old (I was sixteen at the time). He was in the studio commissary having lunch. Was he putting on the star act? Not much! He was trying to devour a comic book before he was taken back to the set. He's still the same way—he regards acting as a job to be done. The thing about Dean is that he won't say anything he doesn't believe in. Once a TV commentator wanted him to say some things about the boy killers in "Compulsion" he didn't believe. Dean absolutely refused, and all her badgering wouldn't budge him.

RUMOR Dean is pictured, in general, as a person who is stubborn as the proverbial mule. What about these stories about him acting up on the set, talking back to directors, and always wanting to have everything done *his* way? Not only that, but some say that he's not only stubborn, but curt and impolite, particularly to his superiors. Some even go so far as to say he can be downright mean. In particular, Dean is supposed to have had a real rip-roaring fight with director Alex Segal, when (Continued on page 80)





*"Poor Pat," wrote Jerry.
"Four angelic little girls—how dull!"*



"Man, has he got it wrong," retorts Pat

hollywood's funniest feud is on!

Look what came in this morning's mail," Pat said, pointing to a letter he'd just received. "It's from Jerry—Jerry Lewis. Listen to what this crazy guy says!" he fumed good-naturedly to wife Shirley.

"Poor Pat, old man!" he read. "Now that Laury's been born, you've got four wonderful children but not a second baseman in the bunch. You poor guy! You'll never have the fun of bandaging cuts made by toad-stickers, putting splints on legs fractured falling out of apple trees and removing fishhooks from corduroy britches. No, Pat old boy. You're stuck with four soft, sweet-smelling little females who look at their Daddy with adoring eyes, bring him his slippers after a hard day's work, climb up in his lap and curl around him and tell him how fabulous it is to be his daughters. Little charmers who go to bed without terrible fights. How dull, old pal!"

"Dull!!" said Pat, pushing back his breakfast plate so hard a piece of bacon flew off.

"Thanks, dear," said Shirley, picking it up gingerly off the tablecloth.

"Dull . . ." repeated Pat soberly. "Quiet as mice, *he* says! Man, has *he* got the wrong picture. If I'm lucky, and Linda hasn't pattered into my room before seven o'clock, then Cherry gets me at the breakfast table. Right, Shirl?"

"It certainly is, Honey," Shirley Boone said, grinning.

"Jerry should only know about our breakfast table ritual. The way Cherry won't eat *her* bacon and eggs, but loves *my* bacon and eggs! If he could only see Lin—" Just then Lindy, who had been eating her own bacon (Continued on page 76)



EXCLUSIVE! Photoplay snaps the first picture of the Boone family since the arrival of little newcomer Laura Gene



this is a true story about a

Two years ago next month I was graduated from high school. That summer of 1956 was a most depressing one for me. I had a scholarship to Marymount College but I kept thinking, here I am almost seventeen and where am I? I had a job making hamburgers in a little eating place at the Glen-Aire Country Club, a few blocks from my home, but all the time I was really dreaming of being an actress. There was a loud speaker there that played records and all summer long all I heard was music from "High Society," which had just been released. Ever since I'd been in high school kids had teased me, saying I looked like Grace Kelly. I could never see it, but everyone said I did, probably because we both wore our hair the same way. Anyway, there I'd be, turning hamburgers while Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby would come on over the loud speaker. I'd moan to myself, so I'm just like Grace Kelly, am I? Hah, at my age she was already in New York modeling and going to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. And here I am making hamburgers.

Part of the reason I was so discouraged was because I had tried out for Otto Preminger's "Saint Joan," and lost. It was funny, the summer before I'd gone to visit my grandparents in Chicago for a few weeks. At the time Mr. Preminger was conducting a country wide talent search and some of my friends and I went to a movie show. In the lobby there were blanks to be filled out by anyone who wanted to try out. My friends, for a joke, took a card and filled it in with my name. Later when I got back to Los Angeles I got a letter inviting me to a mass audition.

Mass audition was right. Mr. Preminger had taken over a local theater for the tryouts. The day I appeared, the whole auditorium was filled—filled with tall Saint Joans, short Saint Joans, fat Saint Joans and (Continued on page 84)

GIRL

*(me, who
was a nobody)*

BOY

*(who asked,
"Do you want to
be a star?")*

MIRACLE



It's a dreamy house. . . .

*Yep, and it's even got an
ice cream bar. . . .*

Well, come on over!

It'll be frantic

MOVING DAY

We took Doris Day up on her dare and watched her move. It was a beautiful day—sunny, and there was, between Doris and her husband, Marty Melcher, much quipping about its being “D Day” as we drove over in their car to the new place. Surprisingly, it wasn’t loaded under by clothes and books and such. “Love those moving men!” laughed Doris. “They planned everything so well we didn’t have to take a thumbtack with us.”

“I can’t wait to see how much they’ve moved in,” Doris kept repeating to Marty. As the car swung into the driveway, the moving men were already unloading the vans. “Jeepers,” said Doris looking a little pale. “I hope they don’t drop the new guest-room beds.” She hopped out of the car and ran after them.

“Nobody dropped nothin’,” she quipped.

Glassware, china and other items for the kitchen were unpacked first. And after Marty unwrapped his twentieth cup and saucer he looked beseechingly at Doris and said, “Wouldn’t it be easier if we used paper cups?”

And just when the kitchen began to be more ship-shape, Marty begged, “I’m hungry.” At 12:30 Mrs. Melcher was sitting on a packing case in the middle of the living room, munching a jelly sandwich.

“The plumbing whistles,” she suddenly (*Continued on page 48*)





"Marty, look what we got!" yelled Doris, clasp- ing "welcome" rose plant from friends. "But where'll it go? No tables!"

"Lucky we didn't bring any food that would spoil easily," she told moving man. Refrigerator didn't come as soon as expected

"Marty," Doris sighed, "you should never have let me buy all those new clothes. The extra closet space I counted on went and vanished"



"Oh, no!" cried Doris, torn between laughter and tears. "They set up the beds at the wrong end of the room." "Never mind," comforted Marty, "You're a strong girl—move 'em back"



MOVING DAY *(continued)*



"You've had it, girl." Doris said to image in front door mirror after nearly eight hours of work. "Quit while you're ahead."

said. "Did Marty tell you? No particular tune—and just when it feels like it."

"A house with personality, yet," Marty Melcher put in.

"Yes, and we loved it the very first time we clapped eyes on it," Doris continued between munches. "We drove by once fourteen months ago when it was still a Spanish-type place, not the way we wanted it at all then. But we could 'see' into what it could be—our dream place."

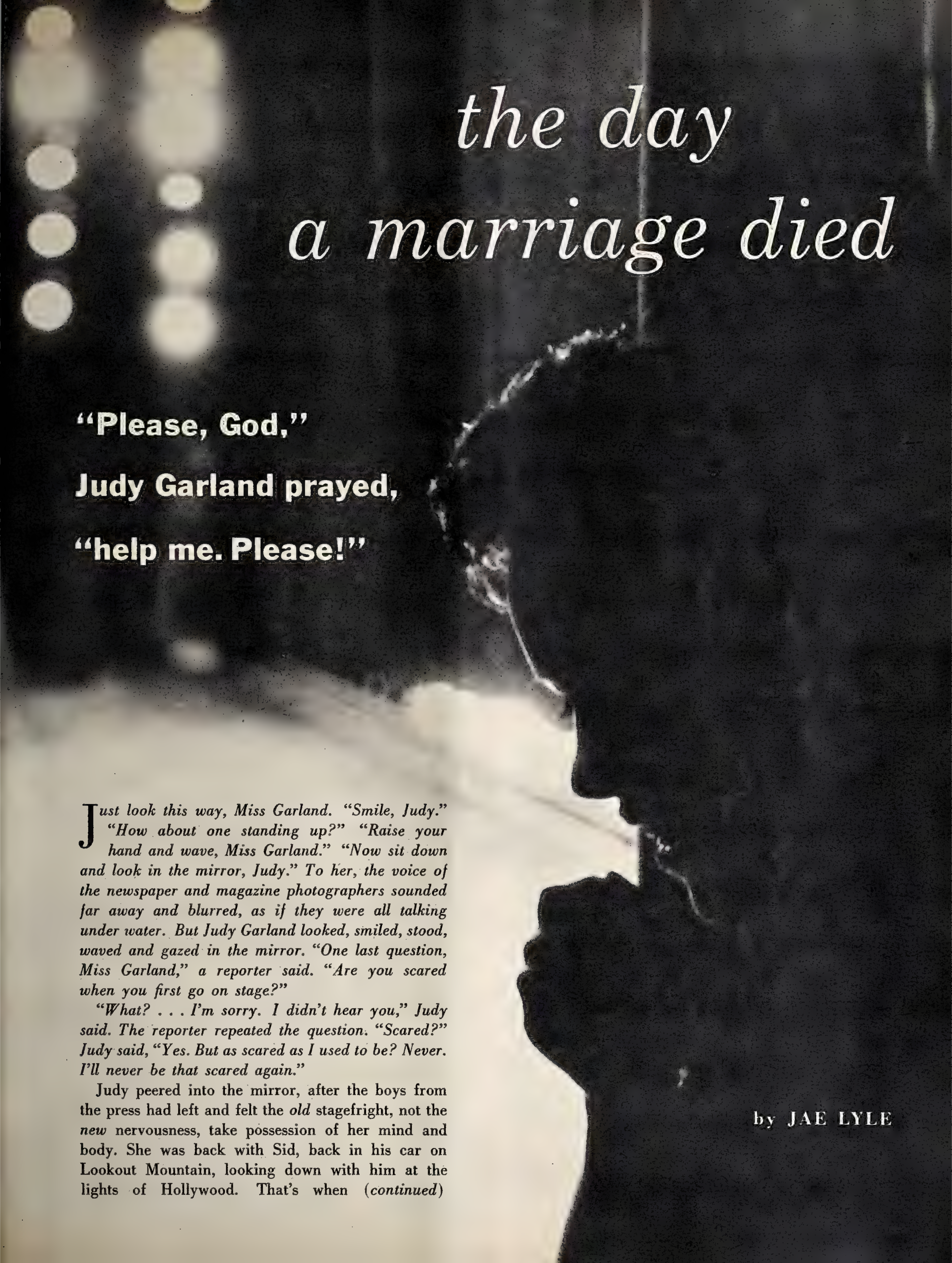
"So," picked up Marty, "we bought it and remodeled ninety per cent—inside and out. Its location here in Beverly Hills is perfect. It's near Doris' studio and my office."

"I'm not so practical," Doris laughed. "What I love most about it, it's always sunny. And the ice cream bar! It's big enough to set up in competition with Wil Wright—right, Marty?"

Marty chuckled as he often does—constantly around Doris, it seems—as she went on. "We both love ice cream and since we don't drink, it seemed sensible to be real squares and admit we'd rather have an ice cream bar than a hard-liquor one. And now I've got my own office-den, something I've been dying to have. It's hi-fied all over and is painted white with grass-cloth material on the walls. Marty built my desk. He bought Swedish-modern chests of drawers and fashioned them into a 'do-it-yourself' desk. But I'm jabbering too much. Up on your feet. There's loads more to do." By five p.m., with slave-driver Day's help, the dream house was on the way to being set up and ready for business!

"Oh come on, Marty," Doris called out. "Let the rest of it go till we eat. So help me, I'll never move again for 20 years!"





the day a marriage died

“Please, God,”

Judy Garland prayed,

“help me. Please!”

Just look this way, Miss Garland. “Smile, Judy.” “How about one standing up?” “Raise your hand and wave, Miss Garland.” “Now sit down and look in the mirror, Judy.” To her, the voice of the newspaper and magazine photographers sounded far away and blurred, as if they were all talking under water. But Judy Garland looked, smiled, stood, waved and gazed in the mirror. “One last question, Miss Garland,” a reporter said. “Are you scared when you first go on stage?”

“What? . . . I’m sorry. I didn’t hear you,” Judy said. The reporter repeated the question. “Scared?” Judy said, “Yes. But as scared as I used to be? Never. I’ll never be that scared again.”

Judy peered into the mirror, after the boys from the press had left and felt the *old* stagefright, not the *new* nervousness, take possession of her mind and body. She was back with Sid, back in his car on Lookout Mountain, looking down with him at the lights of Hollywood. That’s when (continued)

by JAE LYLE



Backstage, would it ever be the same without Sid? It was hard to believe he'd never be there, to fight her battles, to shield her when he sensed she had reached the point of exhaustion, to give her the courage she desperately needed. But no, she must be the strong one now. What was all the struggle worth, if it only brought misery? It had to be goodbye . . .



a marriage died (continued)

stagefright had first hit her—the churning in the stomach, the pounding of the heart, the limpness in the arms and legs, the overwhelming desire to run and hide. Crazy, that it had first happened not when she was performing, but when she was sitting next to Sid in the car, with his strong arm around her, cradling and protecting her.

They had driven up into the hills to escape a hot Hollywood night. It was cool in the mountains and they had chatted and laughed together. Everything seemed funny. They talked about their first date: how he had met her at a party and asked her to go out with him, and how she had refused; how she had called him a few weeks later, told him she had tickets to a ballet, which a friend had given her, and asked if he'd like to go; how at the ballet he'd fallen asleep almost immediately and how she'd nudged him awake, and admitted she was bored, too; how they'd left and gone to a drugstore for ice cream sodas and hamburgers.

"Sid," she said, moving away from him in the car, "I must tell you something. It's been on my conscience for days, ever since we first went out. Nobody gave me those ballet tickets. I bought them so that I could get you to take me out."

"I knew it all the time," he said. "After all, I'm handsome, irresistible . . ."

"You brute!" she said, and kissed him.

"After all," he said, "I'm not the ballet type. And you—you're not either; you're meant to sing. Seriously, Judy, when are you going to sing again? I know you've been hurt, confused by things—unhappy. But it's time for you to sing again. Not on records, not on radio, not in pictures—not yet. But on a stage, in front of people. Maybe in vaudeville. Where you can feel the audience opening its heart, where they'll love you."

As he talked, stagefright took hold of Judy. She actually saw the people in the audience. And they weren't smiling at her. They were looking at her without expression on their faces. And no matter what she did, how hard she tried, they stared at her like horrible statues.

She shut her eyes to blot out those people and pressed her hands over her ears to keep out Sid's words. Then she sobbed hysterically and clutched Sid desperately. "I can't," she cried, "I can't, I can't, I can't."

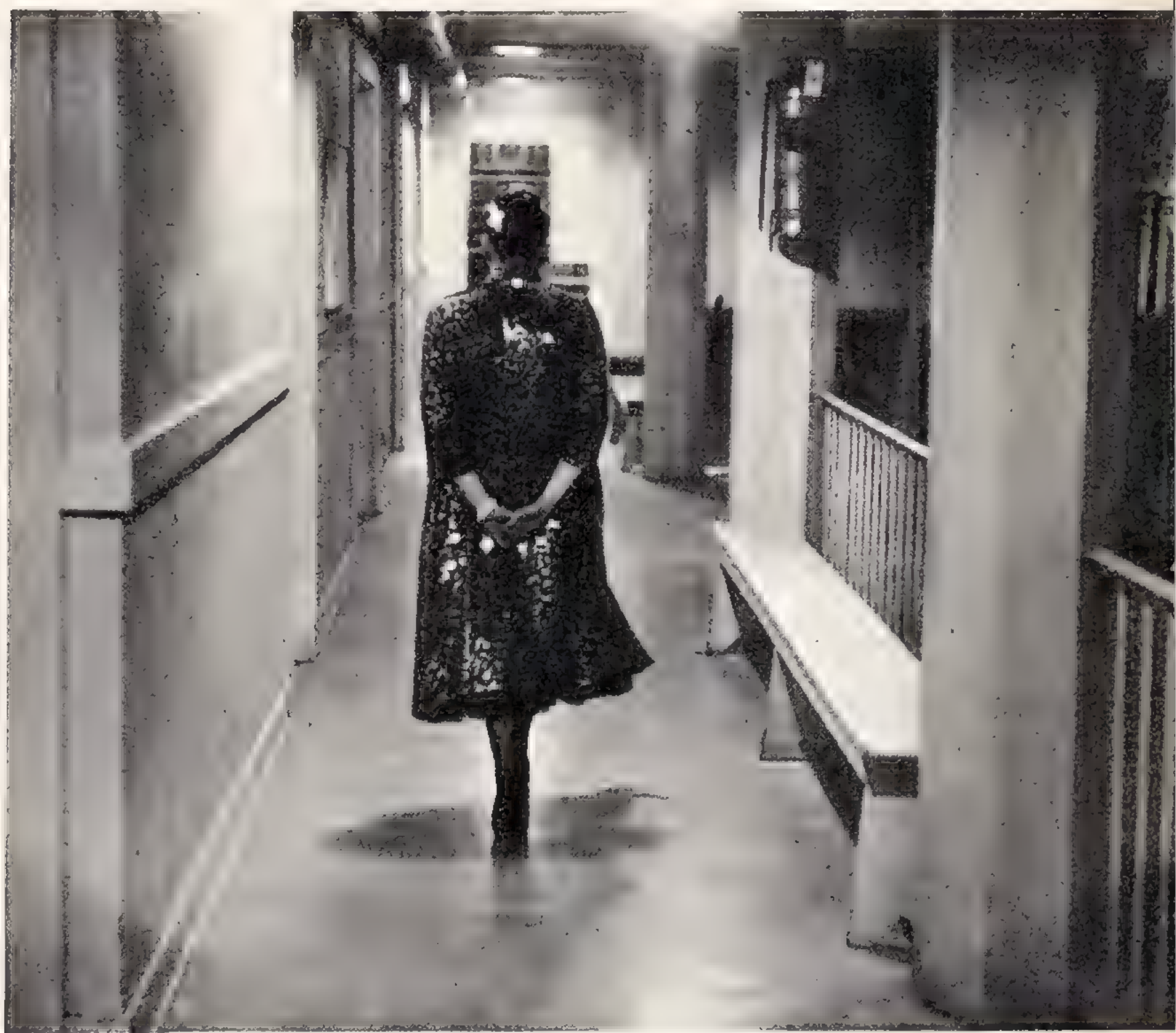
"You can," Sid said softly. "You can, you can, you will."

Judy turned away from the mirror in her dressing room and looked over at the couch. There was her tramp costume, all laid out for her. She put the old hat on her head, tilted it on the side, and magically she was carried back in time to April 10, 1951, back to London with Sid, back to the Palladium on opening night.

She was exhausted. The (Continued on page 91)



How do you tell a child that her parents have decided to part? Sid wasn't Liza's father, but they were so close. She was only twelve, Lorna was five, and Joe was only three. They mustn't be hurt. They mustn't!



Ever since she was a child, she had known the strange loneliness of an empty theater. But this was different. Now it was her heart that was empty. Her career had died, to be born again; could it happen to marriage?

DIANE
VARSI'S

by MAXINE ARNOLD

SECRET TRAGEDY

She had just turned eighteen. Her marriage crashed. She was estranged from her family. She had little money. She had no job. And she was going to have a baby!

Diane Varsi walked out of the doctor's office into the bright California day. "Result: positive." How long had it been since that morning when she left her home in San Mateo, turning her back on the sick, unhappy life of her parents, on her own troubled childhood and young girlhood? She had walked south, determined to break the ties finally, somewhere to find herself. How long had it been since the night when the future seemed so full of promise, the way ahead waiting for her? Then she had put her hopes on paper: "Each of us has something to share. Small as it may seem to you—or to others—it is there for a reason. We may express it in many ways, some visible, some not. But somewhere, someone will appreciate it and think of it as beautiful."

The fine thought couldn't cancel out the simple, physical fact that confronted her. Diane felt hazy wonderment that the outside world was unchanged, the sun still shining, the hills still there above Hollywood, the same mahoganyed men in sport shirts, blondes in Toreador pants. For her own world was changed. She walked and walked, and at last she came home to the small apartment and told her roommate, "I'm going to have a baby."

"We'd just moved in," Diane recalls. "We didn't have any furniture—just a couple of mattresses and a stove and a refrigerator and a black cat we'd named Mist."

And she remembers her girlfriend's illogical reaction: "You're out of your mind, Diane! You *can't* have a baby. Your marriage is annulled."

Now Diane says slowly, "When I was first married, I wanted a baby so badly. But it didn't happen then." It happened while the two young people were finding they had almost nothing in common—no communication, no understanding, no mature love. And Diane discovered it after she and her equally youthful husband had separated forever. She had just turned eighteen. "I didn't know what to do," she says, "and I've never felt so alone in my life." She had cut all family as well as marital ties; she had no job; she had very little money. She was going to have a baby. Also, Diane knew, she was quite ill, far beyond the natural upsets of her condition.

"I was very near a nervous breakdown," she says, "plus malnutrition. I hadn't eaten right for a long time. I seemed in a state of shock. I was vague about everything, could only speak in abstract terms. (Continued on page 95)



Rock around the clock with DICK CLARK



Dick Clark drained his coffee cup in a gulp and glanced at his watch. Nine o'clock. Across the dining room table, his wife, Barbara, smiled. "You have time for another cup. *And* a piece of toast. Do eat more, Dick. You need it."

He grinned. "Okay, honey." Barbara was right, as always. When a guy puts in about eighty hours a week in the hectic world of television, personal appearances, and rock 'n' roll music, he should keep up his strength.

He frowned as he buttered his toast. "You know, honey, I think I'd better do something about that nail-biter today . . ."

His words were drowned out by a joyful squeal. Young Richard Augustus Clark II, a hepcat of sixteen months, was having himself a ball "dancing" to the music of the hi-fi. "Look at that, Bobbie," laughed Dick. "It's mostly footpatting and wiggle, but he gets the beat."

Dark-haired, blue-eyed Barbara, so calm and serene that even the combination of an extra-lively son and an extra-busy husband doesn't phase her, had already moved to the door, with Dick's coat and briefcase ready. Dick gave little Dickie a big hug and kiss, and rushed to the door.

"Will you be home to dinner?" Barbara asked, as he kissed her goodbye.

"I do have to emcee a record hop at Lebanon, but that's only ninety miles. Yes, you can count on me tonight."

"It's the first time this week!" cried Barbara. "I'll have something special!"

He drove away from the two-story apartment in Drexel Hill, a spacious new development of modern row houses on the western fringe of Philadelphia, a pleasant, unpretentious neigh- (Continued on page 87)

by ALEX JOYCE



10:30 A.M. Desk snacks replace regular meals for Dick, listening to a host of song pluggers

3:00 P.M. "American Bandstand" is on the air! Show lasts two-and-a-half hours, about fifty records spin. Dick says, "kids make it easy"

5:15 P.M. Teens waylay Dick as he leaves the studio. A couple have a problem: Going steady



8:00 P.M. Dick's wife Barbara wonders: Should she let little Dickie stay up to see Daddy?

8:10 P.M. Daddy's home! Dickie goes to bed, but Dick still has dance to emcee until midnight, a 180-mile drive both ways. His day doesn't end until past two!





We've found out that love is a very precious thing and must be protected. Before we met, we both had a responsibility to ourselves and our families. Now, it's to each other. We realize we are no longer two separate individuals. We are one. This is our great discovery

why we won't talk about our marriage

The day Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner announced their engagement was the day their privacy ended. What little privacy they ever had, that is! Plans were immediately drawn up for stories, articles and picture layouts by the dozen, to encompass the couple's slightest move from the engagement party right through to the moment when RJ carried his bride over the threshold of their honeymoon suite. And including, of course, Natalie's burning Bob's first dinner (that's tradition).

These were the plans, all right. Only there was one slight hitch. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner turned out to be different—they wanted to be alone. Plead and cajole as the reporters might,

all requests met deaf ears. The Wagners were polite but firm. No stories, no pictures; all they asked was the right any couple might expect—just to be left alone. A seemingly simple request.

But stories were written anyway. And it's because of the fact that Natalie and RJ have been misquoted—because misinformation has been prevalent—that the Wagners have agreed to do this true story for the readers of Photoplay. They want to tell how they feel about their marriage and why it must be a private affair.

One of the first questions tossed at them since their wedding last December 28th was: "Is it possible for two people who have been in the limelight so much, (Continued on page 97)

by MARCIA BORIE



*Sometimes we're
silly, sometimes
serious. But
basically, we know
we aren't
the average couple.
We'd gladly bare our
souls if we thought
one person could be
helped. But our
problems are unique*





*Now let's see . . . I think we're trying hard to be fair.
We really never sought the spotlight in the first place. We haven't
suddenly done an about face regarding our love life*

*How to stay married?
Believe it or not,
while on our honeymoon
we were asked
to write a series on this.
We had to refuse
politely. Now really,
a bride nineteen
years old and her husband
of three days
are hardly experts on
marriage yet! Someday
we may be authorities—
but we don't think
that we are now*

*Moments like this we feel we don't
have to share...But there are many things
we will, gladly. We're truly
grateful for the interest shown in us*



by DIANE SCOTT



THE INVISIBLE WALL

*It's a barrier of poverty and hate, but Johnny Mathis
learned the best way to break through it*

The excited six-year-old patted the old piano as if it were a living thing. He watched with shining dark eyes as his father tugged and grunted and tried to wedge it through the front door of the basement flat on San Francisco's Post Street.

"Can you get it in, Daddy?" little Johnny Mathis asked anxiously. "How we goin' to get it in?"

"Well, son," his dad finally said, "I guess we'll just have to take it apart." Clem Lorenzo Mathis had paid twenty-five dollars out of his wages as a painter to get this second-hand piano for his family, and he was going to maneuver it inside that flat one way or another. His young son, raised with affection and care in a neighborhood that was poor yet pleasant and friendly, didn't

realize that any barrier existed to cut him off from a full and satisfying life. Clem knew. He imagined the sweet notes of the piano bringing a bit of richness into his home. But he could never have imagined that for his little boy music would become a gentle yet powerful weapon to smash through all barriers.

Today Johnny Mathis lives in a charming, ten-room, three-story house high up in the Richmond district of San Francisco, overlooking Lincoln Park. It's handsomely furnished and carpeted throughout in a soft misty green. On the living-room wall hangs the gold record Johnny got from Columbia Records for the first million copies sold of his "Chances Are." On the mantel is Johnny's big gold key to his (Continued on page 93)



HE WAS A STAR



I WAS A FAN



he said

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

"I kept telling myself I wasn't like those fans who get crushes on movie stars, but I was," confesses Pat Hardy.

"From the first time I saw him, I never missed a movie starring Richard Egan, and I'd imagine what it would be like to date him. Little did I hope I'd ever meet him let alone marry him. The crazy, wonderful way it came about still has me asking myself: Is it possible that all this has really happened to me? But it did!"



Will I ever get used to being called "Mrs. Richard Egan"? How could I?—when I remember the first time I saw Richard. I was a New York City schoolgirl, on a Saturday night date with a neighborhood boy. We went, as usual, to a movie—to see a picture called "Wicked Woman." When a closeup suddenly flashed on the screen of Richard Egan, I nudged the boy. "*Who* is that?" I asked.

"The posters outside say Richard Egan," he answered.

After that, I never missed an Egan movie. I wasn't really like all the fans who get crushes on stars, I told myself. After all, I planned to go in for acting, too. I simply admired Richard Egan as an actor. I enjoyed watching his gestures, mannerisms. But I found myself approving other things about Richard besides his acting: his charm, his marvelous physique, his engaging grin. On a date, I'd make mental comparisons between the boy and Richard Egan; I'd try to imagine what Richard would do and say under similar circumstances.

I was a fan, all right. Now, of course, Richard is much more than a shadow to me, more than a good actor. Most of the time, I see him as a very real person. But every so often some incident will recall the days when I was the fan and he was the remote star.

One evening early this year, Richard and I were having dinner in a restaurant when I noticed at the table next to ours a woman who kept staring at him. I'm sure he never realized this, but I was certainly aware of her! Finally, she and the rest of her party left the table, and about fifteen minutes later Richard got a phone call. Some instinct told me that the woman who had been staring at him was on the phone. He was talking seriously. The curiosity was just too much for me, so I started for the ladies' room, past the phone. As I went by him, I heard him (*Continued on page 89*)

by PATRICIA HARDY



LIFEGUARD

FLIRTING

made easy

On a bright, sunny day at Malibu Beach (while we were busy photographing them), three fascinatin' flirts got into a most intriguing conversation that went something like this. . . . "It's a problem that's been bothering me for some time," Molly Bee said, and laughed. Judy Meredith nodded seriously. (You remember Judy. She and Molly are in U-I's "Summer Love." She's also Nat Wood's best friend, who told Bob all about Natalie in March Photoplay.)

"Me, too," Barbara Wilson chimed in, "but I have a few solutions." The problem they were referring to was *flirting*.

"I've never been too sneaky," Molly went on. "I'm no good with tricks. If I want to meet someone, I have to be pretty obvious. Usually, I just smile and say, 'Hi, there,' if I catch a boy looking at me."

"I do, too," Judy agreed. "But sometimes he may happen not to look your way and then you have to put your brain to work. Like the time I met a boy at a party."

"What happened?" Barbara's curiosity was piqued.

"Well, I wanted to get to know him better so when my friend, who knew how I felt, saw him in our local soda shop one day, she told me where he was and I went over with her. I sat down in (Continued on page 78)



(Left) Flirtatious cuties: Molly Bee (sheath, \$11.95), Judy Meredith (knit, \$12.95), Barbara Wilson (stripes, \$14.95) vied for Ty Hungerford's attention. (All suits Marina del Mar; accessories by Kleinert's.) Who won? Next day (above) Molly (Sea Nymphs suit, \$11) and Ty dated—alone!

✓ ARE YOU A GOOD FLIRT?

Here's a flirting quiz, girls. Check your Yeses and Nos, then turn this column upside down to see your score. To attract a man's eye would you be willing to:

- 1) Make a real entrance by pretending to trip when entering a room?
- 2) Stare at someone till he turned around and hold the stare till he smiled?
- 3) Adopt a crazy new "trademark" like wearing many jangling bracelets or different-colored sneakers?
- 4) Smile at a boy you don't know?
- 5) Greet a new boy gaily at a party with "Where have we met before?"
- 6) Wear dark glasses indoors?
- 7) Carry around a transistor radio or a music-box compact that plays every time you open it?
- 8) Use green, black, silver or gold nail polish or a different color on each nail?
- 9) Have cards with your name and number printed on them to hand to a boy you meet at a party?
- 10) Approach a boy you hardly know at a party and ask to borrow car fare in the hope he'll take you home?
- 11) Wear an arm in a sling even though nothing's really wrong with it?
- 12) Compliment a boy the first time you met him?
- 13) Say "Want a kiss?" and then offer candy kisses which you keep in your purse?
- 14) Call up a boy in your class who has not called you before and ask for an assignment or to borrow his notes?
- 15) Bring a book to the beach that has an intriguing title ("For Girls Only")?

Count one point for each YES, none for questions you answered with NO. A score of 12 or more is excellent; your FQ (Flirting Quotient) foretells great success in the future. 9 to 12 Yeses show you're a fair flirt, so be a bit braver, because it's fair to flirt! Less than 9 means you're missing out on too much of the fun, too many friends you'd get from flirting more. So go girl, go!

There's Something About Her

It's not for nothing that perfume, inevitably, gets linked with romance. U. of California psychologists are now confirming what most girls have known instinctively for ages: that perfume reflects your inner feelings, helps you get your romantic message across. And, like the seven stars on these pages, all seven basic perfume types carry an exciting, feminine, enchanting message. For *your* perfume type, choose the star whose personality best matches yours. Then buy *it* (and let what you know show)! Which will it be? Single Floral: the scent of one blossom. Flower Bouquets: several flower notes combined. Modern Blends: florals with lab-created aromatics. Fruit scents: warmer, richer than Modern Blends, but similar. Woodsy-Mossy-Leafy: fresh fragrances, clean and earthy. Spicy: tangy perfumes with pungent ingredients like ginger, clove, cassia. Orientals: blending exotic ingredients like musk and sandalwood with softer floral or woody fragrances. The choice is yours.

continued

by HARRIET SEGMAN



Once typed as a ruffy little girl, Jane Powell has developed great individuality. A collector, with her husband, of modern painting, she efficiently juggles a many-faceted career. The fruited scents—warm, rich, distinctive—are for the girl who lives by heart and head

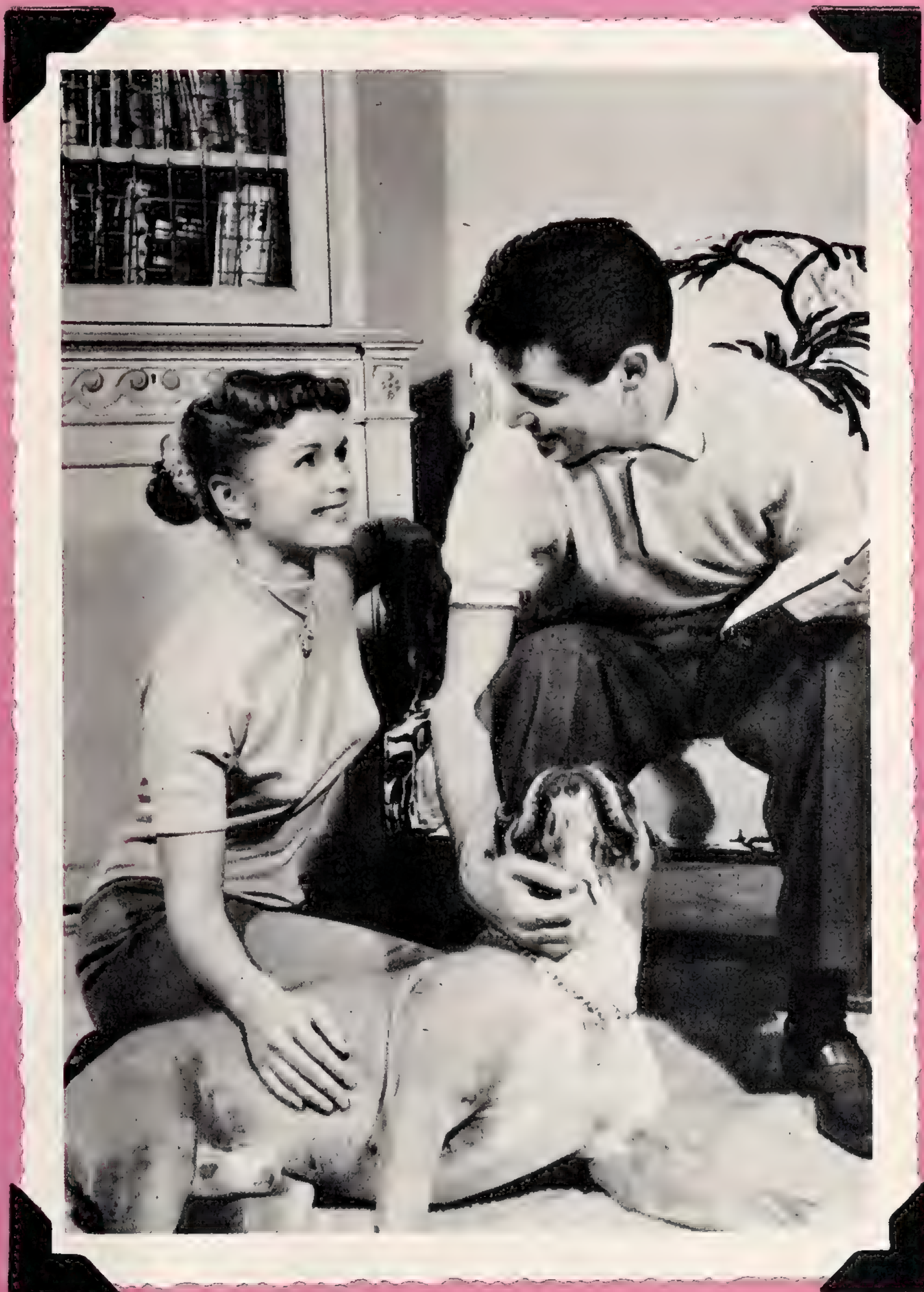
Glamorous, luxury-loving, an all-girl girl, Janet Leigh may suddenly go sophisticated—hair, dress, all the works. If you, too, are the type that is gifted with diamonds—or would like to be—then the provocative Oriental scents that suit Janet are for you, too





Extremely pretty, fun-loving, energetic, Polly Bergen's career boomed after she got married and discovered there were more important things in life. Sparkling match for her own sparkle, the sophisticated modern blends—pace-setting brilliant, witty

A Texan and proud of it, Dorothy Malone is no clinging vine. Talented, versatile and a good sport, she can do anything well, has hordes of friends and more dates than she knows what to do with. Vibrant as her own personality are the lively, spicy scents



A cut-up and chatter-box who can talk a blue-streak—and does, Debbie Reynolds is also practical, thrifty, smart as a whip. The girl who proved that down-to-earth virtues can be tops in charm, she's the type for the All-American fragrance favorite—the floral bouquet



HOW A SMART GIRL USES SCENTS

- First step in using perfume glamorously is to choose it wisely. The clever girl quickly discovers that the fragrance that reflects her true personality is the one she herself likes best.
- Because individual body chemistry affects the scent, she uses the testers provided at cosmetic counters to "try on" perfume, just as she tries on her hats, shoes or jewelry.
- Never sniffing directly from the bottle, she applies it to her skin and waits until the alcohol has evaporated before smelling. She tries no more than three fragrances at one time because after that the sense of smell is dulled.
- She knows that it takes more than a dab behind each ear to surround herself with a subtle aura of fragrance that seems to be part of her. First she sprays or splashes on toilet water, gen-

erously and all over. It forms a base for her perfume, just as her underthings form a foundation for her clothes. She then adds perfume, not in one spot, but along her throat, at her temples, inside her wrists, in the bend of her elbows—wherever the pulse is close to the surface. The warmth of her body diffuses the scent and makes it rise. After dressing, she sprays her hair, the hem of her dress, the edge of her sleeves, so that fragrance drifts out unexpectedly when she moves. If she's going dancing, she rubs a drop between her palms.

- Because light scents do not linger as long as a warm, heavy fragrance, and no perfume can be expected to last more than four hours, she carries with her a purse flacon to retouch her perfume whenever she retouches her lipstick.



Natives of Ohio, where their mother is a minister, the enchanting McGuire sisters are alike yet very individual. A single floral fragrance intriguingly defines the mood of each—pensive Dorothy, poised Christine and pert, impetuous Phyllis

Solitary strolls on the beach and writing poetry are as much a part of Kim Novak's life as her lavender fireplace and many ardent admirers. Woody scents reflect the complex personality of this girl who finds strength and courage in nature





marina del mar cover girl swimsuits



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let on "How To Buy A
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10201 ANZA AVE., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



*what
you
doin'
daddy?*



Cried Baby Carrie from the sidelines



... laughing as she watched Eddie sing



... finally becoming the perfect listener




It was quiet on the huge NBC-Television sound-stage. The lights went on. Eddie got the go-ahead signal and the director called, "Everything set," for the final run-through of "The Eddie Fisher Show." Suddenly—"Daddy! Dada!" was heard. It was Carrie Frances, who crawled toward her father at an amazing rate, avoiding wires, legs and props. Eddie, who had brought her along so he could baby-sit while working (Mama was home with the new baby), was as amused as the crew. "I know one way to make you stay put," he said, lifting her high and walking offstage. "Where's he going?" the director asked. All eyes watched father and daughter go to—the ashcan! "In you go," Eddie chuckled, "and that's where you'll stay till we're finished." Carrie's good behavior reward: A guest shot on daddy's show!



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stick color! In his creamy, rich Hi-Fi formula that stays
on... stays lovely 'til you take it off.

\$1.25 PLUS TAX

only in Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick



GOODBYE, MY LOVE

Continued from page 34

the big bed in the dark, with the rain a steady rat-tat-tat against the window pane, every drop sending the same word pounding through her head—"Mike! Mike! Mike!"

All night, she had stared at the ceiling, strangely frightened. It was foolish to work herself into such a state, she thought, just because this was only the third time in their married life that they'd been separated. But she'd never felt like this before. Maybe it was simply the fever—the doctor said it was 102—this disgusting virus that had kept her from going with Mike. Nothing more.

But in the morning, he didn't call. He always called her, even if he was only a few blocks away, to let her know where he was, what he was doing . . . just to talk. She called Dick Hanley, his private secretary.

"No, Liz, I haven't heard," he said. "Yes, they got off all right last night. At 9:41. Yes, I'll let you know as soon as I have any word. Now, try and get some rest."

But she couldn't rest. She and the three children—little Mike and Chris. baby Liza—were up and dressed when the doorbell rang at 9:30, and Dick walked in with their family physician, Dr. Kennamer.

"She knew," Dick said afterward. "The moment she saw us, before we said anything. She knew."

One scream, so loud and piercing that the neighbors heard it, tore from her throat. In blind hysteria, she rushed from room to room, seeking escape from something too terrible for a human mind and heart to accept. Babbling incoherently, she tried to run out the front door. Hanley grabbed her arm, and he and Dr. Kennamer carried her upstairs, as gently as possible. Once, before the doctor's sedatives quieted her, she became calm for a moment, to ask pathetically, "What about the children?"

After that, everything had been so hazy. Sometimes, she sank eagerly into a deep sleep, hoping, in the confusion of her grief, to be carried away to join Mike, who would never awake again. Sometimes, she sat and stared at the phone, dreading to hear it ring, yet hoping that it would . . . and she would pick it up . . . and it would be Mike, telling her this was all an ugly dream.

Friends came. Debbie Reynolds. Dear Debbie. She asked the same question Liz had asked: "What about the children?" And took them all into her own home. Michael Wilding, one of the first to offer sympathy and help. Benny Thau, head of production at M-G-M. Her agent, Kurt Frings, and his wife. Hair stylist Sidney Guilaroff. Helen Rose.

"I can't believe it. I can't believe it," she said, over and over. The doctor, knowing it would be good for her, told them to let her talk. "I didn't want him to go. I wanted him to wait until Saturday. The Friars' dinner for him wasn't until Sunday. He was like a little boy when he asked me if he could stay over to see the Robinson-Basilio fight on the way home, and I told him, 'Yes, if you'll leave tomorrow.' He said he couldn't—he had a lot of business to attend to. But I don't think he wanted to go. He came up six times to say goodbye to me . . ."

"Whither thou goest, I will go . . ." it was a vow they made to each other on the loveliest night of her life, under a starlit Mexican sky. Their wedding night. There had been dancing, and champagne, and music and flowers, all the lavish perfection that only a Michael Todd could

muster. She had to sit in a chair, suffering almost constant pain from a back injury that would not heal. But she was happy. Oh, so happy . . .

"Time to get dressed," said Helen gently. Like a sleepwalker, she got up and put on her things, with Helen helping. Then, leaning on Helen's arm, she walked down the steps, and out to the cars where Eddie Fisher, her brother Howard, Dr. Kennamer and Dick Hanley, and Sidney Guilaroff waited. Out of the house where they had been so happy . . .

They had made so many plans. While Liz was working on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Mike had moved his whole office to the coast, just to be with her. After that, they were going to make his picture, "Don Quixote" together. And after that, they were going to move back to the home in Westport, for good. The children would go to school there, and Liz would be a Connecticut housewife. "Maybe just one more picture for my husband," she had said, "but that's all. Then I'm going to retire. I've been an actress for fifteen years. Now I want to be a woman. Mike is a wonderful husband and a wonderful father, and he's more important to me than any career in the world."

Now, the plans, the dreams were all gone. Because Mike was gone. As they sped through the night to the airport, she thought dully, "Why? Why?"

At the airport, quick, loving hands reached out to help her. The sight of the plane, it was feared, might give her a bad relapse, so she had been given heavy sedation. She staggered past the plane, not seeing it, and had to be led back.

Dutifully, she went to bed in a berth, but five minutes later, she got up and crept to a seat beside her brother Howard. "Can't stay there," she murmured. "Mike and I always took a berth."

Through the long night, all the memories of their short year together tumbled through her brain in a giddy fever. Their meeting at the Mocambo, when her friend, Kevin McClory, introduced them, and she was dazzled by the flamboyance, strength and magnetism of this man, Mike Todd. The day her separation from Michael Wilding was announced, when he called and said, "Don't date anyone else, because

I'm going to marry you." His long-distance courtship, with the calls that began lasting a few minutes—and ended lasting for hours. Their meeting in New York, when he swept her off her feet with attention and fabulous gifts—and, most important, a kind of strong, protective devotion she had never known. The day he said, "This is for you," and reached across a lunch table to put a twenty-nine carat engagement ring on her finger. The unbelievable, glorious summer that followed, with Mike whisking her from London, to Paris, to the Riviera, and showering her with jewels, furs, gowns, homes, parties. The terrible hours of little Liza's premature birth, when his courage and love helped to pull her through. The unbroken idyll that continued in Tokyo, and then even in Moscow. ("Can you kiss in public here?" she had asked, timidly, mindful of previous storms their uninhibited kisses had caused. But the people didn't know them. "At least they recognize class," Mike exulted, when two little girls asked Liz for autographs. And afterward, he'd kidded her about his failure to sell "Around the World in Eighty Days" to the Russians: "You ruined me, honey. Why, they didn't even see the picture. They were all too busy looking at you.")

Aloud, she cried, "No, no! It can't be. I can't believe it!" Then, moaning piteously, "Why couldn't I have been with him? I wanted to be with him. Oh, why couldn't it have been me instead of him?" And again, "No, no! I don't believe it!"

Even when Mike, Jr., the grief-stricken son of Mike's first marriage, met her at the airport, it didn't seem quite real. Nor the ride to the stark, chilly Waldheim Cemetery, in Forest Park, outside Chicago. Nor the curious, staring, silent crowds. Nor the sorrowing faces of Mike's brothers, Carl, David and Frank and his sister, Sheila. Even the angry outburst of Carl, a Long Beach taxi driver, long estranged from Mike, against Dick Hanley seemed like a strange, unreal scene.

Then she saw it—the casket containing all that remained of a man, who, in his fifty years, had packed more of living and the joy of life than few mortals ever do. But to her, he was not Mike Todd, super-showman, maker and loser of millions, but the man who, for the first time in her life, had made her feel whole and secure.

"When we're apart, we die," she had said. "Without him, I feel like half a pair of scissors. That's what he always used to say to me when he went away."

With a piercing shriek, and a last, pitiful, "No, no!" reality came. Once more, as Rabbi Abraham Rose intoned the simple, moving Jewish ritual, she moaned, "No, no!" And at the end, she tried to throw herself upon the casket, held by her brother's restraining arm.

Then, gently, she put her hand upon it, and said, "I love you, Mike." And, with a composure amazing to those who had seen her agony of the previous days, she turned and left.

"Mike, Mike, my sweetheart, I can't leave you here," she wailed, as the car left the cemetery.

And that night, a small, lonely figure boarded another plane. To go where? Back to work—Mike's insurance, reported at three million, actually came to about \$13,000 for her, when loans for his ventures and provisions for Mike, Jr., were deducted. Income from the picture and the song she'd have . . . but for how long? Back to Hollywood . . . to the career she had willingly—just a week before—promised to give up "to be a good wife to Mike." Back to a home filled with Mike—his clothes, his favorite chair, the book he left unread. "Back to what?" she cried piteously.

No one on the plane answered. THE END

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CONTEST

ON SET WITH "A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE"



win a date to the premiere of this film

with the star

JOHN GAVIN

Go ahead. Pinch yourself. It's real. The towering man whose arm is linked through yours is John Gavin, handsome star of U-I's "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" and he's your escort for the big premiere of his first starring picture!

And all this can really happen—plus a three-day stay at the premiere city—if you're the lucky winner of Photoplay's and Universal-International's "Premiere" contest. To insure your chance to win, fill out the coupon below and tell why, in twenty-five words or less, you think John Gavin will become a star.

"Don't ask me if I'll make the grade," says John grinning. "I sincerely hope I will, but I'll stick by what I said before—I want to become a very good actor or get out of the business entirely." This 6'4", 190 pound ex-Navy intelligence officer, who was U-I's first choice for the role of *Ernst Graeber* in the film, was just plain nervous the first few days of production in Germany. "I didn't think it showed so much! (See pictures opposite page.)" says John. "But director Douglas Sirk realized it, not only helped me over the emotional scenes (with co-star Lilo Pulver), but taught me how to run through a city block that was being bombed — without getting killed! We're all hoping you'll like the movie. Besides, I want my date for the premiere to have a good time!"

"I'm convinced we have a rare find on our hands," Erich Remarque, author of "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" said of John. What do you think? Let us know!

CONTEST RULES

1. Fill in the paragraph, "I think John Gavin will be a big star because . . ." with twenty-five words or less. Entries must be submitted on the coupon below. They must be printed or typed. Entries with special art work or embellishment will be disqualified.
2. Give your complete name and address, paste filled-out coupon on the back of a postcard, and mail it to: World Premiere Contest, Universal-International Pictures, 445 Park Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, June 15th, 1958.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications and Universal-International Pictures, and their advertising agencies.
4. An impartial panel chosen by Universal-International Pictures will be the sole judges of the contest, and each entrant agrees to accept its decision as final. No entries will be re-

turned, and no individual correspondence will be answered. All entries become the property of Universal-International Pictures, to be used as they see fit.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity, and interest. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in the contestant's name only.

6. The name of the winner will be announced in the September issue of Photoplay (on sale in August). This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

IMPORTANT: The first fan club for John Gavin is now being organized. For the convenience of those who would like to have the honor of becoming charter members in this club, a place on the coupon is provided to indicate this desire. However, whether or not you choose to join the fan club will in no way influence the decision of the judges.

I THINK JOHN GAVIN WILL BE A STAR BECAUSE (25 WORDS)

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I'd like to be a charter member of the John Gavin Fan Club ☐

... FUNNIEST FEUD

Continued from page 42

and eggs but didn't want to be left out, hollered 'old me, 'old me.' Pat hoisted her up on one knee while Debby, insisting on getting into the act, too, climbed up onto his other knee.

"Man, I'm lucky if I end up with any breakfast!" Pat turned and hollered, "You know, Shirl, one of these days I expect to look up and see baby Laury crawling in for her share. Jerr's right—little girls love to curl, but not around me—around my bacon and eggs."

"Not to mention the pawpaw ponies," added Shirley, coaxing her husband.

"How could I forget?" laughed Pat.

Shirley suddenly got up, ran to the kitchen work table and brought back a notebook and pencil.

"What's up?" asked a puzzled Pat.

"If we're really going to answer Jerry, don't you think we better put it in writing?" she teased with a wicked smile.

"Wonderful idea. Here we go then." He smiled as she wrote:

"Jerry, old boy, pawpaw ponies come from Texas. They have toy horse heads with bodies made from loose blanket material. We have two of them. The loose material fits over each of my knees. Cherry straddles one and Lindy the other—Debbie perches behind Lindy. Then I bounce my legs up and down like a bucking bronco and away we go!

"Try it sometime, before breakfast, Jerry old pal, old pal! It's murder. After a few minutes my legs are dead tired, but the kids are just getting warmed up and screaming, 'Faster, faster, faster!' At the end of the ride, they're too exhausted to fight—which is a good thing, 'cause I'm too exhausted to stop them even if they did."

Shirley, becoming more and more interested in the "bomb" Jerry had set off in the Boones' household, leaned over to read the letter. "What's he mean by '... but at least the doctor recognized you this time!'" she asked. "You didn't tell Jerry that story?" Pat nodded and they both giggled as they remembered the day Deborah Ann was born in Hackensack Hospital.

Pat was singing at a state fair in Springfield, Mass., and couldn't make it home in time. So before leaving he asked Don Henley to stay with Shirley in Leonia "just in case." And when that "just in case" happened on Saturday, the day after Pat left, it was Don who rushed Shirley to the hospital. And from what Don had told the Boones later, he was more nervous than even Pat would have been. The doctor who was going to deliver the baby had never met Pat. So, when he saw Don, all anxious and fluttery, escorting Shirley to the labor room, he went up to him and shook his hand. "Hello, Mr. Boone," he said. "I've seen you on TV many times. I'd recognize you anywhere." He couldn't have looked any less like Pat Boone if he'd tried, but he was so flustered, he forgot to tell the doctor he was wrong.

"Look at this, Pat," Shirley said, pointing to another paragraph of Jerry's letter. "I think this is sort of sweet: '... I know that when Patti's having a baby, I go through all the pangs of pregnancy—morning sickness and cravings for strange foods. How'd you make out?'"

Pat's expression softened for a moment, thinking back to the time before each of his four little girls was born.

"I guess I don't empathize before the baby; I sympathize during the labor, Jerr," he wrote after a minute. "I bet

you never fell asleep next to your wife in the labor room like I did! It was back in Denton, Tex., in 1954. July 7th, to be exact. That was when our first youngster, Cheryl Lynn, was born. We were both so excited, thrilled and exhausted. It was three in the morning and Shirley was drowsing on the hospital table. I was nodding in a chair. She looked so comfortable, I climbed up on a table next to her, closed my eyes and fell asleep. The nurse apologized when she had to wake me, explaining that she couldn't move the expectant mother into the delivery room unless I got off the table. Under the circumstances, I forgave her.

"When Linda Lee was born, it was different, though. That was October 11, 1955, and I was in class at Columbia. I was listening to an English lecture, when, right in the middle of my notes, I'd write, 'It's a boy!' or 'It's a girl!' I still don't know what the lecture was about."

Flipping through the pages of Jerry's letter, Pat laughed: "Hah! Look at this, Shirl! Just look:"

"One thing's for sure, Pat, old boy. Life may be dull around little girls sometimes, but never around little boys. Take my son, Ronnie, for instance. He's nine and the pioneer-adventurer type. He's certain to be the first boy on the moon. When the first American ship gets there, Ronnie Lewis will be waiting to welcome it and serve as translator for the moonmen. He's a direct action boy. No fuss, no frills, just action."

"He thinks he's got action," sputtered Pat. "I wish he could see our Lindy. Good name for a pilot, too, Lindy. Better than Ronnie. Guess we'll have to call our space ship The Spirit of Leonia, N. J. Nothing to do but tell him about Linda to show him how wrong he is." Pat leaned back in his chair.

"Linda Lee Boone may be only two and a half, but she's discovered something very important—the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. When she wants something, she asks for it directly. And she asks over and over and over again. We either go out of our minds or give her what she wants. It's as simple as that."

"Like Ronnie, I guess, it's the results that count with her. Say she wants a glass of milk. She'll say 'ilk.' If it's early in the day, and we're still not too beat from meeting her many demands, we may take some time out to correct her pronunciation. 'M-ilk,' Shirley will say slowly. 'M-ilk.' Finally, Lindy will repeat, 'M-ilk.'"

"'Good,' Shirley will say, 'now what does Lindy want?' And my daughter will answer, 'ilk.' So we give her 'ilk.'"

"My guess, however, is that it will be Cherry who'll beat Ronnie to the moon. She'll climb up on the highest chair or window sill and perch on, or hang from, the most dangerous spot. As she looks down at us, she'll say, 'Don't worry, I won't get hurt.' And she doesn't. If she falls, she climbs right back up before we can stop her. That's the kind of spirit that space pilots will be made out of. Ronnie may be on the moon to welcome the first official American space expedition, but Cherry will be there to welcome Ronnie."

Pat, coming to the next to last page of Jerry's letter, stopped to let out a big howl. "He talks about Scotty, his three-year-old. Scotty is a real charmer, you've got to admit that, Shirl. Aren't I right?"

"So, what does he say?"

"Jerry says, 'Scotty's the matinee-idol type. He already uses smiles and wiles to get his mother to take down the cookie jar for him. And when we have company, Scotty takes over for us now with smiles—no doubt he will later with brawn. (And what can little fragile girls do when fans invade your house?)"

"Ah, that's his first mistake," Pat chuckled. "Little girls always get their way—faster—'cause they stick to the charm."

"We have our hands full with charm around this house," said Shirley, as Pat looked up appreciatively at her.

"Like Debby," Shirley added. Pat nodded and wrote:

"—You know, we ought to hire Debby out to the weather bureau. When it's cloudy and overcast, all we'd have to do is have her smile and she'd light up the whole world."

"Tell Jerry, Shirl. You can do it better than I—about our Debby charmer."

"Well, for one thing," Shirl wrote down, "while Pat and I have brown hair and eyes, Debby's hair is blond and her eyes are blue. With that combination and her smile, she could get into any cookie jar!"

"And Jerr," Pat dictated to Shirley, with emphasis, "since you've been honest enough to tell me your twelve-year-old Gary is determined to be a comedian, like his old man, I'll be straight with you. Our Cherry is already a performer! Yep, maybe you caught her. She made two live appearances on my TV show with rave notices ('Just as cute as a bug in a corn-patch,' one critic wrote)."

"When she wants something real badly, she can be the best dramatic actress you've ever seen. Did you ever see a youngster play sick? Well, it's very convincing with tears, flushed face—the works. She's very affectionate and shows her love, but if it's necessary to get something she wants badly—she can turn on a look of love that would melt an iceberg. And Shirl and I aren't icebergs!"

"On second thought, she'd make as good a politician as an actress. Her arguments can be unbeatable—like the time she asked Shirl for a hatpin to play with. Shirl said a firm, 'no' and explained it could hurt her. And our daughter's snappy answer was, 'I'll be very careful, Mommy. I won't let Lindy play with it; she's too little. And I'll stand real still when I play with it.'"

"Now how do you resist arguments like that? You don't. All you can do is to lift her up and try to distract her. A piggy back ride may help. And, as a last resort, there's always the pawpaw ponies."

"Gary's going to have to go some, too, to outsmart Cherry. You know what she said the other evening when we were looking at TV? 'Look, Daddy, that's so exciting! Exciting—at three-and-a-half. She uses big words—and correctly. When she does make a mistake, once in a while with her plurals, she corrects herself right away. It's funny, she's almost too conscious of words. If she has trouble pronouncing a word, or if she stutters over it, she'll break down and cry because she didn't get it right. One thing's pretty certain: In a few years this gal's going to get the last word in—and it'll be the right one."

"And don't think that little girls are all fragile!" Pat nodded to Shirl. "Right?"

"Our Cherry's a ball of energy. She quit taking naps a year ago. Who could keep her in the crib? She's been able to climb out of it since she was two. But don't get me wrong; the lady's not always racing around. And she'll watch Rin Tin Tin without one second out for a cookie. Sorry to say, Jerry, you're not one of her favorites, yet!"

Coming to the last page of Jerry's letter, Pat mumbled through a part, then started to read the last paragraph aloud:

"You know, Pat, I've always wanted a girl around the house—just because it would be nice for Patti, you understand. What sort of a deal do you think we could make to trade one girl for one boy? For maybe a week's vacation? I realize it's no even trade—you'd be getting the better bargain!! Oh, you don't agree? Well, would you consider one boy for one girl if I threw in one garter snake, seventeen marbles and a cosmic ray gun? You have to think it over? Well, I'm willing to add forty-five horror comic books!"

"All love—and God bless the five Boone girls!" Jerry.

Shirley looked up from the paper she was writing on. "Would you like to trade one of us?"

"Are you kidding?" Pat looked at her in amazement. "Maybe someday it would be nice to have a boy of our own or adopt one. But right now—and you can put this down—five beautiful women love me. And I love five beautiful women." THE END

SEE PAT IN 20TH'S "MARDI GRAS"; JERRY IN PARAMOUNT'S "ROCK'A'BYE BABY."

DANGER SIGNALS . . .

Continued from page 39

Few gave Anita and Tony good odds on their marriage succeeding. Recently, Anita smiled at the memories of her tempestuous marriage, that, headline for headline, has had as much newspaper space as a sputnik.

"Danger signals in love?" she laughed. "I know all about them now. Maybe I don't know all the answers, but I can tell you one thing: They've made a big difference in my life. I've changed since my marriage."

In the salon of their hotel suite, Anita was resting after a day's busy schedule. Resting and talking, while Tony, who had days before got an accurate count on the roses in the wallpaper, silently contemplated his suede shoes—and, perhaps, his future.

It was late afternoon in Paris, where it's great to be gorgeous, and no fun at all to be demure.

Anita, coolly gorgeous and almost demure in a dotted swiss frock, pursed her lips and sent a silent kiss across the room to her husband, Anthony Steel. "I've grown up; I've become more mature and certainly less selfish, than I was. Haven't I, Tony?"

Tony smiled. La Ekberg has changed.

Because Tony is violently opposed to his wife's posing for cheesecake, Anita announced immediately after their marriage that she was finished displaying her well-stacked figure at the pop of a flash-bulb. She has made motions in this direction, too, with the result that on her last arrival in New York, her picture—in an almost conservative dress—wound up on page twenty-nine of a leading afternoon paper.

Now Anita is accustomed to page one treatment. The girl who shocked London by literally busting out of her dress at a New Year's shindig in the staid Berkeley Hotel; whose ooh-la-la pictures warmed

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FLIRTING

Continued from page 65

the booth next to him. He had his arm over the divider between us, so I waited a few minutes and then intentionally made a wild gesture with my hand and knocked his arm. He turned to apologize and, then we talked!"

Molly laughed. "That's great! I don't think it's smart to flirt alone, though. You know—there's safety in numbers!"

"Yes," Barbara agreed, "and it's not fair to flirt for the wrong reason. Like to make a fellow jealous. You've got to know your man or it might backfire."

Judy said, "Another thing—patience is the password. Rushing in never helps. Now I'd let that boy think *he's* the aggressor. Boys are much more enthusiastic if they think it's their idea."

Barbara added, "Be patient, sure, but be ready! You have to have a couple of good conversation-openers so you won't be caught speechless when you do meet a boy you want to talk to!"

"Like what?" Molly queried.

"Oh, giving him a sincere compliment," Judy chimed in, "or, loaning him your records. Then he'd have to see you again to return them!"

A good looking lifeguard passed by again, and this time Molly looked up and laughed. He turned and smiled.

"Well," Judy winked, "now that you've attracted his attention, what are you going to do?"

"Just wait," Molly said slyly, and off she went to borrow some of his suntan lotion!

Store list for swimwear, see page 82



Barb's come-ons for company: eye-catching suit (\$15.98, Sea B's), ear-catching RCA radio. Cap, US Rubber

up a debate in Britain's usually-chilly House of Lords; whose pin-ups were barred at Oxford—this is a girl who seems unlikely to take page twenty-nine lying down—or covered up. In spite of Tony's often-expressed feelings in the matter, news photographers are giving odds that on Anita's next arrival in New York, she'll be the old Ekberg, willing and eager to display her 39-22-36 measurements. The temptation to disregard the red light of Tony's disapproval might prove to be too much for her.

And how will the "old" Ekberg affect Tony, who was reared in the English tradition that the man is the boss of the family? Will their marriage founder on a mere inch or two less of yard goods?

Already Tony's male ego has taken quite a beating at the hands of the Swedish import.

Handsome, debonair, and with a devastating physique of his own, Tony Steel was one of the top ten actors at the British box-office when he and Anita teamed up romantically in 1956, he, too, accustomed to acclaim. No matter how much he may adore the sensational Anita, it must be hard for him to stand idly by while his wife acknowledges the ooh's and aah's that once were his.

"It's wonderful being married to Anita," he said, after their Ringling-Brothers-type marriage in Italy two years ago. But even then he was beginning to get the message. "I'm glad the wedding is over," he sighed. "I'm exhausted."

Some months later, when Anita had zipped off solo from a South American film festival—both denied later that he had struck her—he modified his original statement considerably. "I love my wife very much," he said then, "but it's no fun being married to a glamour girl."

Of course, as Tony would be the first to admit, there's more to marriage than fun. But still . . .

When he and Anita tied the knot on May 22, 1956, Tony did what a lot of other guys would have been happy to do—he put his own booming career into cold storage and followed his bride to Hollywood. He gave up his Rank contract, which had three more years to run; he antagonized British producers by declaring that he preferred to live and work in Hollywood; alienated his fans by announcing that he wanted to become an American citizen, as Anita was planning to do.

"I would have done anything for Anita," he said, on one of those many afternoons in Paris when he counted the roses in the wallpaper while his wife was at work. "After all, I was a veteran, but her career was just starting."

The man who was one of Britain's brightest stars at the time could not, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, have foreseen that two years later his career would still be in the deep freeze; that in that time he would have made exactly two pictures; that he would be spending his time as "a sort of private bodyguard"—his phrase—to his bride.

He did his best to keep the regret out of his voice as he talked about it, but it's evident that he's sorry for his hasty action. Playing second-fiddle to his wife is not Steel's dish of tea and his idleness has preyed on his mind until it has become an obsession.

"A man must work to keep his wife's and his neighbors' respect," he said.

Counting wallpaper roses scarcely comes under the heading of work, and neither do the slugging matches which have been Tony's only claim to fame since his marriage. The wolves who, he felt, weren't showing the proper respect for his bride have learned the hard way that Steel has muscles to match his name. The untact-

ful who have addressed him as "Mr. Ekberg" have lived—but only to regret it. At least one of his performances—his battle in Palm Beach a year ago with a sculptor who was displaying a nude statue of the luscious Anita—was top-notch, but it won him no award for acting—and no Yankee dollars.

But fortunately for Tony, his career has taken an upward turn with a good role in 20th's "Harry Black," and this may solve the problem.

Danger Signal No. 1 in many a marriage is that ole debbil, vanity, but not to Anita. One of the changes marriage has made in her, she says, is that, where once she was pleased and flattered at these often-extravagant attentions of the other sex, now "I'm annoyed when they try to flirt with me . . . I have eyes only for Tony. No man is as handsome and interesting."

But what girl wouldn't enjoy being fought over? Anita entered into the Palm Beach fracas shouting, "Let them fight! My husband's winning!" even while she was clobbering his opponent with her high-heeled slippers.

Anita knew only a few words of English, such as "yes," "no," and "mink," when she arrived in the United States as Miss Sweden in 1951. But she quickly enlarged her vocabulary and has seldom since been at a loss for words.

It was only two years later, in 1953, that she was giving out with such quips as: "I want a man who is very handsome, beeg and strong and he must have all sorts of money. Vat goot is a man wid' out money? Effery girl wants a man to buy her pretty things like Jaguar cars and mink coats, diamonds."

Not that the oval-shaped platinum dinner ring encrusted with forty-eight diamonds which Tony gave her on her last birthday came from Woolworth's, but still . . . it's only one gift.

"I've changed my ideas about the future, too," she says now. "I was very ambitious about my career. I still am, but in a different way. Before, I wanted to succeed, and that was the driving force of my life. Now my career has become secondary. If it ever became an obstacle to our happiness together, or if for some reason or other Tony wanted me to give it up, I'd do it in a minute. After all," she added, "you can't cuddle a career."

Like all the other actresses who have given out with this sort of statement, Anita probably meant it, at least for the moment. For the long pull will she heed the "caution" sign? Well, here's what one person who claims to know her well says: "Anita is not clever, and certainly not intelligent, but she's remarkably shrewd about herself and her career. She knows exactly where she's going, and how she's going to get there."

What Anita might do if Tony asked her to give up her career may become an issue between them eventually, but as of now it is not. Tony laid it on the line: "I am not yet in a position to ask Anita to abandon her career, and in any case, I don't think I would at this time. She wants to prove that she can become a serious actress."

"I want to act," Anita put it, "not be just a tool and a part of the decoration. I want to prove to myself that I can do better than I have in the past."

Gird Oswald, who directed her in both of her latest films, United Artists' "Paris Holiday" and Columbia's "Screaming Mimi," is on her team. "She could become a real actress if she were given the right parts," he says. And Bob Hope, who stars in "Paris Holiday" and who started her on the road to fame, agrees, though with a little less enthusiasm than when he dis-

cusses the Ekberg brand of sex appeal. So Tony, who had said earlier that he would do anything for her, is helping his glamorous wife achieve her new goal. He advises her on her contracts and often on her roles. He coaches her in her lines and helps her with her English.

The Steels, Mr. and Mrs., have a hefty quota of the ingredients which show up regularly in divorce courts unless the stop signals are watched. They have a tremendous career problem. They have jealousy, on her side as well as his. They have Tony's vehement dislike of the flamboyance which gave Anita her start.

But smart Anita has already learned to cope with many a minor stop sign that could lead to trouble. "A wife should give in to her husband," she says, as she hangs up her clothes. "When I was on my own, if I wanted to leave my clothes lying around in a mess, I didn't inconvenience anyone except myself. But now that I'm married, and to such a tidy person (Tony was in the Grenadier Guards), I'm careful to put my clothes away the minute I take them off!"

Tony has also won out in the battle-of-the-sauces. Anita, who likes nothing about housekeeping except cooking, is a sauce specialist. "But Tony is a steak-and-potatoes man," she sighs. "He doesn't like complicated dishes with sauces. The last time I made one, he kidded, 'Do you have to use Madeira wine in *everything*?' " Kidding or not, Ekberg hasn't made a sauce since.

Of course, the two do have things in common. Both are European born and bred, with European ideas about love and marriage. "Don't forget," Tony says, "that Anita is Swedish and that she was raised in a middle-class Swedish home, where the family is considered sacred, and marriage is nothing to be trifled with."

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"She's like those other Swedish actresses," chortle the Hollywood wolves, who have never given up the idea that La Ekberg will soon be back in circulation, complete with low-cut gowns.

Both love to travel. Both are excellent swimmers and dream of the day when they can buy a home in Hollywood with a huge swimming pool. "A home," Anita says, "to last all our lives, for us and our family." (She denies vigorously that she ever said she didn't want children. "We want a family, and we are going to have one, but before I concentrate on a family, I want to prove to myself that I can improve my career, that I can make a name as an actress. I believe in doing one thing at a time.")

Both, fortunately, come to life at night.

In Paris, after Anita had finished her day's work Tony and she would dine together by candlelight on the deserted roof garden of their hotel, with fabulous Paris at their feet.

At such times, their love would flame its brightest. But later the sudden sharp breeze of a temper would sometimes extinguish it. For violent tempers are another of the things that the Steels, Tony and Anita, have in common.

The smoldering blonde can be warm, friendly and generous, as those who have worked with her will testify. She can also be—and often is—temperamental and inclined to fly into sudden rages, like a spoiled child.

When she saw Martha Hyer, co-star in "Paris Holiday," wearing a purple dress, she screamed, "That's my color," almost crying in her rage.

"I'm stubborn as a mule," she says, "and I can even be mean in my determination to have my own way. But prove it to me in black and white that I'm wrong, and I'll admit it and apologize immediately." (She didn't mention purple.)

Tony's boiling point is not so low. "We both have hot tempers," Anita adds, "but I get mad first and more easily than Tony. After all, he's British. But it doesn't take him long to coax me out of a bad mood."

"He's so sweet and patient with her," says a mutual friend. "Considerate and helpful and understanding. I've never heard him say a nasty word to her, even in their most violent quarrels. He never imposes his will on her; yet, believe me, he's the head of the family."

Anita echoed this as she sat, in her almost demure dotted swiss, in their hotel suite in Paris. "A wife should give in to her husband," she said. And it's funny. She did mean it.

THE END

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EXPOSED . . .

Continued from page 40

he worked with him on a TV show in Hollywood. Is this true?

Truth: (From Suzanne Pleschette, who dates Dean, played a romantic role opposite him in "Compulsion" and appears in Warners' "Marjorie Morningstar"). Yes, I've heard that Alex Segal and Dean had a big fight out on the West Coast when Alex directed Dean in a TV dramatic show. They didn't speak to each other by the end of rehearsals.

Yet who do you think convinced the producer of "Compulsion" that Dean should play one of the leading roles? The director—Alex Segal! Dean's stubbornness, in this instance, gained the director's respect. Dean took the role, too, after thinking he could never really play it—and I think Alex' faith had a lot to do with that.

Alex respected Dean's strong belief in what he was doing, although he may have disagreed with it. Anyhow, Alex isn't the easiest person to get along with. But during the rehearsals of "Compulsion" Dean and Alex worked like a team. Alex talked to Dean before the first rehearsal, told him they should work with each other, not against each other; and that was it.

You know, this reminds me of Jimmy Dean and the trouble he had with George Stevens, his director on "Giant." Stevens threatened to throw Jimmy out of the cast a number of times because of their differences. Yet, in the end, Jimmy gained everyone's respect.

Dean could be called stubborn, sure, because he won't back down on something he believes in. But he certainly could never be called mean. That's untrue, and unfair! I've dated Dean, and I've watched him when he's tired or depressed, as we sat in a restaurant having dinner. Fans who recognize him would come and ask for autographs, but he was never condescending or bored as I've seen lots of young actors behave.

After the show on matinee days there'd be mobs of teenagers waiting for Dean's autograph. He never refused one or tried to duck out a side entrance. Lots of times he'll write short comments beside his signature, and you know that he's someone who cares about people, not someone who's mean or gruff.

Dean is kind. He goes out of his way to help people. But don't misunderstand me. Dean's kindness isn't the Boy Scout type. It's something that doesn't show itself in deeds; it shows in his understanding of people.

Rumor: People say that Dean is full of bitterness. Have you noticed that?

Truth: (From Suzanne Pleschette) I think you could say that Dean *was* bitter. At least, Bobby Driscoll, who was also a child actor, says that Dean was that way when he was a kid. Dean hated sitting home to learn lines for his films, when he'd much rather be playing ball or going on hikes with his brother. Bobby says Dean snapped at people then. But I can tell you he's not like that now. I've never heard him snap at anybody. I think, too, that he's acquired a sort of personal philosophy, an outlook on life that has given him the peace of mind to conquer whatever it was that bothered him.

Call it maturity, call it wisdom, or what you will—Dean, today, has more of it, I think, than anyone you could mention.

Rumor: Dean is supposed to be a "difficult" date, in the sense that he's moody, and so brilliant that girls feel ill at ease with him. How about that?

Truth: (From Suzanne Pleschette) Well, Dean is intellectual. He likes to think. So any girl who goes out with him has to be on her toes. He doesn't like a girl to sit back and say nothing. He wants you to think along with him, and express your own opinions.

But Dean's a wonderful guy to go out with because he's so interested in everything around him. He's more curious than a pup who goes sniffing everywhere. Just walk with Dean along Broadway, and he'll notice everything in all the novelty shop windows, the people who pass by; and he's full of comments about them.

Dean isn't so much the brain boy that he doesn't enjoy simple fun. He's a real nature boy. I imagine that's why he doesn't care for New York. He loves California. He likes fresh air and the desert atmosphere. We'd go driving in Dean's beautiful Renault to get away from the city. He loves to drive along the river, and we'd stop at a diner to eat some seafood (with Worcestershire sauce! He's nuts about Worcestershire sauce, puts it on everything). I'll always remember those drives as some of the pleasantest dates I've ever had—and I think any girl would.

Rumor: Dean is said to be uncooperative with people who are strangers to him. In particular, he's a "tough interview" to press people, who get nowhere with him. What do you know about that?

Truth: (From Bob Ullman, a personal friend of Dean's) When I hear people say Dean is surly and uncooperative, it makes me mad!

It's true Dean has the power of shutting himself off from the world. He'll get so involved with his thoughts or feelings that he won't hear a conversation or he'll forget to greet someone. But this is an exceptional virtue, to be able to immerse yourself in your own thoughts and cut yourself off from the distractions of the world.

Now here's something that happened recently that will show you what Dean's like. One day a guy came to the stage door asking for Dean, and the stage manager gave him the brush-off. He came back the next day, again asking for Dean, and the stage manager stalled him. The third day he arrived early before Dean got to the theater and waited outside the stage door.

When Dean arrived at the theater, the boy introduced himself as a student and told Dean he was working on a scene from "Compulsion" for an acting class. He'd chosen to play Dean's role for an exam and came to him for help in understanding the complex character of Judd Steiner.

The guy's name was Davis. Dean asked Davis up to his dressing room, went over the scene with him, line by line, explaining all the hidden meanings as he understood them, told Davis if he wanted any other help, not to hesitate coming to the theater to see him. And in case he had any trouble getting past the stage manager, Dean gave Davis his personal (and private) telephone number to call.

Now you can make up your own mind about Dean being cooperative or not. True, he doesn't like to be interviewed by all sorts of gum-chewing press people who pry at him about silly things like what

clothes would he wear if he went to Hawaii and does he prefer mustard to ketchup. Dean wants to talk about real and important things.

Rumor: Dean is often compared to Jimmy Dean in the sense that he is overly shy and sensitive, an unhappy, mixed-up sort of person. What is your impression?

Truth: (From Roddy McDowall) I didn't know Jimmy Dean—neither did Dean—but I think Dean is so much an individual in his own right that it's very unfair to make comparisons. I can only give you my own impressions.

The first time I saw Dean, when he was a child actor, there was something about him that impressed me—a certain urgency, an intensity even though he was so young.

Years later, in September, 1956, I met Dean again. He was quiet and reticent, not one to make much of a fuss. Looking back, the thing that strikes me is how much you want to *know* him when you meet him. There's something very moving about him; it's a sadness, an anguish that you know will always burn inside him, some unhappiness he's cursed with for life.

Now that we've become friends we like to listen to operas together on our hi-fi sets. And when I watch Dean listening to music, I realize what deep feelings he has.

Maybe Dean's shy. He's also uncertain and confused. If he appears hypocritical to anyone, it's only because he's trying to find himself. He might say yes to one thing, and the next day realize he means something else. Dean would be the first to admit his confusion about himself. As I said before, he's honest all the way—he's one of the few people I know who, when he talks to you, always looks at you directly in the eyes.

Rumor: Dean has been called selfish, too serious about himself, without any humor. How accurate is that?

Truth: (From Ina Balin, a young actress who's dated Dean, appeared with him in "Compulsion," is now featured in Paramount's "The Black Orchid") Dean is serious and he's selfish. He's selfish about his career because he wants to do the best he can. But I've got to admit Dean is the kind of person whose character you can't pin down with a couple of words. He's not a black-and-white type of person.

For instance, Dean is both old and young. When he takes curtain calls he bobs his head like a frightened little boy. Then, when you see him alone or go walking with him through the streets of New York or Hollywood, you realize how mature he is. Oddly enough you realize his maturity from his unhappiness.

Dean is unhappy—and I know this sounds strange—because he's intensely aware of other people's unhappinesses. He doesn't always let you know this, but after a while you realize how much compassion he has for his fellow man.

If he knows you're unhappy about something, he wants you to tell him all about it, he wants to relieve you of your burden. When you tell him about it, he's so interested and so anxious to help that you feel light-hearted, all the better for confiding in him.

Not very long ago he cut his hand on-stage during a fast-moving scene in "Compulsion." It bled seriously. He tightened his fingers into a fist, played the entire scene, came offstage, tried to stop the

bleeding—but in vain. He went back on-stage, finished the show, and do you know something? When he went to the doctor, he had to have stitches in his hand, the cut was that deep. Now is that selfishness?

About Dean's humor, well, he's not a crazy cut-up, but he'll do something unusual from time to time that is so unlike Dean you can't help but have a good laugh. He wants you to, at his expense.

I remember one night in particular. Dean's no cigar smoker, I can tell you that. But during the course of this one evening a member of the cast passed out cigars—the occasion was the birth of a baby, naturally—and Dean went around smoking that cigar as if he was a tough guy, somebody out of "Dead End." Well, on Dean it looked hilarious, and everybody roared. Dean did it deliberately, of course. A cigar no more suits him than a derby hat, but that's the fun of it—the incredibility.

Finally we went to Dean himself and asked him what he thought of the questions we asked his friends and the answers they gave. He was noncommittal. Their answers didn't faze him. He said he wasn't afraid of what people might say about him, and furthermore it didn't matter. What mattered was being honest with himself. And this is what Dean Stockwell said:

Look, I've been called all kinds of things. I've been called spiteful because I quit the movies when I was successful in them. I've been called petulant because I like to go off by myself. I've been called a nut because I like to wear seersucker trousers in the wintertime (the truth is most of my clothes are California-type clothes, and when I'm in New York I don't have enough winter stuff to go around). But I don't care what people say. The thing I care about most is getting to know myself.

Sure I've made mistakes. Sure I quit the movies and went back to them again. I went out to see the world, and came back to a world I realized I wanted. Sometimes you have to get away from something to understand how important it is to you. But I don't see where there's anything wrong in that.

As for being petulant and wanting to be by myself, I don't know if that's such a bad trait, after all. What's wrong with people wanting some privacy from time to time? This constant pressure on clan-nishness isn't for me. I enjoy going off alone and thinking. That's why I live alone.

You know when I'm happy? When I'm listening to some Mozart sonatas or Bach variations. Not that I'm strictly a longhair, by the way. I'm nuts about the new or "half-dead" jazz just as much as I am about 18th Century music. My favorite contemporary jazz artists are Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and Richard Dworzak. As for books, I'm partial to poetry, especially Dylan Thomas' stuff.

If this gives me great pleasure, being by myself now and then to listen to music or to read books, I don't see what's wrong with it. I can think of many worse things a guy can do and be criticized for!

And if I wear seersucker pants in the wintertime, maybe that is a cuckoo-ey streak in me; but if I don't go beyond that and run buck naked through the streets I figure I'll be all right.

After all, we bring to life what we give of ourselves, and a little madness sometimes helps you get to know yourself better. I'm not advocating ringing doorbells at midnight; but if everybody had the guts to be themselves, instead of being simpering yes-men, I like to think our world would be all the better for it. THE END

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I'M FOR REAL . . .

Continued from page 37

a big hedge that went around the house and we had, well, rather a large back yard with grass, when we didn't ruin it playing with the hose in the summer. We had a sand pile out by the garage, and a playhouse that we loved to paint.

We had this big collie, Lady, who lived to be about thirteen years old. And a cat. And I can't remember the cat's name, but she used to have to take all her meals on top of the refrigerator because otherwise the dog would chase her from one end of the house to the other. And while the dog was chasing the cat, like as not the neighbor kids and I would be in the living room banging on my sister's piano, or trying to lift my brother's bar bells, which shouldn't have been downstairs anyway. I remember I used to love to play red light, hopscotch, statues and jacks. And I was forever dashing in and out making peanut butter sandwiches and yelling at my brother, who loved to hook the latch on the screen door so I couldn't get in.

The other girls on the block were always more—well, you know—pretty little ladylike creatures in short socks, while I wore long stockings over this long lumpy underwear. I hated that! I don't know that I was a tomboy exactly—I guess not really, because I loved dolls—but I thought nothing of fighting with the boys, and I could defend myself pretty good. Then I'd have these moods of wanting to dress up in high heels and swishing around pretending I was—oh, maybe Joan Crawford or somebody else just as—you know—glamorous.

I'm not sure, but I think I was about eight when Mama sent me to the Jorg Fasting ballet school. And—uh—by the time I was twelve I was a pretty good dancer and I guess that's when part of me got real serious. I could always, you know, picture myself as a great ballerina. Maybe I was what they call a split personality, because part of me was trying to be a comedienne, too. Even in grammar school. I seemed to always be doing crazy things to get a laugh like, oh, falling out of my seat or maybe imitating the teacher behind her back.

My grades were about average, I guess. Except, you know, when I wanted to apply myself. Like when I was on the student council in junior high and made the honor roll. I always got along well with other children out of school, but I think in school what I suffered mostly from was being shy. It was hard for me to get up in class and recite. When I could make the kids laugh it was fine, but I was very self-conscious if I had to be serious. And if I would be corrected in public or anything like that I would get terribly embarrassed and act awful. I'd yell at my parents and then—oh—I felt just terrible. I was always sorry right away. But I remember I'd rather die than apologize. Not any more, though. Now if I feel I've been wrong it's nothing at all for me to apologize.

I wish it were that easy to, you know, analyze yourself on everything. And I was always sort of curious about what it would be like to be analyzed, because I'd seen it in the movies and I'd often wondered what would happen. Well, last January this reporter took me to a psychologist to try to find out—I don't know—what makes me tick, I guess, and I enjoyed it! I lay down on the couch and he talked. I mean, we carried on a conversation, about the Paar show mostly. And I took the word test and,

uh, the ink-blot test and I drew pictures looking in the mirror. So the very last thing he said was he would never advise psychoanalysis for me, that it would probably ruin my earning power. Because, he said, one of the things that made me interesting was that I was different and he said, once I learned what made me act differently from other people I might conform and not be as interesting any more.

To me, my worst fault is disorganization. Like, well, I keep everything and it's usually in a pile and it takes me a while to dig it out. I don't always find what I'm after, either. Like the time I flew to Miami with the Paar show. When I got to the airport I went all through my things and I didn't have my ticket. Jack just looked at me and said, "How you ever gonna get to the moon?" When we got home I discovered the doggone ticket had flown all the way to Miami and back mixed up with my music.

I also admit I have a temper—at times. I, I think it's a luxury that you can't afford too much, because other people won't put up with it. If I have a tendency to lose it I just sort of, well, count to ten. Like when they start asking you how old you are. I think a performer has a perfect right to conceal his true age. Now for me, I don't conceal mine. I say I'm twenty-nine because I don't want to be thirty.

Things I do like—music, reading. With music, well, I love all kinds, really, but I lean toward classical, and I like ballet music, naturally. As for reading, I

just read everything from movie magazines to scientific magazines. And books, of course, especially biographies of show people. And I have a lot of Thurber and Benchley.

I don't retain everything I read exactly as it is. But sometimes something somebody says will remind me of something I've read and I'll be able to recall it. That's the way it is with everything. If somebody asks me on the spur of the moment I can't remember, but if I'm just sort of casually reminded of it, or it's apropos, then I do.

Like at first, Jack Paar used to always ask me on the air, "What did you do today, Dody?" And maybe I'd been rushing around since nine in the morning but I'd just go blank. People are always asking me—you know—what do I do all day. Well—I've either been rushing to a rehearsal or from a rehearsal, or to a ballet class, or washing my hair, or taking a bath, or learning material, or washing my stockings, or answering phone calls, or answering mail, or taking a nap, or reading.

Since I've been on television, well, naturally, life is even more hectic. So many people see you and—you know—they recognize you on the street and stop to talk. And I love to talk to people. Then there are interviews and pictures. Seems like I've posed for enough pictures to, I don't know, set up my own rogues gallery. And some of the photographers make you do the craziest things. Like one had me drag out all the hats I had in the closet. I mean—for heaven's sakes, I'm no Lily Daché. I had hats, hats, hats all over the place for days because I had to fly to Hollywood for the Gobel-Fisher show the next morning.

That was last March and it was lots of fun. It was really my, well, my first big guest shot is what it was. And George and Eddie were so kind. Ethel Merman, too. It was my first trip to Hollywood and I guess that's always a thrill. Of course, I was only there for a week and I spent six days of it working but I did get to eat at the Brown Derby and the Beachcomber and La Rue's, where I saw my favorite—Dinah Shore. On my last day some friends drove me out around Laurel Canyon and the San Fernando Valley and Malibu Beach. The scenery is so beautiful, and the air! It's just marvelous! They had a party for us at the Beverly Hills Hotel after the Gobel-Fisher show. Eddie had to go home early because Debbie had just had a baby.

That show meant a lot to me, because you reach a whole new audience in the early evening hours. George and Eddie have 60,000,000 viewers! You reach new people in the early morning hours, too, like on "Today."

When my appearances on the Paar show were first cut down, everybody rushed to ask me how I felt. And it was so sudden that—well, I—I probably said all the wrong things. At first I was sort of unhappy about it, naturally. I didn't realize then that it was really a step forward—more money and the opportunity to do guest shots on other shows. I get so many offers now it's just wonderful. Even the Theatre Guild wants me for a play—"Dulcy." I'm going to do it this summer for six weeks. We open in Chicago in July for two weeks and close in Westport in August. I forget where we go in between—I think Falmouth, for one, and Ogunquit. Anyway, I'm really thrilled because I'd like to establish myself as an actress. So things really do happen for the best. But one thing I'd like to make clear is that I always have been and always will be grateful to Jack Paar for the opportunity he gave me on his show.

Some people think I used a teleprompter on the Paar show but I didn't. I just talked

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off the top of my head. And sometimes a perfectly innocent remark would get a huge laugh. Like—well one night on the show, Mary Margaret McBride was trying to make Jack cry with a sad story about how she had never had a Christmas tree. But she didn't get one tear. So she turned to me and she said, "What's the matter? Doesn't anybody care that I never had a tree when I was little? What did I do wrong?"

And I said, "I think it's because you tell it in a mink stole." And everybody screamed. But I wasn't trying to be funny. I was just sort of trying to analyze it.

Sometimes we'd have unusual things to show—new articles just on the market. And one night, after Jack had shown this address book with a mink cover, he gave it to me. But the next day the office called frantically and said I'd have to give it back, that it cost sixty-nine dollars and nobody on the show was going to pay for it. So that night I gave it back to Jack on the air and he was sort of apologizing, and I said, "Oh, that's all right. I didn't want it anyway." And I kind of stroked the mink and I said, "I'd just have to put it in storage for the summer." And everybody screamed but to me that made sense.

I don't understand it, but people say it's my delivery. I can't stand my own voice. And when I saw myself in a kinescope for the first time, last March, I thought I'd faint! Afterwards I was talking to my mother and I said, "My mouth—I've never seen such a big mouth. I do so many peculiar things with it."

And she said, "Well, that's what I told you. You screw your mouth up when you talk."

It's funny when I think how I ended up with people laughing at me, after I'd started out to be a ballerina. During summer vacations I would come to New York and make the rounds of the big ballet schools.

It was all very exciting to me and I think, well, you know, it can't help but make you kind of different from other kids. I know in high school I kept pretty much to myself. Just sort of settled for one or two close friends. Oh, I went out on dates and things like that. But, well—I can't say they were the most important things in my life.

I'll never forget my first date, though. We went to this dance and on the way home—I guess I was about sixteen and at that age—well, we got to bickering and I had always thought it was so glamorous to walk home. I'd heard about girls walking home, so when he stopped the car for a red light I got out and ran. I had to walk at least three miles and he hadn't made one pass at me! Well, I never did that again. When I got home he was parked out front and the poor thing was so scared. And everybody was up and I was tired and bedraggled.

Now that I think about it, I guess maybe I've been running all my life. Like I almost got married twice. Both times I was in Broadway shows and I'd get this crush and on the spur of the moment we'd dash down to City Hall for a license. The first time we didn't even know you had to have a blood test first! So we'd get the license and both times I just let it expire. I just didn't get married fast enough, I guess.

The thing is—well, men want to change me. And I don't like it. Or they're jealous, or they don't think I love them enough, or I'm too independent and—oh, I don't know. One thing I know about myself, I'm not aggressive and so I'm the one who has to be pursued. And yet I don't like an aggressive man, so I'm in a terrible state. Like at parties, I'll never seek out the handsome men. I'll go join some-

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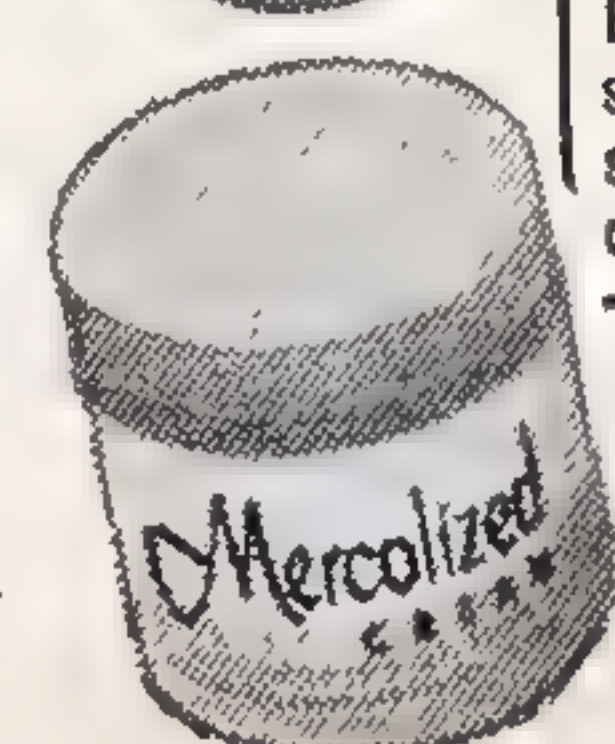
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one who's sitting quietly in a corner or something like that and I'll go over and, you know, so they won't feel so lonely. Usually it turns out it's someone who's all mixed up and then they get terribly attached to me and that's not the kind of guy I want, either.

Right now I'm too busy to worry about marriage. When I was on the Paar show I'd have to be at the theater by 9:00 p.m., even though the show doesn't go on the air until 11:15, and then I wasn't through until 1:00. Most of the guys I know have to get up in the morning. So when I didn't have a date after the show I'd usually hop into a cab and head for the Stage Delicatessen or maybe the Carnegie Delicatessen, where I'd have a sandwich or a bowl of soup. After I ordered, I'd usually head for the phone. I have this friend who liked me to call after the show and we'd usually discuss it. If I'm depressed about anything it sort of helps me to talk it out.

I guess show business has been my whole life ever since I got out of school. I wasn't a bit scared about leaving Columbus to come to New York, but Mama was sort of apprehensive. Just before I left she got out some corny old book called "What Every Girl Should Know" or something and had me read it, and of course I'd known all that stuff for about—well, as long as I could remember!

And my poor father, who didn't want me to go on the stage anyway—he thought I should be something practical like a stenographer or a nurse—his famous last words were, "Watch your slip that it doesn't hang, because that looks awful."

Anyhow, in New York I lived at the Rehearsal Club and I danced in the ballet at Radio City Music Hall once in

a while. Then I did a lot of Broadway shows like—well, the first was the road company of "High Button Shoes." I used to sort of clown around backstage and recite these corny old poems like "Yukon Jake." When we did "Wonderful Town" in Dallas, after the New York run, Imogene Coca—she replaced Roz Russell—loved the way I did these old poems so she—well, when we got back to New York she gave a party and had me perform for Julius Monk, who booked Le Ruban Bleu. I guess he thought I had something because he advised me to, well, work hard and get some new material and audition for him again.

So I gave up everything—I'd been doing small parts on TV shows—and went to work on a comedy act of my own. Then I did some night-club shows and a stage revue. Then in July I was interviewed by Jack Paar for "Tonight," which is what it was called then.

Meanwhile, I had gotten this apartment in the West Fifties so I guess I was sort of ready to settle down to a more or less steady job. It's a nice sunny apartment, with lowered windows and Victorian furnishings, but it just isn't big enough any more. I have a room-and-a-half with a hide-a-bed. The living room is quite large but there's no place to put the fan mail and all the nice presents people send me. They're sort of piled all over. And I have bookcases filled with my various and sundry books and material and records and anything else I can stick in them. As for my one closet—one of these days all that stuff is just going to rise right up, form a posse, and lynch me!

But I don't really need a whole lot of

closets, because I never did fuss much about clothes. I like to dress casually. Low-heeled shoes. I think women look better in high heels, but there's something about comfortable clothes that I love. Besides, I don't need heels for height. I'm five feet six and I never weigh over 118 pounds. As for makeup, all I ever wear is mascara and lipstick. Sometimes some eyebrows. But I'm not the type to constantly fuss with a mirror. When my lipstick comes off, half the time I forget to put it back on.

One thing I never can understand is why people seem to think that comedians are really sad at heart. I guess that's always been so—you know, the laugh, clown, laugh business. As far as I'm concerned, well, I may have moments of sadness, but I'm not too sad. I cry very easily, especially at sad movies, and I know sometimes people say that I look sad, when I'm just sitting quietly, but I've always looked that way. Even my baby pictures. My mother used to say to me, "You have such a sad little face." Comedy may be motivated from that. From your own personal sadness, I don't know. Or some incompleteness about yourself that makes you want to exhibit yourself and make people laugh at you, make a clown of yourself—because that's what comedy is.

You know, it's strange. I think people, well, I really think they like to think of you as sad. They're always asking me, "Are you lonely? Do you think of yourself as lonely?" Well—I don't think I am. I think everybody needs companionship, but I require a certain amount of privacy, too. Of course, you can, you know, stand to be alone just so much and then suddenly you look up and say, "Where's everybody gone!"

THE END

GIRL-BOY-MIRACLE

Continued from page 45

thin Saint Joans. They were everywhere. The audition was conducted in alphabetical order. I thought, "Well I'm lucky anyway—my name begins with H. I won't have to wait too long." But somehow they got mixed up and I was next to last. I waited four and a half hours. I felt like part of a herd of cattle. They kept moving us up from chair to chair, from room to room. Finally, I was told to walk out on stage. It was the first time I'd ever been on a stage so big. There was Mr. Preminger in the front row. I read a few lines and he said "Next . . ." I guess he wasn't as impressed with me as he was with Jean Seberg.

That's why I was so happy to see the summer pass and at least get away from the hamburger stand. But I was grateful to the country club for giving me a job so I could earn some money. They really saw me through quite a few rough spots. The season before they'd given me a job as lifeguard at the kiddie pool. To this day, they still don't know I can't swim but it really didn't matter, because there was only about three inches of water in the wading pool.

I moved into Marymount in September, '56 and for three months I settled down to being a student, although thoughts of acting were never far away.

During my first couple of weeks at college, I went to a dance given at Loyola University. It's run by Jesuit fathers and is one of the most respected institutions in the country. Besides, the student body is one hundred percent male! Near the end of the evening, a fellow I'd never met before came over and asked me to dance. He introduced himself as Donald Barbeau. While we were dancing he said, "Have

you ever thought of becoming an actress?" I looked at him surprised. How'd he know? "Why?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "we're casting for a play here at school. Since there aren't any girls enrolled, we open the tryouts to girls from the area. Why don't you give me your phone number and I'll call you?"

Aha, I thought to myself. A new way to get a girl's phone number.

A month went by before Don called and told me they were going to do "Joan of Lorraine." How could I resist? Joan was my heroine; I'd done the role so many times in high school. I thought to myself, "I'll show Mr. Preminger he made a mistake not giving me the part." (Big joke. I was going to star in a college production of "Joan" and Otto Preminger would be sorry he'd passed me by!!) I went to tryouts and got the part.

It was during the last week of rehearsal that Don asked me again, "Dolores, have you ever thought seriously about acting?"

"Sure, I have," I said, "but I don't have the faintest idea how to go about it."

"Well," he said, "I think I have a plan."

And he did. But—here I go again, jumping into the end of the story when Photoplay asked me to start at the beginning. The beginning goes back to Chicago. . . .

I was born in Chicago, on October 20th, 1938. My folks had separated so until I was four, I lived with my grandparents. Then, Mom and I decided to go to California. That is, she decided and I went along for the ride. It was a real adventure, like we were both running away from home together. I remember we came West on a milk train and we could only afford one seat between us. My worldly goods consisted of one suitcase and a Panda bear two inches taller than I was. My mother had me,

a suitcase and seven dollars. As soon as we arrived, Mom got work as an interior decorator and also worked in a gift shop in Beverly Hills. With the two jobs, she could afford to rent a small apartment for us.

But things didn't work out too well. You see, Mom had pretty long hours and she was worried about me being alone so much and I didn't enjoy being by myself, either. So Mom sent me back to my grandparents' home in Chicago to finish kindergarten there and had me come back to California for the first and second grade. But again it didn't work out. Even when I started school out here again I had to enroll myself because Mom couldn't get off from work to go with me.

Finally Mom thought it would be best for me to go back and stay with Grandma and Grandpa, so I did. The public school in their neighborhood was pretty far away, across railroad tracks and through some pretty busy streets, so my grandparents decided to enroll me in a Catholic parochial school close by. They were so happy to have me living with them again. They tried to give me lots of things they could never afford to give Mom. They even bought me a clarinet and I took lessons. We had a lot of good times together; they even helped me with my school work. Some Eastern schools are more advanced than those on the West Coast, and I felt like an idiot when I entered the third grade at St. Gregory's in Chicago. My grandparents tutored me. Every day we'd study together, things like multiplication tables.

After I'd been going to school there a few months, I decided I wanted to become a Catholic. I don't really remember why I had that strong religious feeling, except that maybe the other kids who were Catholic seemed to have a feeling of security that I lacked. Even though none of my

family was Catholic, they didn't try to discourage me. But then, that's the way they were and are about everything.

For instance, they knew that ever since I was a kid I've wanted to act, to be in moving pictures. My grandfather was my biggest inspiration. Grampa is such a vivacious man. You see, he's German and he's always ready for an argument at the drop of a hat. Gramps had a strong dislike for a certain very important politician who lived in the White House at that time. Every time this certain politician would speak on radio or some news commentator would say nice things about him, my grandpa would talk back to the radio. He'd sit there and argue and make sarcastic remarks. This impressed me so much because I thought that anyone who could talk back to somebody on the radio must be a very important man. To me, it was exciting to talk so well you could argue with the president!

Grampa was a projectionist at the Drake Theatre and I used to go the movies with him all the time. He'd take me up in the projection booth and, just like with the radio, he'd talk back to the screen. He'd also point up certain good and bad actors. I used to have a ringside seat for the movies. Only one trouble: grandpa never turned the sound on in his booth! All I saw were the actors along with grandpa's commentary. I was spellbound with the things he'd tell me about the various stars. I looked up to him like he was a king—a very lovable king, not the bearded white father type.

Then, too, my father was an actor in the movies for a while. He was only in the movies for a short time. He went under the name of Bert Hicks. Pop was discovered while he was working as a soda jerk. He had a stock contract at M-G-M for six months, then went over to Twentieth where he was in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." But the war came and he went into the service and that cut his career short. I guess he didn't have the desire to do too much after he got out—although he did make a couple of more films at Fox.

Once in awhile when I was in the projection booth with Grandpa, one of the pictures my father was in would be playing. Grandpa, like any typical father-in-law, used to make some pretty fast wisecracks about pop on the screen. It's kinda' funny to remember, but I did think to myself then that someday it would be nice if I could get to be in movies and have parts that were more than just a few lines long.

When I was ten-and-a-half, my mother remarried and wanted me to come back to California to live with her and my stepfather. At first I was very unhappy at the thought of leaving Chicago. For the first time in my life I'd lived in one place long enough to make friends, to have a sense of belonging. I liked the school I was going to. I loved living with my grandparents. But one thought cheered me. In California I'd be near Hollywood, the place where movies were made! That was the only thing that made me want to leave Chicago.

I used to read Photoplay magazine all the time, especially the stories of how people had been discovered. I never let my family see me reading movie books, though, probably because I was afraid they'd think it was funny.

I was a real ugly duckling—the straight hair and buck-toothed type. Actually, I guess I wasn't as homely as I thought but I had a funny way of walking and my clothes weren't exactly smart. You see, Grandma's philosophy about clothes was, "If you're dressed warmly enough that's all that matters." So I used to wear an

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



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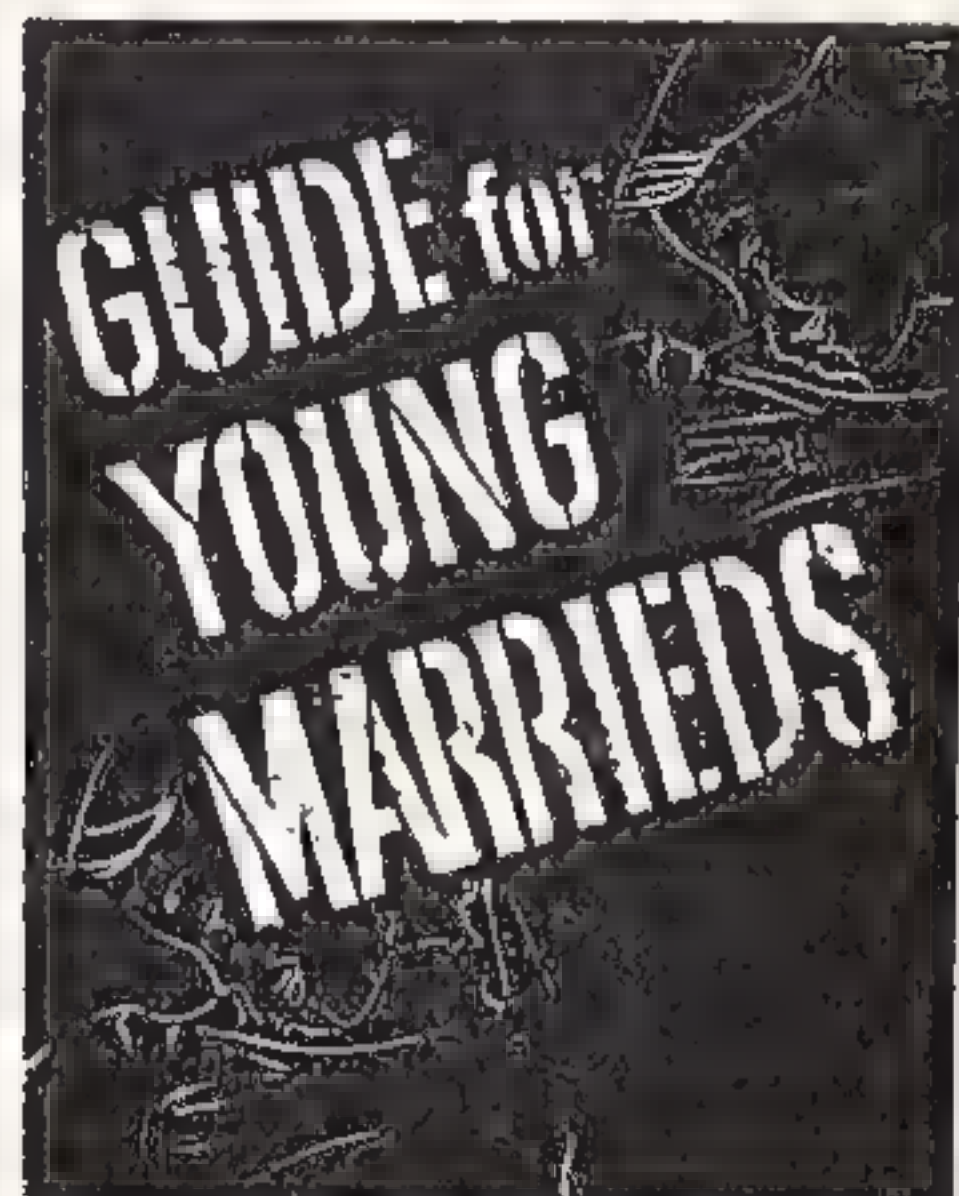
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Diamonds do this to Janet: Both sparkle

SPARKLE NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD

All the world loves lovers—movie and otherwise—and the month of June is the most popular month to be married. “The reason,” Janet Leigh laughs, “is simple. There’s a saying that goes: ‘Married in the sweet rose month of June, your life will be one long honeymoon.’” Janet and Tony were married seven years ago, on June 4th. But she just got her diamond-studded wedding band recently. “I couldn’t afford diamonds when we were first married,” Tony told her. “And do you know, the engagement ring is still worn on the third finger because years ago it was believed that the vein of love ran from it directly to the heart?” Janet was thrilled. “I love the way diamonds sparkle. To keep them that way, I use hot suds and an eyebrow brush, then rinse in tepid water, dip in alcohol and drain my ring on tissue.” And from the way it looks, her method works! Liz Taylor is reputed to have a 29½-carat stone, the largest in Hollywood. Carat is the unit of weight in measuring diamonds. But most girls don’t have diamonds as large as Liz’s. Dick Egan gave Pat Hardy a 5½-carat stone for her engagement (and this isn’t small!). “Do you know,” he explained, “that to get one carat, over 250 tons of ore have to be dug, crushed and blasted!” Wow! A lot of labor goes into a small gem! But whatever the size, shape or color, it symbolizes tons and tons of love!

odd conglomeration of things: a pink blouse maybe with an orange skirt and a green sweater, topped off by a beat-up leather jacket.

This was the wardrobe I brought with me when I came West. It was awful. When I started school again out here I didn’t blame the kids for looking at me and making silly comments. Instead of getting upset, I decided to go along and kid myself as much as they did. It was easier to pretend to be the clown than to cry. I became sort of the school character for a while. Actually, I was pretty much of an introvert and this helped to cover up the fact.

The nuns at school were very kind, helping me to adjust to the new school and everything. I think that’s one of the reasons Catholicism has meant so much to me. While I was growing up I made so many good friends among my Catholic classmates. I’d been away from my mother for three years so it was like getting reacquainted. There were lots of times at first when I found it easier to confide in one of the nuns than in my own mother. When I was younger I’d look at the nuns with coifs on their heads—looking so wise and yet, since their ears didn’t show, I felt I could pour my heart out to them all I wanted to. It seemed like they didn’t hear, if you know what I mean, which somehow made it easier.

There aren’t many exciting childhood incidents that I can remember. As a child, I was always running away from home. It wasn’t that I was unhappy; it’s just that I kept thinking to myself when I grow up it will be very dramatic to say I’d run away from home. There was only one trouble: Every time I ran away, nobody missed me! I’d get up on a Saturday morning and go into the kitchen and pack a lunch. I loved to eat so much that I never worried about taking extra clothes along; my first and only thought was packing a lunch. I’d put the food in the basket of my bike. Just before I rode away, I’d stand in front of the house and say, “Farewell house, I’m leaving forever.” Then I’d get on my bike and go.

Of course, I always returned the same night. I’d walk into the house hoping everyone would be in a panic. My mother would look up at me and smile and say, “Did you have a nice day, dear? Did you have fun playing?” I’d just say yes. There was no fun telling her I’d run away for a big adventure—not when she hadn’t even realized I was gone!

When I was in my sophomore year, I remember reading in a magazine where some successful actresses—I can’t remember who—said that one of the greatest helps in obtaining her goal was accomplished when she was in school. She felt that becoming popular with her classmates had been the basis, the very foundation for her ability to communicate as an actress.

This became an obsession with me. I decided to go out for school politics and concentrate on becoming well-liked among my classmates. By the time I was a senior, I had been elected president of the student body. When one of the girls ran in to tell me I’d won the election I was terribly excited—but not for the obvious reason alone. To me, the most important thing was that my plan to instill confidence enough to vote for me had worked out; therefore, I reasoned, why couldn’t I take this as a sign that other, bigger plans might work out, too?

I kept thinking that maybe now my dreams weren’t so foolish after all, or at least not nearly so unobtainable. I used to pray every day, too, not that I would be a successful actress but that it would be God’s will that I become an actress.

There’s a big difference. I felt if it were God’s will that I become an actress, then I really would have no worries.

Up until I was a senior, our school didn’t have a drama class, but that year they hired a young UCLA graduate, Beverly Block, as our drama director. She had written a play and some sketches and we were to put them on. She asked me to do a scene from “Joan of Lorraine” as one of the sketches in the show. Beverly was the first person I ever really confided in about wanting to act.

It was Bev who later told me that Marymount, a Catholic girls’ college in Los Angeles, offered drama scholarships. She encouraged me to try out and use the “Joan” scene she’d coached me on. I figured that instead of wasting time in college, I should at least be enrolled in a drama school, but I didn’t have the money for that so I tried for the Marymount scholarship. I was lucky enough to get one.

I was lucky in another way, too, because I never would have met Don Barbeau at the dance. As I was telling you, it was while I was rehearsing with Don for “Joan of Lorraine” that he suggested: “Well, why don’t you do something about wanting to be an actress.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“Well,” Don went on, “why don’t we sit down and write letters to all the big producers and directors in Hollywood and invite them to see you in the play.”

“Oh, who’ll read any letters we’d send?”

“Why wouldn’t they?”

He had me. I knew there must be a hundred good reasons why you just didn’t sit down and write to a producer and tell him you want to be discovered, but at that moment I couldn’t think of one. So I just agreed. Bob made up the letters and we had some copies typed up. “We’ll need pictures of you, too,” Don suggested.

He arranged for one of his friends at school to take my picture. Then he made up the letter and picture into neat folders and sent them out to all the studios. I kept asking him how he knew so much about what to do. Really, he was just going on instinct. What made the whole thing so weird too, was that Don wasn’t one of those stagedoor Johnnies. In fact, he’d just recently come out of a trappist monastery!

Nobody was more surprised than I when we got a few answers. Some one from Fox replied, but it wasn’t anything definite. Then I got a call from Mr. Paul Nathan’s office at Paramount asking me to come in.

Seven weeks later, and after six test readings before Mr. Nathan, Mr. Hal Wallis and other Paramount executives, my mother received a telephone call from Mr. Wallis. Could she please come in to the studio and look over some contracts? Could she! We went in the next day. That was the day I met Elvis Presley, Wednesday, January 22nd. Elvis was getting set to star in “Loving You.” Mr. Wallis thought I should test for the role opposite. The next day, on Thursday, they tested me. Elvis saw the test and said he’d liked it. On Friday, January 24th, I had my first wardrobe fitting.

Three days later, the following Monday, I had my name changed to Susan Hart (later changed to Dolores Hart) and a seven-year contract with Mr. Wallis.

How do I feel? From what I’ve just told you, it must be obvious that my religion means a lot to me. And yet sometimes when we talk publicly about Faith, it’s misconstrued. It’s hard to put into words without having it sound all wrong and corny, but the way things happened to me it sort of gives me an eerie feeling. It’s as though God smiled down upon me and, for some reason, let me enjoy a miracle.

THE END

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

Continued from page 54

borhood peopled by young folks who work in TV, radio or other branches of entertainment. There are wide lawns, and a fenced playground where the mothers gather with their children.

As he passed through the quiet, tree-lined streets, his brain was already buzzing with the thousand-and-one details of his multiple role of entertainer, business man and—by popular demand—teenage adviser.

By the time he arrived at WFIL's sprawling studio at Forty-sixth and Market Streets, he was all businessman—in the most unbusinesslike office anyone could imagine.

"Watch your head and feet!" Dick called out the warning to a record distributor, making his first bewildered entry into the Clark domain.

Stepping gingerly around a stack of mailbags, the man stared open-mouth at a pink chintz hepcap with its donors' names embroidered all over, dangling from wires strung across the room, along with a branch from a cotton plant, a map of Texas, a menagerie of stuffed animals, an autographed football, and a giant pair of booties with feet half a yard long. The walls were covered with a six-foot postcard and a collection of hats.

"We've got a lot of stuff here. The kids send it in," Dick explained, adding with a sheepish smile, "You see, we're sentimental. We keep it all right here."

Unperturbedly brushing dangling objects from their heads, two secretaries and four fan mail clerks were busily at work. Two additional desks faced a wall. At one, producer Tony Mammarella already had a turntable going, monitoring new recordings. Dick settled at the other.

The record distributor ducked under a three-foot paper heart, and sat down beside him. "Dick, we've got a new one we thought you'd like . . ."

The man was tall, and the red paper heart hit him on the ear. He squirmed. "Great little combo . . . absolutely new sound . . ." he went on valiantly. The heart, emblazoned with huge letters, "We Love Dick Clark," kept bumping him on the head. Finally, it fluttered to the floor. Still carrying on a serious business talk with the man, Dick got up and carefully replaced it.

Awaiting his turn to tussle with the red paper heart was a representative of another company, and several more paced the corridor. In the fiercely competitive record business, Dick is a primary target. He estimates there are now 2,000 companies, and all of them want their new releases and new artists on his show. And no wonder! Last summer, when "American Bandstand" was new to the ABC-TV network and Jerry Lee Lewis was new to recording, he played "Whole Lot of Shakin' Goin' On" and 5,000 records were sold in Philadelphia alone the same afternoon. When music publisher Jack Lee's thirteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, watched the kids on "Bandstand" dance The Stroll, she wrote a song to match. The Diamonds recorded it, introduced it on the show, and sold a million-and-a-half records. There are many more success stories, equally amazing.

The word is out that Dick Clark can make or break a record. So great is his power that a worried record executive exclaimed, "We're raising a monster who can destroy us whenever he chooses!"

At his desk, "the monster" was anything

but. All his visitors got a hearing, with polite attention. As the last one filed out, his secretary, Marlene Tetti, came in with a sandwich. Dick's lunch.

"Marlene," said Dick, "Did you ever bite your nails? I'm trying to find the best way to tackle this thing."

"Sorry, Dick, I didn't," she answered. Just then the phone rang. Long distance from Texas. A disc jockey.

Propping the phone on his shoulder, Dick munched his sandwich while he listened. "Sure," he said, between bites. "I'll be glad to listen to your kids' record. Just send a recording, put out by a commercial company. It can't be tape. It's got to be ready for people to buy. On sale. Now, about that record hop. I would if I could. I'd sure like to. No, it wouldn't cost you anything. But man, I'm on the air six days a week. I just can't go farther than 150 miles a night . . ."

When he finished the call, fan mail supervisor Audrey Kingsley was waiting with a basket of letters. Audrey and her crew of four handle about 35,000 pieces of mail each week. Some letters, such as requests for photographs, go through automatically. Dick attends to the "specials."

He grinned at Audrey. "So here's the pulse-beat," he said. "Do you girls realize you do the big job around here? This is how I know what people want to hear!"

Again he was interrupted by the brrring of the phone. An ABC executive was calling. As Dick listened, his face lit up with a big smile. "You're not kidding?" he asked. "Why, that's wonderful! Thanks. Thanks very much."

He turned to Audrey and Marlene, who had come in with more items to be discussed. "Well, what do you know!" he said. "The latest report is that we're getting 8,000,000 viewers for the afternoon shows, and 20,000,000 for the Saturday night show. They tell me that's the highest rating any daytime show has ever had, the only one that can compare to a night show. Isn't that something? And that's not all—our rating almost tripled over the previous month—and our daytime show rating is equal to all those on the other networks, combined!"

Tony Mammarella came in. "Time to go in, Dick. You ready?"

Dick sighed. "I'm sorry, girls. We'll have to finish this work later."

Inside the studio, cameramen were setting up for rehearsal of commercials. Dick called a stagehand's attention to a pennant torn loose from a riser of the bleacher seats. "Can you tack this up before show time?"

He turned to Tony. "Kids who send them look for their own pennants, and I don't want them to be disappointed. I think they're great, too. Did it ever strike you, how they sound like a poem from Carl Sandburg about the wonderful face of America?" Dick read them off: "Skowhegan, Evander, Cumberland Falls and Sanford . . . Jo Byrns, O. J. Roberts, Jim Thorp, De Veaux . . . Thousand Islands, Sandusky, St. Louis Zoo . . ."

The stage manager interrupted his chant. "Okay, Dick. You're on."

Two-and-a-half hours (counting the local show) is a long, long TV stint in any man's TV language. But Dick has the aid of the kids.

The first bunch rushed in. They'd been waiting outside the door. The next crowd dribbled in by twos and threes. Some Philadelphia schools dismiss by 2:00 p.m. Almost all classes are out by 3:00, and shortly the studio capacity of 150 is taken.

There was giggling and chatter as they took their places in the bleachers, but it was an orderly crowd. The boys wore jackets and slacks, the girls well-pressed,

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pretty dresses, or blouses and skirts. (Jeans are barred.) Some of the girls put on heavy make-up for the cameras, others didn't even wear a touch of lipstick.

Tony Mammarella's quick eye spotted a boy chewing gum vigorously. "Hey, you know that doesn't look good on camera. Get rid of it." Even though a gum manufacturer now sponsors the Saturday night show, the studio rule against unsightly gum-chewing has not been relaxed.

Audrey brings in a packing box full of mail, and there are little squeals of delight as the kids line up around a table to get their packets. Many people write to them when Dick introduces them for the spotlight dances.

"Ready, everybody!" called Dick, as the minute hand sped toward the zero hour of showtime. And "American Bandstand" was on.

He watched the cute couple who led off the spotlight dance. Yes, there she was. Great little dancer. Pretty, too.

When the dance ended, he called the girl to the microphone. "How do your hands look today?"

His tone was teasing, but instinctively, the girl put her hands behind her back.

Dick persisted. "Are you still biting your nails?"

Shamefaced, the girl nodded. Dick grew more serious. "You remember, weeks ago, I promised you a prize of five dollars if you stopped it?"

She nodded again. "But I also told you," Dick went on, "that if you kept on biting them, I'd embarrass you by making you show them to everybody. Well, hold up your hands."

As the camera moved in for a closeup, the candlepower of the girl's blush all but burned out the picture tube.

Dick patted her on the shoulder. "How's about making that bet all over again? I still think you can do it. Let's be sure your nails look better next time."

To the girl, that second chance made all the difference. She smiled a million-volt "Thank you."

At the end of the show, fifty records had spun, but when Dick left the studio, he wasn't through. A boy and girl were waiting for him in the hallway.

"Dick, have you got a minute?" asked the boy.

"We know you're terribly busy," the girl put in, "but this is so important."

"Come on into the office," said Dick.

He led them through the crowded, busy place to his own particular corner. "Shoot.

What's the trouble? You seem worried."

"It's my father," the boy blurted. "He wants me to go to college."

"It's my mother," said the girl. "She's afraid we might get into trouble."

"And you want to go steady," supplied Dick. He had been through this before, but with each couple, the story was just a little different, the kids, the circumstances were different. Talking it out would take time.

Excusing himself, he asked Marlene to get him coffee and another sandwich. He picked up the phone and called Barbara. "Honey, I hope you haven't started dinner . . . Yes, something has come up. I'll not be able to get home. But just a minute." He fumbled through the stack of unanswered letters. "What do I tell a woman who says her daughter's got brown hair and brown eyes but is tired of wearing brown clothes?" He made a hasty note. "Yes, I've got it. How's Dickie? Fine, see you later. Don't wait up. 'Bye, honey."

Ahead of him were a dozen office details, the task of emceeing a dance until midnight, a 180-mile drive proposition, both ways. He'd be lucky if he'd get home before 2:00 a.m.

But at the moment, he wasn't thinking about that. Two "Bandstand" kids needed his guidance. He turned to them. "Now, about going steady. You know, there's a lot to be said on both sides. Bobbie and I think we were lucky. We went steady for a while, then we broke up and saw other people, then we came back together, finished school and got married. We sort of feel we had the advantages of both . . ."

And he went on to tell them how he and Barbara Mallery had met at a Halloween party when he was a junior at Davis High School in Syracuse, New York, and, after a Christmas party and a New Year's party, made up their minds to go steady. Dick smiled at the boy. "I guess I felt pretty much the way you do. I'd made up my mind already that what I wanted more than anything was to get into broadcasting. I'd always been crazy about music. Before we moved to Syracuse, we lived in Mount Vernon, near the Arthur Murrays. Mrs. Murray gave me a course of dancing lessons on my thirteenth birthday. That started it. When I was in high school, I started to collect records." He chuckled. "Now I have 15,000!"

Then he became very serious. "So, you see," he went on, "maybe college didn't look very important at the time, especially

since my dad was already in broadcasting. But I was wrong about that."

He turned to the girl. "Bobbie's mother was against going steady, too. She told Bobbie she was missing a lot, going with just one boy." He looked at both of them. "I think that influenced us. But I think, mainly, we were afraid of the intensity of our own feelings."

Dick went on to tell how they had decided to break off, and how they were separated by distance when Mrs. Mallery, a widow, moved her family to Salisbury, Maryland, and the Clarks moved to Utica; how he had gone to Syracuse University ("Then I realized how much a college education means, no matter what you want to do") while Bobbie went to Salisbury State Teachers' College; how they had taken up steady-dating again when she transferred to Oswego State Teachers' College. He told how college had helped both of them, because he got his first announcing job on a campus station, and, when after a year at Utica station WKTV, he got a job with WFIL in Philadelphia and he and Bobbie were married, Bobbie was able to work as a second grade teacher for a while to help get them off to a good start.

"So you see," Dick concluded, "when this seems like a big problem at the time, it may not be so big as you think, and everything can work out for the best. The main thing is not to act in haste, or in anger, and try to do what's right. Now, will you try to do that?"

"Oh yes, Dick, we will!" the two chorused.

He watched them as they walked away, hand in hand, happy as larks. "I only hope they'll be as happy as we," he thought. Then, with a burst of renewed energy, he went back to the papers on his desk. Barbara and Dickie would be waiting . . .

It was eight o'clock when he dashed up the walk to the apartment in Drexel Hill. "Daddy! Daddy!" cried little Dickie.

"I let him stay up late," Bobbie said as he kissed her. "He had a long nap, and it's such a thrill for him."

Dinner, kept piping hot—Bobbie's learned to stick to dishes that "keep well"—was ready to serve. Dick had just time to eat it before dashing away on the long drive to Lebanon.

Wearily as he was, he perked up the instant he entered the dance hall. The beat of the music, the high spirits of the fresh-faced teenagers, worked their magic, as always. He remembered how people often think he's younger than his twenty-nine years. "This is the secret," he thought. "These kids keep me young. And I suspect a good dose of rock 'n' roll music would help a lot of folks."

And, on the long drive home, the music went on, pouring from his car radio, helping to fight off fatigue and making the trip seem shorter.

He tiptoed into the house, but Bobbie, asleep in an easy chair before the TV set, was awake instantly.

"Honey," he chided gently. "I told you not to wait up."

"But the Late Late Show was so interesting," she began, and they both laughed, because it was exactly the same thing she always said.

Bobbie had fixed a snack, and they munched contentedly, while Dick talked about his day. Suddenly, in the midst of telling her the good news about his ratings, he broke off. "Honey," he said, "about that nail-biter. Do you think I was too harsh? Did I do the right thing?"

Barbara laughed. "Oh, Dick, you never do stop worrying about those youngsters, do you?"

She took his hand. "But you know," she added softly, "that's one big reason why I think my husband's a great guy." THE END

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6-58

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

Continued from page 63

saying, "I don't have a pencil." The head-waiter handed him one.

At that, my Irish temper really flared up. "There's no need to write her number down," I told Richard. "You'll just have to tear it up!"

While I retouched my makeup in the ladies' room, it occurred to me that Richard was just being polite to whoever was calling. When he said he didn't have a pencil, he was probably just trying to get out of even taking her number. The head-waiter naturally didn't understand and was only trying to be of service. I felt I'd had no right to say what I did. How, I wondered, was Richard going to take it? I found out as soon as I got back to the table. He was laughing. And for a long time he'd tease me by repeating, "No need to take it down—you'll just have to tear it up!"

Now I can admit that I must have been a little bit jealous of the stranger, because I could so easily imagine myself in her place. I can remember seeing Richard in the movies, realizing that he didn't even know I existed, yet feeling that I knew him very well and that some day, somehow, we would meet.

Later, as a model, my own career began to move along nicely, with a lot of good, interesting jobs, until finally Universal-International signed me for "Girls in the Night," which was filmed partly in New York and partly in Hollywood. When I came to the coast with a U-I contract, I stayed with my friend May Wynn. One night we were attending a party at Ciro's, and I heard a man laughing, from a nearby table. My back was to him, yet I was sure it could be only one man in the world. As we were getting up to leave, I turned my head and took a quick look. It was Richard. All the way home, for some reason, I found myself smiling inwardly.

A short time later, May, and I were invited to a studio party, a big affair loaded with celebrities and ear-shattering babble. When we arrived, I quickly looked around the room—hoping. And he was there. I must have been staring (like that lady in the restaurant, so much later) for, when he turned suddenly and our eyes met, I felt myself blushing. To this day, Richard swears I was flirting with him. He could tell, even at a distance, he says, that I had a lot of Irish gumption—I was smiling at him as if we were old friends. That shows an embarrassing amount of understanding on his part. Actually, that's just how I did feel: that he was an old friend, and a very dear one. It seemed to me then that only some mysterious, malicious plot was keeping us from meeting.

The second time I saw him (in person, that is) was at Ciro's again. I was dining with a date and we were seated at a table right next to Richard and his date. Truthfully, I haven't the slightest idea what we had for dinner or what we talked about, because a strange hunch and a plan were growing in my mind. At some moment, the girl with Richard would go off to powder her nose, and at the very same moment, I hoped, my date would leave the table, too.

And it happened. I felt the blood pounding in my ears, but then, without a second's hesitation, I turned to Richard with a bright smile and said, like any fan, "Aren't you Richard Egan?"

I heard my inane question echoing; I heard him answering gravely, "Yes, I am."

I'd planned to make intelligent, admiring comments on his acting, but when I opened my mouth all that came out was: "I—I'm Patricia Hardy, a friend of Beverly Michaels, the girl who worked with you in 'Wicked Woman'."

Richard's blue eyes twinkled pleasantly—and then our dates returned. We still hadn't really met. The next day I called Beverly and said, "I wish you'd introduce me to Richard Egan."

"Yes," Beverly laughed. "I know."

"What do you mean? How could you know?"

"Simple. Richard just phoned me, too. I made a date to meet him for lunch. He wants to talk about *you*. He wants to meet you!"

Need I add I was delighted. But I think I felt even greater pleasure at learning something important about Richard. Hollywood is an informal town; the average fellow in that situation would have found my phone number in some way and casually called me up. But for Richard, only a formal introduction would do. He knew someone I knew, so he took her to lunch and there arranged to take both of us to dinner the following week.

Our date was at eight o'clock, but I began getting ready at five, in a great state of tension. I had seen Richard Egan in person—across a room, at the next table—and I had spoken to him. But up to this point I still had been only a fan, star-gazing. Now we were going to meet as two people. In the last half hour, I frantically modeled everything in my wardrobe before my disapproving mirror. I'd just gone back to the first outfit I'd tried on, a tweed suit, when the doorbell rang. The moment Beverly performed that long-awaited introduction, all my tension vanished. I was at ease and wonderfully happy.

After dinner (don't ask me about the menu!) at a small restaurant, Richard dropped Beverly off at her house and then took me for a drive. And the floodgates opened. Spontaneously, we began talking as if we had indeed known each other for years. We talked about theater, movies, acting, California living, tennis.

I knew then that my feelings as a fan had been a pretty illusion. The next day I wrote to my mother, back East: "He's really not like an actor at all. He's more like a *person*!" The longer I'm with him, the more I learn about not only Richard's qualities, but all the little details that make up a human being.

I used to make mental notes about his tastes in food. Mostly a steak-potatoes-and-salad man, he enjoys seafood, too; we'd often eat at Jack's at the Beach, in Santa Monica. Every so often, he'd decide to go for Italian cooking. One evening, we were out with a group, and someone mentioned a favorite dish. "Oh, I make that very well," I said.

"Can you really cook?" Richard asked.

"Yes," I said airily. "Doesn't everybody?"

His irrepressible sense of humor took over, and he started teasing me until I had to come through with a dinner invitation. I finally asked Richard, Beverly, her brother and her fiancé, Russell Rouse.

I began worrying about the space. My roommate and I had just a small apartment, with no dining room. The round table, with captain's chairs, was set at one end of the living room. Richard and Russell and Beverly's brother are all big men. Would they have enough room? From my mere five feet three, I saw them for the moment as giants—there wouldn't be room enough! So I drew up a small straight chair for myself.

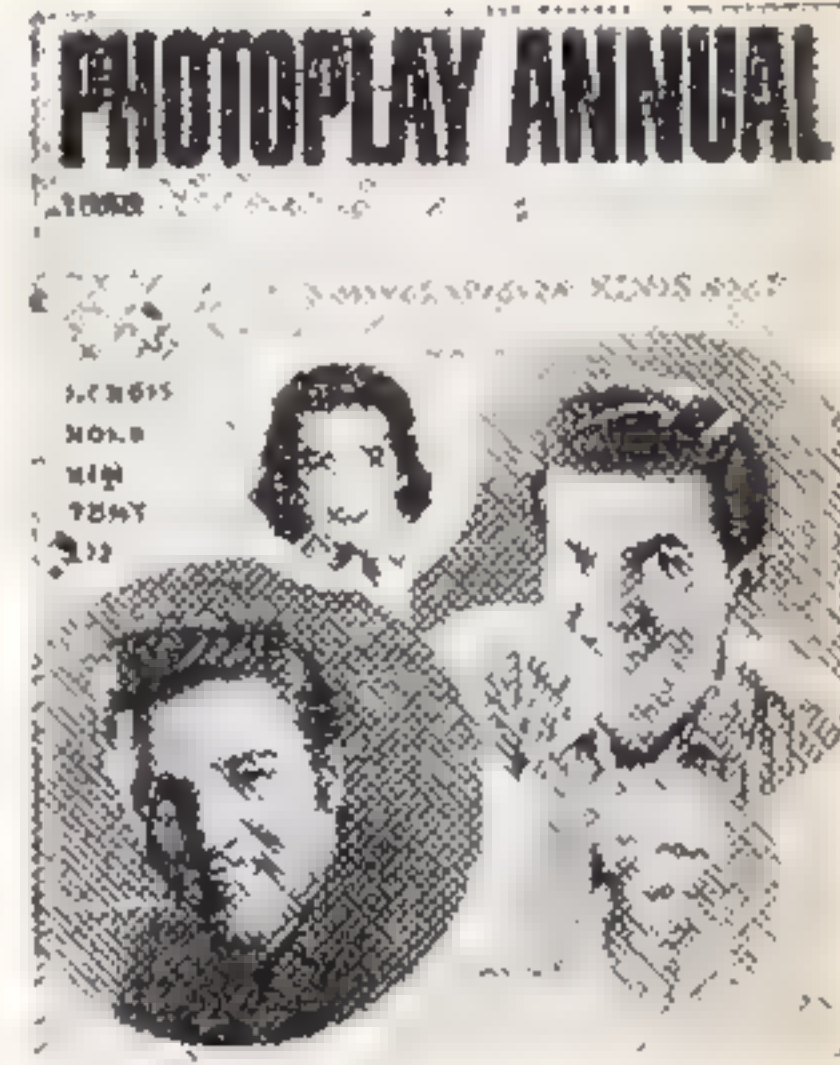
The food did turn out well. While Rich-



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ard has no real interest in the preparations (he just gets pleasantly in my way in the kitchen), he's a zestful eater—every mouthful is a compliment to the cook. When he finished that evening, he said, "That was wonderful! Where did a little Irish gal learn to make Italian food?"

For all my fears, the table hadn't seemed crowded. But in front of the fireplace, just behind the chair where Beverly's brother sat, there was a big copper bucket. As he got up from the table and stepped back, he planted a foot right in the bucket and fell against the wall. I thought I'd die! The apartment walls seemed to be shrinking in on me. We spent part of the evening pounding the dents out of the bucket.

The rest of the time, we talked and listened to music. Richard likes some classics, but mostly semi-classics and popular records: show tunes, soft romantic ballads, background music from movies, songs by Johnny Mathis or Dean Martin or Bing Crosby. As for the conversation, that was mostly shop talk. I was already interested in theater and movies, but I've learned a lot from Richard. For instance, I'd never really tried to understand Shakespeare before. When I first heard him read those beautiful lines, I realized why people love them. Richard gets a great kick out of reading Shakespeare with his brother, Father Willis, too.

Well, once I'd proved my point, during our courtship I didn't cook too many more meals for Richard. More often, we'd eat with his family. His mother, who is a wonderful cook, usually took care of the food, though I'd often help make the salad. And we'd exchange recipes, or just talk while Richard and his quiet, quick-witted, unmistakably Irish dad watched the boxing matches on TV. You can't get a word out of either of them while the fights are on! That doesn't bother me, because my own father is a fight fan, too.

Richard has been interested in boxing since he was a ten-year-old, listening to the big bouts on the radio. In the Army, he taught judo. And he's crazy about Rocky Marciano—even named his cat Rocky. Football is another enthusiasm of his. When the Washington Redskins were here, he invited them to dinner at his home. (Joe Scudera, one of the Redskins, is one of Rich's closest friends.) I helped his mom serve, and I must say those boys have appetites! We thought we'd never get through.

When I first met Richard, I tried to share his enthusiasm for tennis. Actually, I didn't know anything about it. One weekend when he was out of town, I went to Palm Springs and took a couple of

tennis lessons. I had an innocent notion that I could then surprise Richard with my expertness. But I found out! Finally, I realized I'd never catch up with Richard, who is really good. So I've become just a deeply interested spectator. He belongs to a tennis club, but never goes there because for him it isn't a social activity. He says some of the best players are on the public courts, and he spends a lot of his spare time at Beverly Hills Public Courts.

Naturally, he has made friends this way—in particular, an airlines pilot.

Richard loves to hear him talk about flying, because he admires people who are doing what they most want to do. But gossip is one type of conversation that leaves Richard cold. Recently, we were with a girl who also plays tennis at Beverly Hills. She mentioned a juicy bit of news that was circulating on the courts—and he didn't know a thing about it. "That's just like you!" she laughed. "You never see all the intrigues going on around you."

Richard is honest and he respects—in fact, insists on—that quality in the people whose friendship he values. If I cook something he doesn't like, he'll tell me—but pleasantly. He is extremely thoughtful. He does his own shopping for presents, always remembers my birthday, and doesn't confine gift-giving to special occasions. The last time he went on tour, he brought me a tiny gold cross I wear around my neck. I had his brother, Father Willis, bless it, and I never take it off.

As I mentioned, Richard is generally pretty conservative. When he wanted to buy a car this year, I told him I adored convertibles. After thinking it over, he finally did buy a new Cadillac convertible, black with a white top. But he'd grown so attached to his 1950 Cadillac sedan that he couldn't turn it in. So that's the car I often drive.

His taste in clothes is conservative; he's shirt-tie-and-suit man. Recently, when he went shopping for a suit, I urged him to take a dark blue fabric with a tiny silver stripe. With some misgivings, he ordered it. Now he's delighted with it. Somehow it makes me very pleased.

His house (I must learn to say *our* house) is "contemporary," Richard says, "not the sort of modern where you walk on glass floors." It's decorated in subdued colors: black, white and charcoal gray in the living room; beige in the wood-paneled den, with deep armchairs done in soft Australian leather, salmon and light blue-green. Books, TV and hi-fi are in the den. There's a huge fireplace, and one wall

is all glass, with a view of the patio and the pool. The pool measures forty-eight by eighteen feet, and it is *not* kidney-shaped; it's just oblong. "I want to swim in it," Richard says firmly, "not to look at it."

Richard is a serious person; I knew that long before I met him, because I could see the thinking and sincerity that went into his screen performances. But his sense of humor was a surprise. His "no need to take it down" line isn't the only ribbing I've had. (All affectionate, of course.) At first, his nickname for me was "Petonkle"—I don't know why. But I do know why he now often calls me "Bunkys." That dates from a time when a bunch of us were playing with an old tongue-twister, trying to say very fast "rubber baby-buggy bumpers." I couldn't come out with anything but "bunkies." Just the other day, I got a letter from Father Willis that started, "Dear Bunkys." That broke me up!

I have my own family to thank for another gag. The first time Richard hit New York on tour after we began going together, he visited my parents. When he told me they'd dragged out the family album for him, I had a fit. I called my mother and wailed, "How could you do this to me?"

"I think Richard enjoyed it," she said.

Well, I guess he did—he certainly hasn't let me forget it. One of the pictures showed me as a little girl in my favorite ice-cream parlor, Plumps. It never occurred to me that this was a funny name until Richard got hold of it. Now, whenever I say something silly, he'll come back with "Where did you hear that—in Plumps?" Or "Is that something you learned at Plumps?"

I suppose the gag department is like tennis: I'll never catch up with Richard in either one. And the same thing, I believe, is true of acting. I've loved my work, and I have a healthy respect for my own talent. But Richard, with a college degree in drama, has both taught drama and put theories into practice, with a wealth of experience in many techniques of acting. After I saw a rough cut of his latest picture, U-I's "Voice in the Mirror," I bought a little gold loving cup on which I had inscribed "To the World's Greatest Actor." I gave it to Richard—and it was no gag. I meant it wholeheartedly. So we've agreed that one career—Richard's—will be plenty for our family.

Our courtship didn't just happen to go on for two years; we both believe in long courtships. And it wasn't all easy and idyllic. Once, while Richard was away on a personal-appearance tour, practically everybody I knew sent me a clipping of a well-known column. The columnist quoted Richard as saying: "Pat Hardy and I will never marry."

Long before the mail rained clippings on me, I had read that column, and the words had given me a quick shock. But I realized how inaccurate publicity of this sort can be, and, as soon as I'd thought it over, it didn't bother me. Richard's reaction was exactly the same. We simply refuse to take such things seriously.

Sharing the same strong religious faith, we both believe that marriage is forever. At the moment when Richard asked me to marry him, there was no image in my mind of a darkened movie theater, a spellbound schoolgirl, a dynamic shadow remote on the screen. A real person was speaking to me—a human being I had come to know very well and to respect—the man I love.

But every so often some odd incident will call up the image again. Then I ask myself in everlasting wonder, "Can this really have happened to me?" **THE END**

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... A MARRIAGE DIED

Continued from page 50

night before she hadn't slept a wink. Back and forth, back and forth she had paced, feeling stark terror, wanting desperately to run. To hide. A hundred times she had started to pick up the phone, to call Sid for help. But something always stopped her. "I can't let him down," she had said to herself. "I must go on." Daylight came. She had gone into the bathroom and thrown up. Room service brought breakfast for her. She had turned green and waved the food away. Then she lost track of time. Somehow she was at the theater. The band was playing. Sid stood beside her in the wings. She was exhausted. She turned to him and said, "I can't, I can't. I'm sorry, Sid. I love you but I can't."

Then Sid shook her so hard she heard her teeth rattle. "Those people out there love you," he said. "And I love you." "You can." And he pushed her on stage.

The lights were blinding. She staggered and almost fell. Then above the pounding of her heart she heard the opening music, and automatically she began to sing the "Trolley Song," sliding directly

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into "Come Rain or Come Shine," and following that, without pause, with "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe." She heard applause coming over the footlights, bent forward to bow and fell flat on her face. In panic, she scrambled off the stage. Sid grabbed her and yelled, "You're great, baby, you're great. They love you. Listen." And for the first time she really heard it, the thunder of applause.

He shoved her out again. Now, through the glare of the lights, she saw the people. Not stone statues, but laughing, crying, yelling people, screaming for more. And she gave them more—"Rock-a-Bye My Baby," "You Made Me Love You," "Shine On, Harvest Moon," "Some of These Days," "My Man." Finally, she took off the wig she wore in her tramp number, got a towel from Sid and wrapped it around her head, sat on the very edge of the stage—as close to the audience as she could get—and sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." And then her memories of unhappiness and her feelings of fear disappeared. This was the beginning. Next day, the newspapers headlined: "Judy's born again."

A knock on Judy's dressing room door broke her thoughts. Rap. Rap. Rap-rap-rap. Rap-rap. Rap-rap-rap. Sid's special "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" knock, and she said, "Come in." Sid entered. A photographer who had been waiting outside to get some shots of her

onstage, poked his head in and asked, "Mind if I take one of you and Mr. Luft?" "Just one . . . all right," Judy answered.

When the photographer had gone, Sid said, "Well, Judy?"

"Nothing's changed, Sid," she answered. "I'm sorry."

"Mind if I watch the opening number?" he asked softly.

"Of course not," she said, and almost added—but finally said the words just to herself—"I don't know what I'd do without you waiting and watching in the wings."

Sid stood up. For a moment he paused behind her chair and his hands lightly touched her hair. Then he left the room.

She picked up her silver cigarette case and lit a cigarette. She ran a finger over the inscription on the cover: "Judy, Thank You," and then read inside the engraved names of all the stagehands and theater staff who had been with her at the Palace back during the winter of 1951-1952 when she had made her American comeback. And then she said aloud, the words she had been unable to utter a few minutes before: "Sid, I don't know what I'd do without you waiting and watching in the wings."

Sid had been in the wings, and backstage, and out front, and in the manager's office, and most important of all, with her whenever she needed him in that mad twenty-week period when she had broken all records at New York's Palace Theater.

Sure, she had wowed them at the Palladium; sure, she had been a terrific hit throughout her tour of Great Britain. But New York was something else: the tops, the great challenge, the end of the rainbow. And she had been scared. Not petrified like at the Palladium, just plain shivering scared.

And that big-shot at the Palace hadn't helped. All he did was cry the blues. He skimped and saved on everything. And when she rebelled he as much as told her, "We're not going to spend money on your show because it won't last. You'll flop." When she asked him for a timpani for her "Get Happy" number, he refused. "We're not enlarging the orchestra," he said, "and we're certainly not adding any instruments. There's no room for a timpani. Besides, we'd have to take out three orchestra seats to make space for it. Those seats are sold for opening night. And we need every cent we can get before you close."

So at 2:30 in the morning before opening night Judy and Sid stood alone on the Palace's empty stage. The musicians had all gone home; the stagehands were filing out. They were talking about the "Get Happy" number and Judy was in tears. "It's the high spot of the first half of the show," she said. "Without it, I'm lost. No timpani, no number."

Sid spied some carpenter's tools across the stage. He picked them up, went down to the first row of the orchestra and unscrewed three seats. As Judy watched him, a big grin spread over her face. He stowed the seats backstage. Then the two of them went to the phone and called a musician friend in the Bronx. Like two kids on a spree, they hurried to the street and hailed a cab. All the way to the Bronx, Judy sang and Sid made awful noises—"like a timpani," he said. They borrowed the timpani, told their friend to go back to sleep but to be sure to show up at dress rehearsal that afternoon. Then they returned to the theater and put the timpani where the three seats had been.

"Where will those three people sit?" Judy asked.

"On the stage," said Sid.



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"Of course," Judy echoed, "on the stage." And they both laughed hysterically.

That night the Palace big-shot flipped when he saw the timpani in the orchestra. But by the end of the first week, when they did sell-out, turn-away business, and even standing room was bringing \$7.50 a person, he was smiling.

And when she and Sid got married in Hollister, Calif., on June 8th, 1952, the Palace big-shot sent them a timpani for a wedding gift, with a note that said, "I was a fool. You're the greatest."

On stage in two minutes, Miss Garland. "On stage in two minutes," hollered a voice in the hallway, interrupting her memories.

"Okay," Judy said, "okay."

She slipped into her costume, made sure that her make-up was all right and hurried to the wings. Sid was there and so was her daughter, Liza. "Good luck," he said. "Luck, Mommy," said Liza. And she was on. After her first three songs, while she paused to acknowledge the applause, she looked over to the side. Sid was gone. Liza was still there. But Sid was gone.

The orchestra started her next number. But she missed the cue and faltered. The leader struck his baton against the music stand and the music began again. Somehow she sang the words to "You Made Me Love You," and tears streamed down her cheeks and she wasn't really there. She was back with Sid at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital on that March night in 1955, waiting for the announcement of the winners of the Academy Awards.

Sid was looking down at her. Although the room was filled with technicians from the TV studio, it seemed for a moment as if they were alone.

"How do you manage to look so pretty after what you've been through?" Sid asked.

"Because I'm so happy," she answered. "Yesterday, when Little Joe was born, the doctors only gave him a fifty-fifty chance. I know. The nurses talked about it. They thought I was asleep, but I heard. But today he's much stronger. When they brought him in, he howled. That's good. I know he'll be okay."

Sid put a package down on the night table and began to open it.

"What do you have there?" she asked.

"Caviar and champagne," Sid announced. "To celebrate."

Judy pointed out the window. "Look at the peeping Toms, Sid." He looked out and saw a battery of cameras and cameramen, perched atop a four-story-tower built especially for the occasion, focusing on Judy's room. At that moment the director called, "Stand by," and Judy and Sid turned towards the three TV sets.

Bob Hope's face appeared. He announced the nominees for best actress of the year, and Judy smiled when he said, "Judy Garland for her performance in 'A Star Is Born.' Then he opened the slip and read: "The winner is . . . Grace Kelly for 'The Country Girl.'"

Judy's head sank back on the pillow and she closed her eyes. There was a minute of complete silence. Then the TV technicians lugged the sets and their equipment out of the room. The director mumbled and left. Sid and Judy were alone.

"To us," Judy said, raising her glass of champagne. "To Liza, to Lorna, and to Little Joe. Perhaps I'm not the best actress there is, but I'd rather be the best mother." The champagne tickled Judy's nose and she laughed.

Liza came into the dressing room right after Judy had finished reading Sid's note. "Mommy, why are you crying?" Liza asked.

"I always cry after I sing 'Over the Rainbow,'" Judy said.

"But you didn't sing it," Liza said.

"That's right, I didn't," Judy agreed, shaking her head. "Come here, dear," Judy said, "let me straighten your hair." She patted her daughter's hair in place. Then she let her hands rest gently on the child's hair, as earlier Sid's hands had rested for a moment on hers. "Daddy's waiting for you in the car, dear. He has something important to tell you. I want you to listen and try to understand. Mommy will see you later."

As soon as her daughter left the room, Judy slumped down on the dressing table and buried her head in her hands. "How will he tell her?" she thought. "What will he say? How will he explain that he won't be with us anymore, that we won't all have breakfast together each morning and dinner together each night? Even though Lorna and Little Joe are his kids, and Liza isn't, he loves her as much as the others. And she loves him. What can he say?"

And pictures and memories of their life together as a family flooded into her mind. She saw every room of their big house at Holmby Hills: The living room furnished only with a grand piano and a ping pong table, on which was Little Joe's train; the main bedroom with its huge bed, and no clock in the room to remind them of work, and schedules, and duties; the kids' rooms; the den with its hi-fi set with four speak-

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ers, the radio and TV set, the bar, and the fourteen-foot couch. And she saw the grounds outside, with playground equipment and toys strewn all about. But everywhere, in each room and each memory, she saw the family: Liza, Lorna, Little Joe, herself, and . . . Sid.

But then the thoughts of their debts blotted everything else out. She recalled a recent headline: *Judy Garland Heads Hollywood Tax Delinquents*. She remembered the shame of having to file a bankruptcy petition. She felt the disgust of having to dodge creditors and bill collectors. She knew the indignity of owing the United States Government almost fifty thousand dollars.

Alone in her dressing room, she covered her face with her hands, and let the tears fall. It was too much for her. Too much. Where did the money go? Blindly, she'd lashed out at Sid and his gambling. She'd worked too hard all her life ever to understand the kick others got from it, and it had been the source of their bitter quarrels—and now, this. But in her heart, she knew it wasn't that simple. It went back, as long as she could remember. Pouring her heart into her work past physical endurance, while other people signed her name to checks, other people managed her affairs—and, somehow, the fabulous sums she'd earned trickled away. Then, grimly, she got up and dressed. "I must pull myself together," she thought. "I've got to stop this. For the children's sake. I can't break down now."

But as she walked alone through the awful emptiness of the deserted corridor,

the old fears assailed her. Fears, grounded in the bitter cruelties of the past, echoing through her confused mind once more: "Look what the studio got stuck with when they let Deanna Durbin go," "You're too temperamental." "You're no good." "You're too fat."

"I'll show them," she muttered.

Shortly after, she came to New York for an engagement at the Town and Country, in Brooklyn, settling herself and the three children in a house at nearby Neponsit, with guards around it, reportedly "to keep Luft out." Yet, from the time she arrived, she talked with Sid constantly on the phone. He came east, and stayed at a hotel.

Her opening was as sensational as any she had ever known. The entire audience, applauding madly, gave her a standing ovation.

For four nights, everything was great. Especially the night when Sid came and sat with the children, watching her, all of them together, just the way it used to be.

But away from the audience, it was bad. And getting worse all the time. Bills, bills, bills. New York State and federal liens against her salary for back taxes. The gowns she needed, even food was a problem. Her help, getting wind of the situation, walked out. There were violent squabbles with club owner Ben Maksik over what he claimed he advanced her against her \$25,000-a-week salary, and what she claimed he owed her. More squabbles with her agent. And with Sid.

It was more than she could take. She felt crushed, under a staggering load too heavy to bear. The twice-nightly shows were cut to one. She arrived much too late. Her voice began to fail again.

The breaking point came on a Sunday night, when 1,700 people had gathered to see her. She had called to say she was unable to go on, but, prodded by her agent, Norman Weiss, she came—fifty minutes late.

The wave of applause as she walked to the microphone seemed unreal and far away. "Well, here I am," she said, her voice breaking.

She got through one number, her voice husky. Then the second, every word of it mocking her until she could have screamed—"Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries." Trembling, she looked out at the sea of faces, and faltered, "I'm sorry. You'll have to excuse me. I have a terrible case of laryngitis. I wish I could go on. But I can't. It doesn't really matter, though. I've just been fired."

Someone quickly cut off the microphone. She stumbled to the edge of the stage, holding out her arms. "It's wrong. It's wrong," she cried. Then, dazedly, "No. It's wonderful. It's wonderful to be here. I love you all."

Backstage, the quarreling commenced again. There was much shouting, angry charges and counter-charges hurled by Ben Maksik, her agent—and Sid. And she, bewildered and broken, in the middle.

The next day, she faced reporters defiantly. "So I'm broke," she said. "I'll get along. I always have. Nobody has to worry about me. Right now, I'm going to take my children, and we're going to get a good rest and enjoy life. As for my future, there are three pictures I could make in Hollywood. Is that bad?"

But after they left, as she stood alone in the strange living room of somebody else's house, she shivered. The darkness of the shadows in the room seemed to be closing in on her. The darkness that had begun to fall on the day when she and Sid parted. The darkness, the terrible darkness, she had known before, of being alone.

She clasped her hands, and bowed her head. "Please, God," she prayed. "Help me. Please!"

THE END

THE INVISIBLE WALL

Continued from page 60

hometown, and near it is the plaque from the mayor of San Francisco, given last December on "Johnny Mathis Day, in recognition of the fine accomplishments of this young man and his attainments in the field of entertainment and fine arts." It cites Johnny for "being a splendid example for his fellow youth" and "a credit to his beloved city of San Francisco, carrying its name and prestige throughout the United States."

And in the living room there is a fine new mahogany piano. But "It can never mean as much to me as that battered second-hand piano Dad brought home," John says today.

"That piano took up half the living room," Johnny's mother remembers. "But my husband was determined the children would have a piano—and they did."

"I carried it into the house a piece at a time," Clem says. "All the other kids went to bed—but not John. He stayed right there and watched everything. We were pretty late getting it all inside, but I finally got it put back together—and it played. You could see the joy on John's face! I'd catch him fingering it, and one day I asked him, 'Would you like to sing?'"

"I'd like to try, Dad," the little boy said seriously.

"Well, I know a song, son," Clem said. Back home in Texas, he had done a brief stint singing and dancing a soft-shoe routine with what he describes as "a fading minstrel show." "The song's called 'My Blue Heaven.' I used to sing it, and I'd like to teach it to you."

Clem played it once and wrote the words down. Almost at a glance, John memorized the whole thing. After that, whenever a visitor dropped in at the flat John's dad would say, "I have a kid who sings. Would you like to hear him?" Nobody ever had time to answer. With that announcement, John was on.

He'd stand beside the piano, trying to hold his hands right and his back straight and "not droop around," as his father had taught him. Clem would tell the audience, "Now when John's through, you give him a big hand." Then the six-year-old would sway a little to "My Blue Heaven" or "Bye-Bye Blackbird" or, in a childishly sweet voice, "What'll I Do?"

There Johnny Mathis and his music began, in a block of old flats grown shabby with time and fog and sun. The family of nine lived in four crowded little rooms. Now Johnny says, "You wonder how you did it. We used to always be stepping over things." There was little money and many mouths to feed. So Johnny's attractive mother worked as a domestic, and his dad painted or chauffeured or took on occasional contracts for maintenance work.

When Johnny sang, his dad would tell him, "God gave you that. When God gives you a gift, you must be grateful to Him. Pray to Him, and God will give you even greater gifts."

"And that's right," Johnny says quietly. "Everybody's given a certain amount. What you do with it—that's the important thing—just doing your best. This was Daddy's big teaching—to have the horse sense to hear something, learn it, know that it's true, know how it works, and then go out and practice it. Use it! Don't just know it."

Out in the back yard, wash-lines flapping around him, open sky overhead, little Johnny would sing. He'd really give! And the next-door neighbors might become

his audience. "Johnny," kind-faced Mrs. Nebeling would say, "you ought to be in the shows some day."

"My wife was always encouraging him," Adam Nebeling tells you now. "She had a soft heart for kids, and Johnny was always singing out there in the back yard. Nice kid—we liked him a lot."

Minor detail: the Nebelings are white people; the Mathises are colored. It's a cheerily mixed neighborhood; these days, a Japanese-American runs the corner grocery. Ask Johnny Mathis about the "racial problem" now, and you'll pretty nearly draw a blank. "I don't talk about it too much," he says, "because I don't like to talk about it. I believe in going out and doing."

Young Johnny was right in there pitching, as Post Street members. At nine, he was trudging up and down the hill delivering papers. Each weekend, he'd earn three dollars clerking and making deliveries for the Twin Pines Grocery. He was an excellent student and eventually a brilliant athlete, racking up track honors at George Washington High and capturing the high-jump record at San Francisco State.

Mostly, the neighbors remember Johnny Mathis singing. Wherever there was music in San Francisco, there was Johnny. He haunted the balcony at the opera house. When he was older, he hung around Market Street, saw it throb with life when the fleet came in, sang in a tiny bar. On Fillmore Street, he lifted his ardent, increasingly full voice in hymns at the Methodist church.

When Johnny was twelve, his father took him to see a booking agent in Oakland, and the agent said, "He's pretty good, but he needs some training."

On this man's advice, Johnny and his dad went to see voice coach Connie Cox. But her fee was five dollars a lesson, and the Mathises could barely manage to pay the toll charge back and forth across the Oakland Bay Bridge. "I have five other children," Clem Mathis said sadly. "I just can't do it."

"Well . . ." Connie said. "Let me hear him sing." She listened, and then she said, "You bring him back. We'll work something out."

By way of paying for his lessons, Johnny cleaned the studio. "Connie had a tremendous amount of patience," he says. "She really worked with me. At times I'd get upset—when I couldn't do what I wanted to—and I'd end up bawling my eyes out. 'Come on!' she'd say. 'That's no way to act!' And I'd tell her, 'You're a soprano—you can do it. But I'm a tenor—and I can't do it.' But she kept on insisting that I could."

Johnny Mathis sang wherever he dared—on any stage, in any spotlight, with any piano or saxophone that would back him, for any band or proprietor that would let him do a number for free. "Nobody dreamed I'd do anything then," he says. "We were just sort of going along. After I got to singing for money, sometimes somebody would say, 'Well, kid, you'll make it some day.' I was like fourth act on the bill. I'd run out and do my two songs—sometimes three."

"I'll never forget my first professional engagement. A friend of mine on the track team at San Francisco State had a buddy who had a bar on Broadway. 'Come on down,' he said, 'they'll pay you to sing on weekends.' I went down, and it was an old bar with sawdust on the floor. But they had a microphone and a fellow playing the piano—so I sang. The guy paid me fifty dollars for two nights—which was good," Johnny says. In all that noise nobody even heard him, and the music Johnny Mathis made was not for the saw-

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dust trade. "I did 'Tenderly' and 'Flamingo.' And I was doing a real fancy thing, where I'd skip octaves and hit the high notes softly, really reaching out."

One night, Ann Dee who owned Ann's 440 Club across the street, dropped over to pay her respects—and fairly flipped over him. "Johnny was singing and nobody was listening," Ann says. "When I heard that sweet lyric voice, I couldn't believe it. 'This isn't possible!' I said."

Another minor detail: Ann Dee is white. Clem Mathis says, "Johnny has had a lot of help from white people. You read the newspapers, and you feel that all the people in the world are bad. All the race troubles in the world confuse a person so that he thinks everybody hates everybody else. But this isn't true. If Johnny had had hatred in his heart to begin with, he never would have gotten help."

Instead, Johnny had been raised in a sincerely religious tradition of love. So he got help—and, beyond that, wholehearted encouragement.

Ann Dee introduced herself to Johnny when he was through singing. "Do you know what you *have*?" she asked. "If you ever need a job, see me."

Ann Dee had been in show business for thirty years, and she'd coached opera. She's quick to tell you, "Johnny's success today is no accident—he could always sing."

One June night three years ago, a slender young singer came through the black velvet background of Ann's 440 Club in to a bright spotlight—and a future far beyond the imagination of the kid from Post Street.

Johnny Mathis had already connected with the fighting loyalty and the representation that soon made him famous. "I'd popped into The Black Hawk Club for one of their afternoon jam sessions," he recalls. "A friend of mine, Virgil Gonzales, was jamming there, and he said, 'Come on, Johnny, sing a song.' As usual, I jumped up and sang."

The proprietor's wife, Helen Noga, was in the club, and couldn't believe what she heard. "I heard a young kid singing 'Tenderly.' I heard him hitting the high notes and keep on hitting them. I thought, 'Well, he'll never get to the top.' But he did. He hit high 'C'. I've always liked kids, and he was an amazing talent. And I said, 'This is it!'"

Yes, the Nogas are white people. Clem Mathis says of Helen, "My son wouldn't be where he is now if it hadn't been for her. She has been wonderful to Johnny—and wonderful for him."

"Who's got you?" Helen asked that first evening.

"Nobody," Johnny said.

"Well, get your mother and father—and I'll take you," she said. She says now, "It never even occurred to me for one minute that Johnny wouldn't make it, that he would ever be anything but a star."

She told him, "Keep singing here, and I'll see if I can bring somebody around to help you." One day Johnny Mathis got a call from her. "I'm going to bring a recording executive over to hear you," she said.

As Johnny recalls now, "I said, 'Fine.' I was very uninterested—because things like that had happened to me before. People would say, 'I'm bringing somebody in'—and nobody ever came."

But Helen Noga brought in George Avakian, director of popular albums for Columbia Records. "I remember," Johnny says, "George had poison oak all over him. He'd come out here for a visit with his sister and got to roaming in the hills and he had poison oak all over his body."

It was a hot sticky night, and he was there in that little close club with smoke all over the place—and he was really suffering. He only had the heart to hear one tune—he was dying. I sang 'Tenderly'—again—and I saw him leave, and I said, 'Well, that's it.'"

Then Helen surprised him with "We're in!"

Johnny just looked at her. "What?" he said.

"We're in—we've made it," she said. One number was enough. Columbia Records wanted to sign him to a two-year contract.

That night when he got back to the flat on Post Street, Johnny Mathis waked his dad. "There's a man I'd like for you to meet, Daddy."

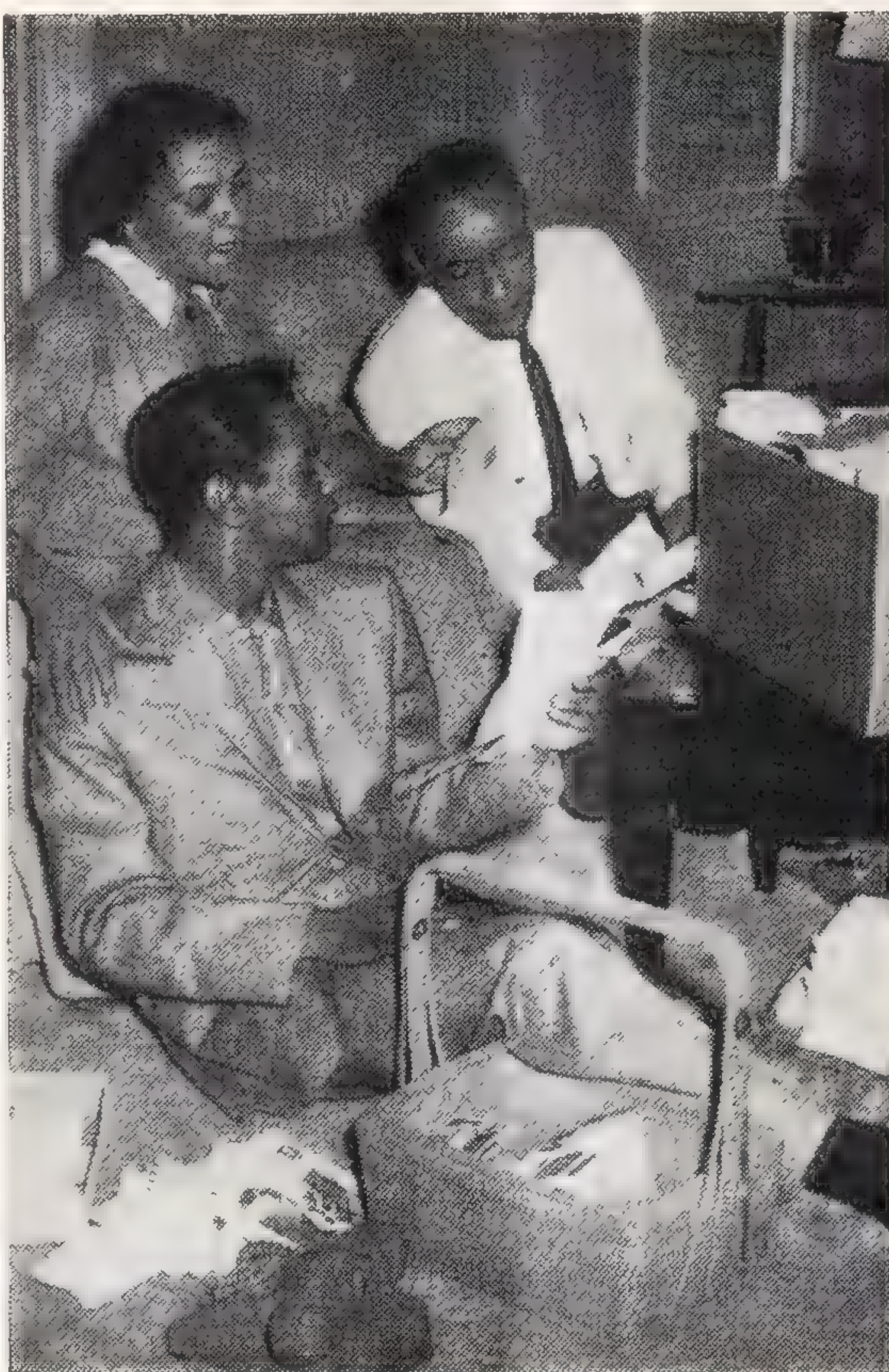
"Why? What's his story?"

"He wants to sign me up for a recording company!"

"Was he sober?" Clem Mathis asked.

"Sober as a jury," his son assured him.

Clem said he'd have to weigh the whole matter. "But Daddy, Mr. Avakian's got



Happy at his smash success, Johnny Mathis' mother and father are even prouder that he's staying a nice guy. Between Johnny's tours, sorting his fan mail in their San Francisco home is fun for all

to go back to New York. He's a very busy man."

"Before you sign a contract there are a lot of angles to be considered," his dad said seriously. "I've got to think about this awhile."

As Clem Mathis says now, "I prayed for the right answer—I didn't know what to do. I kind of searched myself and I asked God to guide me. It meant Johnny leaving school, and I'd had a brief stint in show business and I knew it was a slippery business. You're never secure."

These were moments when Clem wondered whether it had been such a great idea to buy that second-hand piano. He'd wanted John to be able to sing, but to make this his whole life? Clem didn't know.

Six long months went by. One night Johnny Mathis looked out into 440's black-velvet room—and met the eyes of Lena Horne. "I saw this lovely face peering out of the audience, and my knees started shaking," Johnny recalls. "But she was just fabulous." Lena sent him a note backstage and invited him to come to her suite at the Fairmont and have coffee with her and her family. And she gave him the best of advice. "Lena told me it took hard work and just common ordinary sweat," Johnny Mathis says now.

Johnny Mathis was sweating then. He was singing his heart out in club after club. He worked at a series of clubs with names like the Gaydell, the Hollow Egg, the Hungry I and the Fallen Angel.

Finally Johnny saw one face he wanted to see most. George Avakian had come to the Coast to record new Louis Armstrong numbers, and he dropped by to catch Johnny's show. "Well, I think you're ready to record," he told him.

The first Mathis records, a jazz album, didn't get off the ground. A couple of people told Helen Noga, now John's manager, that he wasn't ready and advised her to take him back home. She advised them in firm language that he was staying in New York.

Johnny was standing on the corner of Broadway one day with some friends when he met the fellow who would write "Chances Are." "Somebody said, 'There's Bob Allen, the guy who wrote all those hits for the Four Lads'—and I was introduced to him. I felt in a good mood that day and I said, 'Why don't you write me a hit song?' He said, 'All right, I will.'"

"Bob wrote 'It's Not for Me to Say,' and he came in one day and said, 'Here it is,' and handed it to me. I remember I said, 'This little simple song? It will never do anything!'" Johnny smiles at that now.

However, he recorded it, along with "Wonderful, Wonderful," which is Johnny's favorite of all the songs he's done, "because," he says, "it sounded so pure to me and I had such good thoughts when I was making this record and I loved the song so much."

For months the record didn't move. As Johnny says, "It just lay there. Then suddenly it started to pick up after everybody had given up hope. Then we did 'Chances Are.'"

And then it happened. The barrier was no longer there. As Joshua's trumpet blasted the walls of Jericho, a sweet singing voice shattered the wall of poverty and ignorance that might have kept Johnny Mathis from using the gift God gave him. He is now a top recording artist, who can handle just about any type of music. He's a television star. The Sands Hotel in Las Vegas took him on for songs—but hardly for a song. For a fabulous amount! And he's featured in his first movie, 20th's "A Certain Smile."

People who hear him sing—strangers turned into friends by his music—write and tell him, "When we see you, when we look at you and listen to you, we don't think of you as colored or white or anything. We just think of you as a human being, a person, a typical American boy." And that makes Johnny very happy.

His dad says, "Soapbox speeches don't help, to my way of thinking. If you practice fair play, people see you and they respect you. In fact, they have to. They respect what you stand for and what you do."

True to his upbringing, Johnny echoes the thought. Reminded that he is in a position to do a great deal of good for his people, he says quietly, "Yes, I know. I feel it deep in my heart. I want to. But maybe I can do it better if I just be—doing and performing as well as I know how."

THE END

...SECRET TRAGEDY

Continued from page 52

Sometimes I couldn't speak at all. I'd have to draw a diagram on paper, make big letters very slowly. I was completely aware of a lot of things, but there are days I don't even remember.

"I used to go out at night and walk and walk," she goes on. "I knew I must be very ill. And I decided I was too sick to keep the baby after it came. That the only thing—the only fair thing to do—would be to give him out for adoption."

How long had it seemed since that morning she had walked away from her home town—walking south—determined to break final ties and find herself somewhere?

How long? Days? Weeks? She sat back in her chair and let her mind wander back over the past weeks.

She had decided what she had to share could be said best through singing folk songs and she decided to travel south. As Diane says, "I never even thought of acting then. Ever since I was seven years old, I remember the only way I could relax was to sing, and I'd lock myself in the bathroom and sing. When I got older, I tried writing songs, and I'd found I could say a million things in a folk song."

A girlfriend had decided to share the big adventure. "Mary wanted to teach school, and she figured she could benefit by seeing the world, too. We weren't coming to Hollywood—we were just walking through. We thought we'd walk to Los Angeles and then walk on down toward Mexico."

Diane had fifty dollars, and she gave her friend half of it. "I was taking a wicker bag," Diane goes on, "packed with some folk songs I'd written, some apples and lemons and a couple of hard-boiled eggs. I'd done a lot of hiking when I was younger, and I remembered how when we got thirsty we would eat lemons."

And so, one morning, without looking back at her hometown, a girl in blue jeans and T-shirt, her skin tanned from the sun, the bay breeze ruffling her short hair, started walking down the Bayshore highway, sleeping bag over her shoulders. There were deep scars inside Diane Varsi. It would take years to erase them, but that morning they seemed no longer there.

"I remember it was so beautiful," Diane was saying now. "You know, everything so real and alive and beautiful."

"I'm scared, Diane," her girlfriend had said when they started out. "Will you be afraid?"

And Diane Varsi had said, "What is there to be afraid of? I'm not afraid of anything. People are people anywhere."

Between San Mateo and Los Angeles, people were pretty much people, and there wasn't too much to put into song.

Out of San Mateo three guys in a hot rod gave them a lift. "They thought we looked pretty strange, I guess," Diane smiles. "They gave us a ride for kicks." A salesman provided transportation later on, and thought he was slaying them with his monologue.

Soon, fortunately, two college kids who proved to be nice—"sort of the homey type"—offered them a lift into Los Angeles. "We got out of the car somewhere in Hollywood, I remember. It was very late at night." And Diane Varsi remembers the strange feeling of foreboding she had. That something would happen here, something that didn't fit in with her plans. Today she shakes her head, remembering how she'd felt sure Los Angeles could only hold bad luck for her, along with bad memories.

Diane's friend called some people she knew, and they spent the night there. "It was somewhere over around Western Avenue. I remember we slept on the floor." And two days later her friend surprised Diane with "I'm not going on with you. I'm going to stay here." She remembers her feeling of panic and her resolve, when she felt better, to go on.

"I wasn't feeling well at all. I was very run-down physically, and the food there didn't help. The people were vegetarians and food faddists. I could have gone out and bought something—I still had my twenty-five dollars, but I figured I'd need this money. I planned on going on and never stopping," Diane says. When she became sicker, they suggested she try fasting. "And I fasted, just taking distilled water. Then I remember another time, just eating bean sprouts. My eyes were swollen, I looked terrible, and I didn't know what was the matter with me."

One evening Diane went out for a walk, to get some fresh air. "I met some teenagers, and they were very nice kids. They invited me to have coffee with them, and one of the boys offered to drive me around the next day and show me Hollywood."

"He drove me out Sunset Boulevard, out by Schwab's and Google's and places like the Hamburger Hamlet," Diane recalls. They had coffee, and Diane looked at the colorful, chattering groups around her. "This is kind of an interesting town," she decided. "What happens here?"

The boy said, "Oh, actors come and talk." What did they talk about? Diane wondered. "Oh, themselves and each other—they seem to be pretty lively people," the boy observed.

"I think I'd like to sing around here. I think I'll stay," Diane decided. Possibly there was something she could learn here.

Grandfather Varsi had always wanted Diane to perform professionally. From childhood he'd told her, "You just dance, Diane—and I'll take care of you." So Diane found a small apartment just off Sunset, and her grandfather agreed to send her fifty-five dollars monthly. Then she ran into an old girlfriend who was studying at the Pasadena Playhouse and agreed to share the apartment.

Diane tried to work, and she worked at a bakery shop for one week, but she was feeling too ill. She went to the doctor for a check-up—it was then that she found she was also going to have a baby.

As Diane Varsi says quietly now, "I'd always felt from the age of seven, you don't subject others to your problems." She decided she'd just go on as best she could, for the time being. Meanwhile she would study—until she could know what to do, until she felt stronger and could plan.

"There was an audition for a musical show a fellow had written called, 'Bottoms Up,' and I went and started working with the group of kids there."

During this brief period, Diane Varsi also met Jim Dickson, who was then associated with Vaya Records and who was to figure in her future so importantly.

An actor friend of Jim's who'd met Diane thought he should manage her and help get her started in her career. He'd heard her sing a folk song one day, accompanying herself on a drum somebody had given her, and he was impressed. "Not as much with her ability to sing," he'd told Dickson, "but with her ability to project." He'd given her an improvisation to do, and he'd been amazed by her inventiveness. "This girl also dances like a dream," he said, "but what's more important, some day she can be a fine dramatic actress." He thought perhaps Jim should start off

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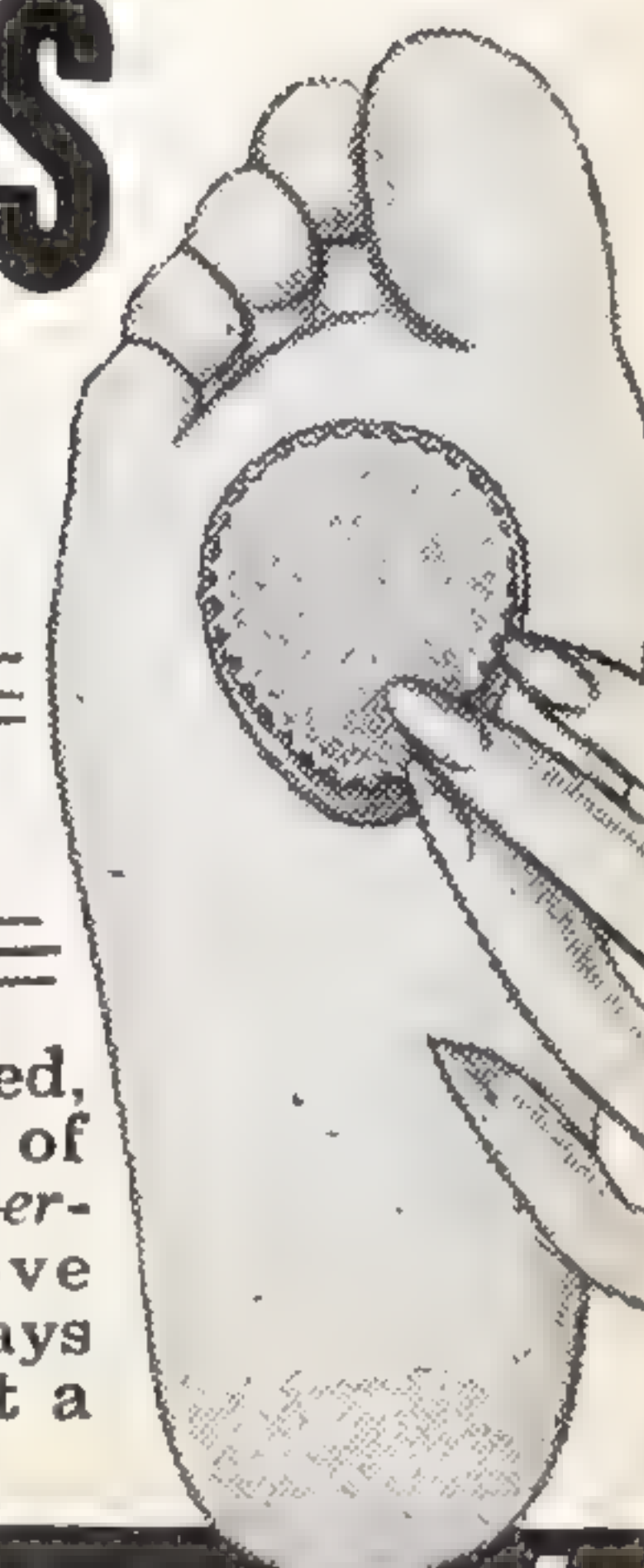
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her career making an album of folk songs.

Diane wasn't too enthusiastic. "I don't want to make records," she said. "I want to see where I'm going. I just want to sing my folk songs. You know, be simple about it."

And at first meeting, Jim Dickson was content to settle for her doing them this way. When he met Diane at the hall where she was rehearsing, his first thought was, "I'd better feed her instead of managing her."

Not long after that, Diane Varsi told Jim she had another dream really in mind. "If I tell you something," she said, "will you promise not to tell anybody? I want to be an actress. I've decided—"

"Well, don't be afraid to admit it to anybody," Dickson told her. "Just say you're an actress. Start right now. Just say, 'Now I want to be an actress. I'll be an actress'—and start studying."

But there was too much drama in the making in Diane's own personal life now to concentrate on an acting career.

"I didn't know what I should do," Diane says quietly. "My girl friend had gone, and I was living alone now. I was really alone with it for the first time, and I was getting sicker and sicker. I knew I wasn't well enough to keep the baby after it came. The only thing to do seemed to give it out for adoption. I'd heard there were places and authorities who would take care of such things, and who would also help with the hospital expense." But Diane had called one of those places—and the voice was so casual, so matter-of-fact, so clinical. And the thought of putting the baby up for adoption frightened her.

"I thought I was out of my mind," Diane Varsi was saying now. "And I was—some of the time. I would start screaming and yelling there in the apartment. And I'd go for walks and pick up little pieces of paper—"

Diane was nearing a collapse when Jim Dickson, who'd been out of town, returned and found her one day. "When I got back, I couldn't find her anywhere," Jim recalls. "The girls had moved while I was gone. Finally I located her."

"We went for a ride, and we talked about it," Diane goes on. "I told him about the baby—about my annulment—the whole story. That I felt I was in no condition to keep the baby—and there was nothing to do but give it for adoption."

Jim Dickson asked her to marry him. He was in love with her, and somebody

was going to have to look after her.

"But I didn't want to marry Jim, then," Diane explains. "I felt I couldn't really evenly decide at that time. Because being pregnant, you're quite liable to do something that's not what you really want to do, or is right for you to do."

Nor was this the time to make any decision about the baby, Jim Dickson pointed out. He arranged a room for her temporarily, where she would be in good hands. And he encouraged Diane to spend this time learning all she could about acting.

"I began to feel better, to get better, right away," Diane says now. "Later on I found Otto Preminger was looking for an unknown to play *St. Joan* and I decided I'd try to get a reading for the part, hoping I would have the baby before time for my reading came. I knew I could do that part and I wanted to do it."

There was the problem of photographs to be taken and submitted in order to get an audition. Jim Dickson's recording business was inactive, and cash was scarce. "We had some great pictures taken of me in action in scenes '*St. Joan*'—and Jim hocked something to pay for them. And then I didn't have the baby in time," Diane remembers well. "The reading was set a week before the baby arrived. I auditioned pregnant for '*St. Joan*'—and of course I didn't have a chance at the part—"

But the producer had been very impressed with the pictures of Diane, they heard later, and he'd been very upset when she appeared at the audition in that condition.

Diane Varsi had made her decision about the baby now. She was feeling much stronger physically. "I decided that I was his mother, and that I would make a good mother. And that it wouldn't matter if I brought him up alone. I told my grandparents and they came to be with me."

And so Shawn was born—a beautiful baby, perfectly formed, the light of his young mother's life.

Not long after this, Jim Dickson proposed again and made it very clear this would be the last time. "It was more of an ultimatum really," Jim grins now. "We were having coffee together in a restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard. We were always having coffee somewhere." And Jim had said, "If you want to marry me, we'll do it—or else." He was through talking about it.

And so they were married a year ago

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November in a little chapel just off Hollywood Boulevard. Diane was a lovely bride—in a wedding suit she'd made from a dress Jim's sister had once worn as a bridesmaid.

"And from the time we were married until the time we were separated," Diane was saying slowly, "we were always tired. Working and going and working and no sleep for either of us. I was taking care of Shawn and going to interviews in the daytime and to drama class at night. And I would get back home just in time for Jim to go to work. As for Jim—"

Jim Dickson had taken a night job in RCA-Victor's pressing plant, working from midnight until seven in the morning, to be able to drive Diane to studio interviews in the daytime and to babysit with Shawn while Diane was in class at night.

In the strange ways of Fate, Diane's drama coach, Jeff Corey, had run into Director Mark Robson one day in a delicatessen in Westwood. Robson had always told him if he ever had anybody in he thought was really an exciting talent to let him know. The director said he was looking for a girl to play Allison in "Peyton Place," and Corey told him about Diane, who was acting in her first play, "Gigi," in a little theater. As Jeff Corey said, "I'd never recommended anyone before, but when you find a talent that is so exciting, you want people to know about it to let them share it."

Diane was excited, too and very grateful, although she had never intended starting her career in such a large way. "I felt they made a wrong choice at first. I felt I wasn't ready to do it, and I wasn't, really. I think I could have done it much richer now."

Diane's and Jim's marriage had very little time to mature during this important adjustment period. And when Diane Varsi plummeted into stardom in motion pictures at 20th Century-Fox in her first part, there was no time at all.

Following her fine poetic performance in "Peyton Place," Diane starred with Don Murray in "From Hell to Texas" following that immediately with the important dramatic emotional role of Gary Cooper's daughter in "Ten North Frederick."

As business pressures and demands on her increased, Diane turned them over to Jim with, "You're my manager; will you talk to them?" And when their conflicts added to other pressures seemed too much

and they separated, Diane still wanted Jim to be her personal manager. He was still the person she trusted most, the only one perhaps in the life she'd known to ever give her a fair shake. And "Because he's a smart businessman—and because, well Jim knows me—and he doesn't bug me."

There seemed even then a bond between these two that's too strong to break—one that's already weathered too much.

And as this is written Diane Varsi and Jim Dickson are back together again. "Nobody knows yet," Diane was saying now. "We've told the attorney to hold off any action for the time being." They wanted to avoid the static and the comments and spotlight as long as possible. To really give their marriage every chance. And every day was all-important now—a brand new thing.

The story of Diane Varsi is far from written. She may be the most famous star in Hollywood—or she may quit motion pictures tomorrow—if she believes she will be useful to others in another field.

"I'm not sure which form may be the answer," says Diane. "Whether it will be acting or what. I just want to use myself as a human being and see what comes of that." She's gradually growing more secure, and it's a significant step in this direction—working so hard at her marriage and thinking toward buying a home in Hollywood.

Through the sheer strength of her own character and talent, Diane has come through adversity to stardom. She's received honors and recognition in Hollywood for her performance in her first picture. Twentieth Century-Fox has big plans for her future. Today she has a "family" of millions of fans who feel close to her and who assure her a home there.

But there are times when she still feels deeply insecure. As Diane puts it, "Is acting just an escape?"

Is she still running away? Like the little girl with the troubled blue eyes who used to run away up into her own live oak tree back in San Mateo—away from the house with the ghosts and wonder who she was and why parents seemed so strange to her?

For Diane Varsi there is still the familiar feeling sometimes that today is just the sun before the shadows. The sun, as ever, just out of reach. And that perhaps she's living in a world of pink cotton candy that can collapse around her and leave her standing there with nothing. THE END

WHY WE WON'T TALK . . .

Continued from page 57

first as individuals then as an engaged couple, suddenly to cloak their married lives in silence? Here is their answer:

"You want to know something—and this is the honest truth?" Natalie began. "All my life, there's hardly been anything I've been allowed to do without it being news. A few months ago, for example, just after we announced our engagement, Mother and I were discussing the wedding plans. She asked me if we wanted a fancy wedding with all the trimmings. I answered no. A big fat, definite NO! You know why? Because I've never known what it was to have a memorable moment that I shared only with those closest to me.

"It's funny, but I can remember incidents like the one on my eighth birthday. Mother had arranged a party for me and had invited the kids who lived on the block. As an extra treat, she rented a pony and

made arrangements to rope the street off for a couple of hours so that we could ride in safety. Mother said it was polite to let my guests take turns riding first. I waited an hour and a half till everyone had finished, then I got on the pony's back. We hadn't gone more than three steps when two photographers with flash cameras jumped out of the bushes and started taking pictures. The horse was so scared, he nearly threw me. Is it any wonder that when it came to my wedding or to my married life that I want so desperately to live quietly, just like everybody else?

"Neither RJ (who has been in movies since his early teens) nor I have ever been labeled uncooperative. And certainly no two people have more reason to be grateful to the press than RJ and I. But with our marriage—well—that's a different thing.

"First of all, we are not trying to cloak our married life in silence. We haven't done a sudden about-face regarding stories concerning us. The truth is, neither RJ nor I have ever done a story on our engagement. We never made attempts to run from photographers at parties or premieres, but neither did we make any at-

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tempt to seek publicity for our romance. If stories were written about us—and they were—they were written on hearsay, not by us!"

Bob Wagner shares Nat's feelings about marriage versus publicity. Even before he had proposed, he said: "When I get married, I can assure you there won't be any pictures of me and my bride at the dinner table, or in our bedroom. Regardless of whom I marry, I'm convinced this part of my life must be kept separate from the fanfare and ballyhoo that goes with being an actor."

Today he says: "Natalie and I aren't trying to be difficult, believe me. It's just that both as individuals and as a couple, we've been so misquoted that we've decided the best policy is to keep our personal life as private as possible. There are certain things that are just bound to be news because of the business we're in. This doesn't discourage us. But what does is the constant rehashing and rehashing of a story or a set of facts until the original story is so trite or misquoted that it's ridiculous."

"We don't want to keep our fans out of our life. On the contrary, we don't want to be presented to them in a false light. We can hardly expect them to respect or believe in us when they read forty different stories about our wedding day—all different—because only two of the forty people who wrote those stories were actually present! This is why we've decided to do no at-home layouts or discuss certain things of a very personal nature. This is the only way we know to keep our happy marriage free from the atmosphere of a three-ring circus."

"Since we started dating," Natalie continued, "we've tried to talk as little as possible about our romance. Before we were in love, when I lived at home and RJ in his bachelor quarters, we had a responsibility to ourselves and to our families. Now that we are married, our responsibility is to each other. That's what marriage is."

"I suppose it's no secret," RJ added, "that oftentimes Hollywood dates and romances are cooked up for publicity purposes. There's no question that these prearranged dates serve a purpose. In those cases, the couple involved actively seeks publicity. If ours had been such a romance, if it had even begun as a publicity gag, I can assure you it would have never gotten off the ground. If either of our studios had ever suggested that we date because it would result in good copy, both of us would have run so fast in the opposite direction it would have looked like Hurricane Hazel. The point I'm trying to make is that from the very beginning our relationship was sincere, honest. Our romance only progressed because we fell in love—there was nothing contrived or make believe about it. We never sought to make our love front page gossip."

The obvious question at this point was: Well, where are you going to draw the line? How are you going to decide what interviews to give and which ones to refuse? How about pictures of your home?

"Since our wedding, we've had a tough decision to make about these points. Both of us have many good friends, people we respect and trust, who are either writers or photographers. Yet, it wouldn't really be fair to decide that we would only give stories or pictures to our friends, there are too many members of the working press we don't know, who are entitled to the same courtesies as our pals. But even with those we know and like, there has to be a limit. Where? That's a good question."

"In our position there were several alternatives. At one extreme is the solution by which we'd declare open house

twenty-four hours a day. Under that system we'd smilingly pose for pictures of Natalie boiling water and me carrying out the waste basket. Only one trouble: This would be phony and it would leave us with absolutely no time to ourselves. The opposite extreme would be for Natalie and I to decide not to give joint interviews. This way when either of us was approached, we'd say, I can only talk about me, if you want to know about my wife (or husband), you'll have to ask her (or him)."

But that would really be ridiculous," Natalie said, "for then we would be representing ourselves as separate units, only concerned with ourselves. You can't be married after working hours only! We aren't separate, anyway; we're one. My thoughts are for RJ and what will make him happy, and his are for me. The only thing we can think of is what we consider an intelligent approach-compromise. We'll grant interviews occasionally, but we stand firm on our aim not to have any pictures taken at home. If we let one photographer in we'd be obliged to welcome every cameraman who wanted to shoot pictures—in this business unfortunately there's no middle ground, either you stand firm or not at all."

"One incident of how frustrating things can get happened to us just last week." As RJ told me what happened, I could sense his concern. "I had to go to Arizona on location a few days ago. Natalie and I drove up together. The first morning there, I had a six a.m. call. When I got up it was freezing, outside it was raining and all in all it was a pretty miserable day. I suggested that Nat stay at the hotel while I went out to the location site. She agreed, it wasn't fit weather for man, or beast, much less my beautiful bride."

"A few minutes after I arrived on set, a photographer came over to me and asked me if Natalie was with me. I told him that she was in town but that she hadn't come out to the location site because the weather was so miserable. He asked me if I'd call her and ask her to come over so he could shoot some pictures of us. As politely as I knew how I refused. I tried to explain my reasons—they were pretty obvious. I'm sure he wouldn't have wanted his wife trooping all over creation in freezing weather. He walked away and I didn't learn the end of the story until later that day. But, it seems that after he left me, the man was so eager to get the pictures, he called Natalie at the hotel and told her that *I had told him to call to tell her to come on over so he could get the pictures.*

"Natalie and I haven't been married very long, but my bride knew me better than to think I would have made such a request. So Nat told the cameraman that she didn't think she ought to come until she talked to me about it. Naturally, the frustrated lensmen was forced to drop the whole thing. He couldn't admit to Natalie that he'd made up his story, so he just said he'd have me call, and hung up. Because Nat is such a darn good sport, she got out of bed, got dressed and waited for my call. A call that never came because I didn't know a thing about it. Is it any wonder that there are times when we say we've been burned?"

"While we were still on our honeymoon," Nat continued, "we were asked to do a series of articles on how to stay happily married and our marriage secrets. RJ and I politely refused. Isn't it sort of ridiculous to ask a nineteen-year-old bride and her groom of three days to set themselves up as authorities on advice to the lovelorn? We certainly have no intention of telling people the ways to achieve happiness in marriage—we're too busy

finding out for ourselves. Besides, the majority of the people who would have read our literary gems are far more equipped than we were—if anything they should be giving us the advice! So on our honeymoon we made up our minds that the reading public will not be inflicted with Mr. and Mrs. Wagner's advice to the lovelorn.

"Perhaps one reason why we're so adamant on this point is because both of us have done a lot of traveling during the past few years. We've met our fans, we've talked to them, we read their wonderful letters. We've learned from this personal contact that when people have favorite stars they tend to emulate them, try to fashion themselves after their favorites and also accept any byline stories as gospel when they see your name attached. Our fans are too important to us to make us sacrifice our integrity by lending our names to a lot of stuff we either never see or else disapprove of.

There's another sore spot as far as stories are concerned," Natalie continued. "We have been asked to discuss our problems in print. We've been approached on the basis that by reading about our problems, others will be helped. If this were only true, RJ and I would gladly bare our souls—if one person could be helped in the attempt. But how can any problems we have help others to solve theirs?"

"We aren't the typical boy and girl next door," RJ added. "It's about time the stories about us faced up to that fact. Besides, we've been asked to discuss problems we wouldn't talk over with our most intimate friends. There are just some things reserved for the privacy of one's home. We just aren't the average couple and there's no reason why, for the sake of a story, we should be portrayed that way.

"By the very nature of our profession we have certain advantages, along with innumerable problems that are unique to us and other actors and actresses. Would it be of value to anyone else to discuss the fact that if Natalie has to go to Europe next month and I can't go along, that she'll give up her role to be with me? Is that a problem the readers face? Besides, why should they be inflicted on anybody?"

"I think it's only fair to point out that being a movie star, making a good salary, having the ability to afford certain luxuries is not the end-all of living. We have our problems—what human being doesn't? And furthermore, although it may seem to others that since we have so much, we shouldn't be entitled to any worries, that just isn't true. It's always easy to look at someone else and say what have they got to worry about? But each life and each problem is relative to the one living it. I can't say that the things Natalie and I must face and will face in the future are one bit easier to solve by virtue of the fact that we may drive a Cadillac instead of a Model T Ford."

"Before RJ and I were married," Nat said, "I once sat in on an interview with

him. The reporter came right out and told RJ that all the stories ever written about him made him sound like the boy who had everything. He then suggested that since he wanted to do a real dramatic story they should make up a few problems to make RJ sound pathetic—good reader identification, the reporter said, winking at us. I'll never forget RJ's reaction. He just sat there for a moment and then he said softly, 'Make up problems! Are you kidding? Do you really believe that stuff you write about me being Joe Lucky, the boy with everything? Listen, I have problems, plenty of them, but they're my problems and I don't feel like burdening anyone with them. If you find it necessary to make me sound pathetic in order to have an appealing story, then why don't we just forget it!'

"You see, too many people have the attitude that being a movie star means living each day at the end of a beautiful, multi-colored rainbow. They think that instead of bathing in the warmth of the sun we get our golden glow from pots of gold. They think we have diamonds in our sky instead of stars. This isn't true, nor is it fair to feel that because we may have been more fortunate than others that this good fortune has lessened our ability or our sensitivity to the people and the real problems around us. With this in mind, does anyone really care whether or not I can boil water or Bob wears blue shirts?"

Let's sum up this whole subject by saying we are grateful for the interest shown in us. There are many things about our life that we gladly share," concluded Nat. "We want our fans to know how truly happy we are. We want them to know that our honeymoon was wonderful; that right now we are living in RJ's old bachelor apartment but that as soon as we can we hope to buy a little home. We don't care who knows that we'd like to find a home on top of a high hill and intend furnishing in Chinese modern.

"We'll be glad to shout from the rooftops that marriage is the most important thing in the world to us; that we have agreed never to be separated for more than two weeks at a time, if for that long. We want them to know that being plain Mr. and Mrs. takes precedent over anything else in our lives. They might even be interested in reading about the fact that in between RJ's shooting on 'The Hunters' and my finishing up 'Kings Go Forth,' and our doing some TV together, we have spent a few weekends on our boat.

"What more can we say except that we hope that those of you who read this story will understand that neither of us have any desires to throw an iron curtain around our lives. We haven't sought to shut out the outside world—we have nothing to hide. We only ask for the opportunity to live our lives as simply and uncomplicated as we can. We feel that the fans, whom we respect, will find as much pleasure in the knowledge that we are happy as they would in reading 136 stories about what we eat for breakfast. Because when you come right down to it—although in many ways we may not be the boy and girl next door—we are very human; and like them when it comes to our feelings. We breathe the same air as anyone else, cottage cheese and eggs taste the same in Hollywood as they do in Iowa. When it rains in Los Angeles, we get just as wet and when we took our marriage vows they meant to us what they have meant to others since people began taking vows. They meant we love each other and that we are one forever. This is the way we feel. This is our life as we see it. We are only trying as best we know how to live each day with as much dignity and respect as possible. THE END

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THEY'RE IN THE NEWS



Bachelor girl Jean: author of dating do's and don'ts



Tom's new project: Actors Studio



Kim's keeping quiet about rumored riches from Harry Cohn



Shirley's Lori enchants Mom with latest Cinderella creation

Mitch Miller, the dean of music, was in a dither re that swing-in' music, rock 'n' roll. At the first annual Popular Disc Jockey Convention, maestro Mitch let out a raz-a-ma-taz to dj's and station owners that could have blasted them to Mars or Sputnik. "You stations," he said, "aren't thinking clearly into the future when you gear yourselves to eight- to fourteen-year-old mentality. Today's kid stuff offers no variation—just paralyzing monotony . . . Put new life into radio and give up lazy programming!" Wonder what will happen . . . Did you know that **Kim Novak** may be one of the richest gals in Hollywood? The blonde bombshell who's found fame and fortune, but not l-o-v-e, may become one of the major stock holders at Columbia Pictures, it is whispered. Her late boss, **Harry Cohn**, is said to have left her a chunk of Columbia that would dazzle the fretwork of the Taj Mahal. And that's a lot of fretwork! . . . **Tommy Sands** is making his home in New York. He's left the "glitter city"—temporarily—so that he can perfect his acting technique at the Actors Studio. We spotted him after the breathless ovation given **Judy Garland** at her New York opening, where he quipped, ". . . if only *I* had fans like that!" But don't you, Mr. Sands? . . . Looking as beautiful as ever, **Shirley Temple**, the dimpled darling of yesterday, is bubbling with excitement over her success on the video screen. Says she loves doing the series for NBC because "it's like being at home. I have read and reread these fairytales to my children so many times." The talented Temple also delights at indulging her "passion"—interior dec-

orating—in her "spare" time (!) and is also promoting an adorable new line of Shirley Temple children's dresses by Cinderella, with youngest daughter, **Lori**, three, as her favorite model. The line includes all the latest for chic-ness, including a trapeze dress inspired by—who else?—**Dior!** . . . **Tony Randall**, that Hollywood, TV and Broadway "Oh Captain!" star, thinks "I've got the singers fooled: they think I can sing. The dancers think I can dance. If the actors will just think I'm an actor, I've got it made." But they *do*, TR. In fact, aren't you going to do "Rally Round the Flag, Boys" for 20th? A role desired by many . . . That pretty Miss Hollywood Redhead, **Susan Hayward**, a big fan favorite of yours, fought a bout with the measles but recovered in time for shooting of her new picture, "The Story of Barbara Graham." Hooray! . . . Did you hear how **Tab Hunter** coached **Etchika Choureau's** English for Warner's "Lafayette Escadrille"? By making Etchika repeat dozens of times the old tongue-twister "She sells sea shells by the sea shore." Tried it lately? It's no breeze! . . . **Pixie Jean Seberg** is a cautious Miss these days. Living alone in New York, the gal has posted a list of do's and don'ts on her dating routine that's a real bit! Little Jeanie doesn't dig the blind dates anymore—they're too dangerous when you live alone, says the "Bonjour Tristesse" lass. If that be the case, then we're quite sure Mademoiselle Seberg must have a flock of eligibles that doesn't require the prosaic blind date. And that's all right by us, too. . . 'Bye for now. RONA B.



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